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A
SUPPLEMENT
TO
Dr. SWIFT'S
WORKS:

CONTAINING
MISCELLANIES IN PROSE AND VERSE,
BY THE DEAN;
DR. DELANY, DR. SHERIDAN, MRS. JOHNSON,
AND OTHERS, HIS INTIMATE FRIENDS.
WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES
ON ALL THE FORMER VOLUMES,
AND AN INDEX, BY THE EDITOR.
IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

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"has SWIFT."

CHESTERFIELD.

"I verily think, there are few things he ever wrote, that
"he did not wish to be published at one time or other."

DELANY.

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HISTORY AND CONTENTS
OF THE
TALE OF A TUB:

IMPROVED FROM

A Book printed in HOLLAND,

INTITULED,

“ Miscellaneous Works, Comical and Diverting: by
“ T. R. D. J. S. D. O. P. I. I. [the Rev. Dr.
“ J. SWIFT, Dean of *St. Patrick's* in *Ireland*,] in
“ Two Parts. I. The Tale of a Tub; with the
“ Fragment, and the Battel of the Books; with con-
“ siderable Additions, and explanatory Notes, never
“ before printed. II. Miscellanies in Prose and
“ Verse, by the supposed Author of the First Part.
“ London, Printed by Order of the Society *de Pro-*
“ *paganda*, &c. 1720.”

WITH

An Abstract of the HISTORY of MARTIN, &c.

Democritus, dum ridet, philosophatur !

The Preface (or rather Bookfeller's Advertisement) to the *Dutch* Edition of 1720, is a pretended transcript only of a letter from a friend; advising him what to publish, &c. and professing to have seen a MS. which contained a great deal more than had been printed: of which he was not suffered to take a copy, when he had read it; and therefore could only send him the heads of those additions, which were not at all inferior to the others; though for prudential reasons not made public^a. The rest relates to *Wotton* and *Bentley* chiefly; but the last paragraph is what follows: "So long as Dr. *Swift* does not own the *Tale of a Tub*, I think no man has a right to charge him with it; whatever common fame may report. I know several persons of good sense, that imagine Sir *William Temple* to have been the author of it: and find several passages in his other writings, pretty much in the same strain. Even Dr. *Wotton*, who is certainly no friend to Dr. *Swift*, seems to be of this opinion; when he says, (*Def.* p. 67) that in his own conscience he acquits him from composing it; and believes, that the author is dead; and that it was probably written in 1697. As for what the author of the pretended *Key to the Tale of a Tub* says^b, about *Jonathan* and *Thomas Swift* having joined in this work; I lay no manner of stress on it."

^a These heads relate to the progress of the Reformation in *England*; under K. *Henry VIII*, and *Edward VI*: the stop under Q. *Mary*, the establishment under Q. *Eliz.* and K. *James I.*; with so much of the subsequent history of this country, till after the Revolution; as concerned Religion. See them in p. 28.—Though certainly not the Dean's; they appear to have been written by some one, who had very attentively considered the subject. If we might be allowed to guess at their author, we should say that it was *Thomas Swift*. They were printed for the first time in the abovementioned edition of 1720.

^b See p. 6.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE Editor's best thanks are due to the respectable Friend; who communicated the following particulars:

The *Tale of a Tub* was planned and composed, about 1692, by *Jonathan Swift*; afterwards D. D. and Dean of *St. Patrick's, Dublin*: but whether by Him alone, or in concert and conjunction with another of his family and name, is not quite so clear; as it is, that great part of it was designed in favour and in honour of *Sir William Temple*; on whom the *Swifts* were dependent in some sort, and under obligations to him. When the *Tale*, &c. was first printed, *Mr. Wotton* speaks of it, as generally believed to have been written, or published however, by a brother of *Jonathan's*; which brother, he adds, was preferred by lord *Somers*, at *Sir W. Temple's* request^c, to a very good benefice; in one

^c A Letter from *T. Swift*, dated *Feb. 14, 1694-5*, (which we shall have occasion to quote in the notes on vol. XXIV). is printed in *Mr. Duncombe's Collection of Letters*. As *Puttenham* is a crown-living, *Mr. Swift's* presentation to it seems another exception to his relation *Mr. Deane Swift's* persuasion; "that no solicitation was ever made to the crown by one of the name, from the Restoration to this day, for any the least favour whatsoever; that was either worth the crown's refusal, or any of the family's acceptance: except, &c." It seems surprizing, that this gentleman and the rest of the Dean's biographers should have taken no notice of this other family-connexion of the *Swifts* with *Sir William Temple*: as it seems to throw still further light on *Dr. Swift's* first introduction into *Sir William Temple's* family; and perhaps may in some measure account for his patron (then retired from the world) neglecting, or not being able, to procure *English* preferment for more than one of the *Swifts*, his own chaplain.—On the 4th of *July, 1692*, *Thomas* petitioned the university of *Oxford* for his master's degree, at the same time with *Jonathan*; and is said, in the Convocation Book, to have been bred at *Dublin*: He was then of *Baliol College*; and *Jonathan*, of *Hart Hall*.

of the most delicious parts of one of the *pleasanteſt* counties of *England*. This is invidiouſly aggravated; becauſe Mr. *Wotton* conceived lord *Somers* was indecently played upon, in the dedication addreſſed to him: and is beſides falſe; at leaſt in part: for *Jonathan* had no brother. His firſt couſin, *Thomas Swift*, one year only ſenior to him, though the ſon of a much elder brother; was preſented by lord *Somers*, and probably at Sir *W. Temple's* requeſt, to a crown-living [*Puttenham* near *Guilford* in *Surrey*]; which he held 60 years, and quitted but with life, in *May 1752*; in the 87th year of his age. The ſame lord *Somers* (as we have in another place^d obſerved) recommended *Jonathan* to lord *Wharton*; but without ſucceſs. *Thomas* preached a ſermon in *November 1710* (it is not ſpecified where); which he printed, and prefixed to it a dedication to Mr. *Harley*, chancellor of the exchequer, afterwards earl of *Oxford*. It is on *Iſ. xi. 13, 14.* and is intituled, “*Noah's Dove; an earneſt Exhortation to Peace,*” ſet forth in a Sermon, preached on the 7th of *November 1710*, a Thankſgiving-day, by *Thomas Swift*, “*A.M.* formerly Chaplain to Sir *William Temple*, now Rector of *Puttenham* in *Surrey*. *I will open my mouth in parables. Pf. lxxviii. 2. Quo proprius ſtes, te capiet magis.* Hor.—Mr. *Deane Swift* ſays; “*T. S.* was a man of learning, and abilities; but unfortunately bred up, like his father and grandfather, with an abhorrence and contempt for all the Puritanical ſectaries:” from whence he ſeems to infer; that he neither had, nor could well have, the leaſt hope of riſing in the church. [What not in 60 years; between 1690 and 1750! How came *Atterbury*, *Sacheverell*, and hundreds more to riſe?] In fact, this Sermon and its Dedication ſtand as near as you pleaſe or as you can) will not be found to carry with them any marks of ſuperior parts: nor did *T. S.* attempt giving any other proof, that I ever ſaw or heard-of, to the world. So that, although he certainly put-in his claim to a

^d See in *Suppl.* vol. I. the pretended Letter of Lord *Wh.* ſhare

share here; it appears to have been little regarded: and *Jonathan* has as certainly the whole credit.

In *March 1766*, a copy of the first edition of the *Tale of a Tub* was sold (for 5s. 6d. only) at an auction of books; by *S. Baker*: this copy had, it seems, been *Sheffield's*, duke of *Bucks'*; with whom *Dean Swift* does not appear either to have had, or to have wished-for, any intimacy*. In the first blank leaf the duke (as is believed, and there affirmed) had written these words:

* Consult on this head the *Journal to Stella*, Dec. 19, 1710; *May 19*, and *Sept. 8*, 1711. *Swift* says himself, he never was in the duke's company above once or twice at the most.—In a *Life of Mr. Pope*, printed in 1769, it is observed; that *Dr. Arbuthnot* took *Pope* to task, for being so much acquainted with *John of Bucks*: [which was the cant and familiar name his grace was called by.] “He has neither esteem nor love for you,” said the Doctor; “and only wants to cheat you;” and *Pope* soon found the truth of this: but, though he fell into the snare, and bought an annuity of the duke, being over-persuaded by him; yet in the end his Grace over-reached himself: for he supposed, from the delicacy of *Mr. Pope's* constitution, that he would live but a short time.—Some account of this nobleman has been already given in our Supplement, vol. I. p. 21; to which we shall here add a character of him, as taken about 1702, and confirmed by the Dean's short remark: “He is a nobleman of learning, and good natural parts; but of no principles. Violent for the Church; but seldom goes to it; very proud, insolent, and covetous; and takes all advantages. In paying his debts, unwilling; and is neither esteemed nor beloved; for, notwithstanding his great interest at court, it is certain he hath none in either house of parliament; or in the country. He is of a middle stature, of a brown complexion, with a sour, lofty look.” *Macky*.—“This character is the truest of any.” *SWIFT*, MS.—It might have been added; that he openly sold every place in his disposal; and his great interest at court might be explained to be, as it really was, rather a personal interest in the queen; which he obtained too by pretending to have been in love with her, in their early days. But no one else cared for him; nor was he at all trusted or valued, though he served in many posts.

“What follows here written, is all by the hand of Mr. *Thomas Swift*:” or something of this tenor. In the next page T. S. has given the following anecdotes^f:

“The preface of the Bookseller, before the *Battle of the Books*, shews the cause and design of the whole work: which was performed by a couple of young Clergymen in the year 1697; who, having been domestic chaplains to Sir *William Temple*, thought themselves obliged to take up his quarrel; in relation to the controversy then in dispute between him and Mr. *Wotton*, concerning Ancient and Modern Learning.

The one of them began a defence of Sir *William*, under the title of a *Tale of a Tub*; under which he intended to couch the general history of Christianity: shewing the rise of all the remarkable errors of the *Roman* church, in the same order they entered; and how the Reformation endeavoured to root them out again: with the different temper of *Luther* from *Calvin*, (and those more violent spirits) in the way of his reforming. His aim is to ridicule the stubborn errors of the *Romish* church, and the humors of the fanatic party; and to shew that their superstition has something very fantastical in it, which is common to both of them; notwithstanding the abhorrence they seem to have for one another.

^f These are, word for word, the same as what appear in a pamphlet printed for *Curll* in 1710, with this title; “A complete Key to the *Tale of a Tub*; with some account of the Authors, the occasion and design of writing it, and Mr. *Wotton’s* Remarks examined. London, printed for *Edmund Curll*, &c. Price 6d. Where may be had, *A Meditation upon a Broomstick*, and somewhat beside, *utile dulci*; by one of the Authors of the *Tale of a Tub*. Price 6d.”—“I had long a design upon the ears of that *Curll*, when I was in credit; but the rogue would never allow me a fair stroke at them, although my pen-knife was drawn and sharp.” SWIFT, Lett. to *Pope*, Aug, 30, 1716.—“What gave this edge to the Dean’s pen-knife was, *A Key to the Tale of a Tub*, by *Ralph Noden*, Esq.” CURLL, Annot. in loc.

The

The author intended to have it very regular; and withall so particular, that he thought not to pass-by the rise of any one single error, or its reformation. He designed at last to shew the purity of the Christian Church, in the primitive times; and consequently how weakly Mr. *Wotton* passed his judgement, and how partially; in preferring the modern divinity before the ancient: with a confutation of whose book he intended to conclude. But when he had not yet gone half way, his companion borrowing the manuscript to peruse, carried it with him to *Ireland*; and having kept it seven years, at last published it imperfect: for indeed he was not able to carry it on, after the intended method; because Divinity, though it chanced to be his profession, had been the least of his study. However, he added to it the *Battle of the Books*; wherein he effectually pursues the main design, of lashing Mr. *Wotton*: and having added a jocosse epistle dedicatory to Lord *Somers*, and an other to Prince *Posterity*; with a pleasant preface; and interlarded it with one digression concerning critics, and another in the modern kind, a third in praise of digressions, and a fourth in praise of madness; (with which he was not unacquainted;) concludes the book with a fragment, which the first author made, and intended should have come-in about the middle of the Tale, as a preliminary to *Jack's* character,

Having thus shewn the reasons of the little order observed in the book, and the imperfectness of the Tale; it is so submitted to the reader's censure.

Thomas Swift is grandson to Sir *William Davenant*; *Jonathan Swift* is cousin-german to *Thomas*; both retainers to Sir *W. Temple*."

§ The celebrated author of *Gondibert*. He was born in 1605; succeeded *Ben Jonson* as poet laureat in 1637; was knighted in 1643; was, for his loyalty, imprisoned in *The Tower* in 1637, and saved his life by the intercession of *Milton* and some others. After the Restoration, he obtained a patent for a playhouse; and died April 17, 1668.

Early in 1710 a new edition of the *Tale of a Tub* was in great forwardness. The *Author's Apology*, dated June 3, 1709, had been some time in the book-seller's possession; and *the cuts* (then first added) were delayed, for Sir *Andrew Fountaine's* approbation of the designs. In a letter to *Ben Tooke* from *Dublin*, June 29, 1710, (printed in vol. XVII. p. 75.) *Jonathan* complains much of the liberty taken with his character in the *Key*; talks of trying to obtain redress, and adds—
 “ I cannot but think, that little *Parson Cousin* of mine
 “ is at the bottom of this: for, having lent him a copy
 “ of some part of, &c. [N. B.] and he shewing it,
 “ after I was gone for *Ireland*, and the thing
 “ abroad: he affected to talk suspiciously, as if *He* had
 “ some share in it. If he should happen to be in town,
 “ and you light on him; I think, you ought to tell
 “ him gravely; that if he be the Author, he should
 “ set his name to the &c. and railly him a little upon
 “ it, and tell him; if he can explain some things,
 “ you will (if he pleases) set *His* name to the next
 “ edition. I should be glad to see, how far *the foolish*
 “ *impudence of a Dunce* could go. I shall, at the end,
 “ take a little contemptible notice of *the thing* you
 “ sent me.” This he performed; in a single page of *Postscript* to the *Apology*. To Dr. *Swift's* letter, *B. Tooke* answered, July 10; “ As to that *Cousin* of
 “ yours, which you speak of: I neither know him;
 “ nor ever heard of him, till the *Key* mentioned him.”
 Thus, we see, *Thomas* envied his *Cousin* the reputation of this performance; and speaks of him contemptuously enough: as knowing little of his own profession, *Divinity*; and as little better than *Mad*: but *Jonathan* is even with him. And the world seems to be of *Jonathan's* side; and to know nothing of *Thomas*. Lord *Oxford*, when he wanted to teaze or provoke *Jonathan*, affected to call him *Thomas*. — The latter seems to have had no correspondence with the former.

Feb. 13, 1777.

J. N.

A N A.

ANALYTICAL TABLE.

The AUTHOR'S APOLOGY.

The TALE approved-of by a great majority among the men of taste. Some treatises written expressly against it; but not one syllable in its defence. The greatest part of it finished in 1696; eight years before it was published. The Author's intention, when he began it. No irreligious or immoral opinion can fairly be deduced from the book. The clergy have no reason to dislike it. The Author's intentions not having met with a candid interpretation, he declined engaging in a task he had proposed to himself; of examining some publications, *that were intended against all religion*. Unfair to fix a name upon an Author, who had so industriously concealed himself. The *Letter on Enthusiasm*^h ascribed by several to the same Author. If the abuses in Law or Physic had been the subject of this treatise; the learned professors in either faculty would have been more liberal than the Clergy. The passages, which *appear* most liable to objections, are *parodies*. The author entirely innocent of any intention of glancing at those tenets of religion, which he has by some prejudiced or ignorant readers been supposed to mean. This particularly the case in the passage about the *three wooden machines*. An irony runs through the whole book.

^h This celebrated *Letter*, which was generally supposed to have been written by Dr. *Swift*, and by him with as little foundation ascribed to his friend Colonel *Hunter*, was the production of the noble Author of the "Characteristics;" in which collection it holds the foremost rank. It bears date in *September 1707*; and was written with a view to the *French Prophets*, whose enthusiastic extravagances were then at the greatest height. The *Letter* occasioned several Pamphlets to be published; amongst others, one by Mr. *Wotton*, called "*Bart'lemy Fair*; or an Enquiry after Wit: 1709."

Not

Not necessary to take notice of treatises written against it. The usual fate of common answerers to books of merit is to sink into waste paper and oblivion. The case very different; when a great genius exposes a foolish piece. Reflections occasioned by Dr. *King's Remarks on the Tale of a Tub*; others, by Mr. *Wotton's*ⁱ. The manner, in which the TALE was first pub-

ⁱ Mr. *William Wotton*, an *English* Divine of most uncommon abilities, was born *Aug. 13, 1666*. His genius for learning languages, at an age almost incredible, was so remarkable; as to be set forth by his father, in a pamphlet, dedicated to king *Charles II*; intituled, "An Essay on the Education of Children in the first Rudiments of Learning; together with a Narrative of what Knowledge *William Wotton*, a Child of Six Years of Age, hath attained unto, upon the Improvement of those Rudiments; in the *Latin, Greek, and Hebrew* Tongues. By *Henry Wotton*, of *Corpus Christi College, Cambridge*; and Minister of *Wrentham* in *Suffolk*;" re-printed in 8vo, 1752. He was admitted of *Catharine Hall, Cambridge*, at less than ten years old; took the degree of B. A. in 1679; obtained afterwards a fellowship at *St. John's*; commenced B. D. in 1691; and was made chaplain to the earl of *Nottingham*, secretary of state; who in 1693 gave him a rectory in *Bucks*. The next year he published the "Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning;" a surprizing work for a man of eight-and-twenty. A second edition of this book was published in 1697, with Dr. *Bentley's* Dissertation annexed to it; on account of which, Mr. *Wotton*, although he took no part in the controversy, received some very severe treatment from Dr. *Bentley's* opponents: yet Mr. *Boyle* allows, that "he is modest and decent, speaks generally with respect of those he differs from, and with a true distrust of his own opinions. His book has a vein of learning running through it, where there is no ostentation of it." Falling under the lash of Dr. *Swift*, he wrote "A Defence," &c. printed with a correct edition of the Reflections in 1705. His first publication as a Divine (a Sermon against *Tindal's* "Rights") appeared

published, accounted-for. The *Fragment* not printed in the way the Author intended; being the groundwork of a much larger discourse ^k. The oaths of *Peter* why introduced. The severest strokes of satire in the treatise are leveled against the custom of employing wit in profaneness or immodesty. Wit the noblest and most useful gift of human nature; and Humour the most agreeable. Those, who have no share of either, think the blow weak; because they are themselves insensible.

P. S. The Author of the *Key* wrong; in all his conjectures. The whole work entirely by one hand; the author defying any one to claim three lines in the book.

The Bookseller's DEDICATION to lord Somers:
How he finds out that Lord to be the Patron intended by his Author. Dedicators ridiculous, who praise their Patrons for qualities that do not belong to them.

The Bookseller to the Reader:
Tells how long he has had these papers; when they were written, and why he publishes them now ^k.

peared in 1706; and in 1707 he obtained his Doctor's degree. He retired into *Wales*, in 1714; where he acquired such skill in the *Welsh* language, as enabled him to undertake the publication of the "*Laws of Hoel Dda*;" which he did not live to finish, dying Feb. 13, 1726, at *Boxted* in *Suffex*. The book was published in 1730, by Mr. *William Clarke* *; who, having married Dr. *Wotton's* daughter, obtained the living of *Boxted*: which he held for many years; and at last, by permission of the archbishop, resigned to his son Mr. *Edward Clarke*; the ingenious writer of the "*Letters on Spain*," &c.

^k In several parts of the *Apology*, the Author dwells much on the circumstance of the book having been published whilst his original papers were *out of his own possession*. Three editions were printed in the year 1704; a *fourth*, corrected, in 1705. Of this latter, *J. N.* hath a curious copy.

* Afterwards residentiary and chancellor of *Chichester*; and well-known in the literary world for his valuable work on "*The Connexion of the Roman and Saxon Coins*, &c."

The

The DEDICATION to Posterity:

The Author, apprehending that *Time* will soon destroy almost all the writings of this age; complains of his malice against modern Authors and their productions, in hurrying them so quickly off the scene; and therefore addresses Posterity in favour of his contemporaries; assures him, they abound in wit and learning, and books; and for instance mentions *Dryden*, *Tate*¹, *D'Ursey*^m, *Bentley*, and *Wotton*.

¹ *Nahum Tate*, born in *Ireland* about the middle of the reign of *Charles II*; was made poet-laureat to king *William*, on the death of *Shadwell*; and held that place, till the accession of *George I*: whose first birth-day ode he lived to write, and executed it with unusual spirit. He died in *The Mint*, Aug. 12, 1716. He was the author of nine dramatic performances, a great number of poems, and of a version of the psalms in conjunction with *Dr. Brady*. He is censured in the notes on the *Dunciad*, i. 108.

^m *Thomas*, or, as he was more frequently called, *Tom D'Ursey*, was descended from *French* parents; who fled from *Rochelle*, when it was besieged by *Lewis XIV*. They settled at *Exeter*, where *D'Ursey* was born. He was the author of thirty-one dramatic pieces, and songs without number. An impediment in his speech, which is said never to have affected him when singing his own songs, prevented his application to the law; which his father intended him for. He appears to have lived in great familiarity with the principal noblemen and wits and even some of the crowned heads of the times in which he flourished; but was generally in a state of poverty. After a very long life, he died Feb. 26, 1723; and was buried in *St. James's* church-yard. He frequently used to reside with the Duke of *Dorset* at *Knole*: where a picture of him painted by *Stealth* is still to be seen. The 67th Number of *The Guardian* was written in his favour, when grown old and poor, to procure a full house to *The Plotting Sisters*, a play of his own composing; which was then going to be acted for his benefit. It is no small commendation of Mr. *D'Ursey*, to have been loved, and, though in jocular terms, even praised, by Mr. *Addison*. Had he lived in an age when ballad-operas were fashionable, he would have been esteemed a first-rate writer.

P R E-

THE TALE OF A TUB.

13

P R E F A C E.

The Occasion and Design of this Work.

Project for employing the beaux of the nation.

Of modern Prefaces. Modern wit how delicate.

Method for penetrating into an Author's thoughts.

Complaints of every Writer against the multitude of

Writers. Like the fat fellow's in a crowd. Our

Author insists on the common privilege of Writers;

viz. to be favourably explained, when not understood; and to praise himself in the modern way.

This treatise without satire; and why. Fame sooner gotten by satire, than panegyrick; the subject of the

latter being narrow, and that of the former infinite.

Difference between *Athens* and *England*; as to

general and particular satire. The Author designs

a panegyric on the world, and a modest defence of the rabble.

S E C T. I.

THE INTRODUCTION. A physico-mythological dissertation on the different sorts of oratorical machines. Of the bar and the bench. The Author fond of the number *Three*; promises a panegyrick on it. Of pulpits; which are the best. Of ladders; on which the British orators surpass all others. Of the stage itinerant; the seminary of the two former. A physical reason, why those machines are elevated. Of the curious contrivance of modern theatres. These three machines emblematically represent the various sorts of Authors.

An apologetical dissertation for the *Grub-street* Writers, against their revolted rivals of *Gresham* and *Will's*. Superficial Readers cannot easily find-out Wisdom; which is compared to several pretty things. Commentaries promised on several writings of *Grub-street* authors; as *Reynard the Fox*, *Tom Thum*, *Dr. Faustus*, *Whittington and his Cat*, *The Hind and Panther*, *Tommy Pots*, and *The wise men of Gotham*.

The

HISTORY AND CONTENTS OF

The Author's pen and person worn-out in serving the state. Multiplicity of titles and dedications.

S E C T. II.

TALE OF A TUB. Of a father and his three sons; his will, and his legacies to them. Of the young men's carriage at the beginning; and of the genteel qualifications they acquired in town. Description of a new sect; who adored their creator, the taylor. Of their idol, and their system. The three brothers follow the mode, against their father's will; and get *shoulder-knots*, by help of distinctions; *gold-lace*, by help of tradition; flame-coloured fatten lining, by means of a supposed codicil; *silver fringe*, by virtue of critical interpretation; and *embroidery of Indian figures*, by laying aside the plain literal meaning. The will at last locked-up. *Peter* got into a lord's house; and after his death, turned-out his children; and took-in his own brothers in their stead.

S E C T. III.

A DIGRESSION, concerning Criticks. Three sorts of Criticks; the two first sorts now extinct. The true sort of Critick's genealogy; office; definition. Antiquity of their race proved from *Pausanias*, who represents them by Asses browsing on vines; and *Herodotus*, by Asses with horns; and by an Ass, that frightened a *Scythian* army; and *Diodorus*, by a Poisonous Weed; and *Ctesias*, by Serpents that poison with their vomit; and *Terence*, by the name of *Malevoli*. The true Critick compared to a Taylor; and to a true Beggar. Three characteristics of a true modern Critick.

S E C T. IV.

TALE OF A TUB continued. *Peter* assumes grandeur and titles; and, to support them, turns projector. The Author's hopes of being translated into foreign languages.

languages. *Peter's* first invention, of *Terra Australis Incognita*. The second, of a remedy for Worms. The third, a Whispering-office. Fourth, an Insurance-office. Fifth, an Universal Pickle. Sixth, a set of Bulls, with leaden feet. Lastly, his pardons to malefactors. *Peter's* brains turned; he plays several tricks, and turns out his brothers' wives. Gives his brothers bread for mutton, and for wine. Tells huge lyes; of a Cow's milk, would fill 3000 churches; of a Sign-post, as large as a man of war; of a House, that travelled 2000 leagues. The brothers steal a copy of the will; break open the cellar-door; and are both kicked out of doors by *Peter*.

S E C T. V.

A DIGRESSION in the modern kind. Our Author expatiates on his great pains to serve the Publick, by instructing; and more by diverting. The Moderns having so far excelled the Ancients, the Author gives them a receipt for a compleat system of all arts and sciences, in a small pocket volume. Several defects discovered in *Homer*; and his ignorance in modern invention, &c. Our Author's writings fit to supply all defects. He justifies his prailing his own writings, by modern examples.

S E C T. VI.

TALE OF A TUB continued. The two brothers ejected agree in a resolution to reform, according to the will. They take different names; and are found to be of different complexions. How *Martin* began rudely, but proceeded more cautiously, in reforming his coat. *Jack*, of a different temper, and full of zeal, falls a-tearing all to pieces. He endeavours to kindle up *Martin* to the same pitch; but not succeeding, they separate. *Jack* runs mad, gets many names, and founds the sect of *Æolists*.

S E C T.

S E C T. VII.

A DIGRESSION in praise of Digressions. Digressions suited to modern palates. A proof of depraved appetites; but necessary for modern writers. Two ways now in use to be book-learned; 1. by learning Titles; 2. by reading Indexes. Advantages of this last: and of Abstracts. The number of writers increasing above the quantity of matter, this method becomes necessary, and useful. The Reader empowered to transplant this Digression.

S E C T. VIII.

TALE OF A TUB continued. System of the *Æolists*; they hold *wind*, or *spirit*, to be the origin of all things; and to bear a great part in their composition. Of the fourth and fifth *animas* attributed by them to man. Of their belching, or preaching. Their inspiration from *Enoria*. They use barrels for pulpits. Female officers used for inspiration; and why. The notion opposite to that of a Deity, fittest to form a Devil. Two Devils dreaded by the *Æolists*. Their relation with a Northern nation. The Author's respect for this sect.

S E C T. IX.

DISSERTATION ON MADNESS. Great conquerors of empires, and founders of sects in philosophy and religion, have generally been persons whose reason was disturbed. A small vapour mounting to the brain, may occasion great revolutions. Examples; of *Henry IV*; who made great preparations for war, because of his mistress's absence; and of *Louis XIV*, whose great actions concluded in a *fistula*. Extravagant notions of several great philosophers, how nice to distinguish from Madness. Mr. *Wotton's* fatal mistake, in misapplying his peculiar talents. Madness the source of conquests and systems. Advantages of fiction and delusion
4 over

over truth and reality. The outside of things better than the inside. Madness, how useful. A proposal for visiting *Bedlam*, and employing the divers members in a way useful to the publick.

[Here the Abstract, p. 28. & *seqq.* was intended to have been inserted.]

S E C T. X.

The Author's compliment to the Readers. Great civilities practised between the Authors and Readers; and our Author's thanks to the whole nation. How well satisfied Authors and Book-fellers are. To what occasions we owe most of the present writings. Of a poultry scribbler, our Author is afraid of; and therefore desires Dr. *Bentley's* protection. He gives here his whole store at one

" i This excellent critic, who," as Bp. *Warburton* remarks, " had the fortune to be extravagantly despised and " ridiculed by two of the greatest wits, and as extrava- " gantly feared and flattered by two of the greatest scholars " of his time ;" was born at *Wakefield* in *Yorkshire*, Jan. 27, 1661-2. The ill-informed writer of his life in the *Biographia Britannica* says; " he was the son of a mean " tradesman : " but Mr. *Cumberland*, in a Letter to the Bp. of *Oxford*, 1767, p. 23, styles this " a misrepresen- " tation ; and debasing his condition from that of a gen- " tleman." He received part of his education at the place of his birth; and from thence was removed to *St. John's College, Cambridge*; where he pursued his studies with indefatigable industry. We are informed, he was for some time Schoolmaster at *Spalding* in *Lincolnshire*: after which, he became Tutor to Bp. *Stillington's* son, whom he accompanied to *Oxford*; and was there, at *Wadham College*, incorporated to the degree of M. A. July 4, 1689; having before taken the same degree at *Cambridge*. He soon after was appointed to be domestic chaplain to the same Bishop; who recommended him to a prebend at *Worcester* in 1692, and, together with Bishop *Lloyd*, procured for him the honour of preaching the first course of *Boyle's* Lectures. In April 1694, he obtained the patent of Keeper of the Royal Library; and was almost immediately drawn into the

one meal. Usefulness of this treatise to different sorts of Readers; the superficial, the ignorant, and the

the celebrated controversy on *Phalaris*. At the public commencement at *Cambridge*, on *July 5*, 1696, he was created D. D. and published the Sermon preached by him on that occasion. He was also chaplain to king *William*; and afterwards to queen *Anne*. The mastership of *Trinity College* was conferred on him by king *William*; and he was admitted to it, *Feb. 1*, 1699-1700. In that year he resigned the prebend of *Worcester*; and *June 12*, 1701, was collated by Bp. *Patrick* to the archdeaconry in the Cathedral Church of *Ely*. In 1709, a complaint was laid against him, by several of the fellows of *Trinity College*, before the bishop of *Ely*; as visitor: which, after twenty years' continuance, terminated in his favour. On the king's visiting *Cambridge*, in *October 1717*, he was involved in a fresh controversy with the university; about the fees payable to him on the creation of Doctors; and this dispute was carried on with so much heat on both sides, that he was suspended and degraded; but afterwards restored by a mandamus from the court of king's bench. He had before this time, about 1716 or 1717, succeeded Dr. *James*, as regius professor of divinity; and by virtue of that office became possessed of a considerable living in the isle of *Ely*. He died *July 14*, 1742; and was buried in *Trinity College Chapel*. The Doctor's portrait hath been thus delineated by the Commentator on *Pope*: "He was
 " a great master both of the language and the learning of
 " polite Antiquity; whose writings he studied with no other
 " design, than to correct the errors of the text. For this
 " he had a strong natural understanding, a great share of
 " penetration, and a sagacity and acumen very uncommon:
 " all which qualities he had greatly improved by long exercise and application. Yet, at the same time, he had
 " so little of that elegance of judgement, we call *Taste*;
 " that he knew nothing of *Style*, as it accommodates itself, and is appropriated to the various kinds of composition*. And his reasoning faculty being infinitely
 " better than that of his imagination, the *style of poetry*
 " was what he the least understood. So that, that clearness of conception, which so much assisted his critical sagacity, in discovering and reforming errors in books of

* In this particular, we take the liberty of dissenting.

" science,

the learned. Proposal for making some ample Commentaries on this work; and of the usefulness of Commentaries for dark writers. Useful hints for the Commentators of this Treatise.

“ science; where a philosophical precision, and grammatical exactness of language is employed; served but
 “ to betray him into absurd and extravagant conjectures,
 “ whenever he attempted to reform the text of a Poet;
 “ whose diction he was always for reducing to the prosaic
 “ rules of logical severity: and, whenever he found what
 “ a great master of speech calls *verbum ardens*, he was
 “ sure not to leave it, till he had thoroughly quenched it
 “ in his critical standish. But, to make Philology amends,
 “ he was a perfect master of all the mysteries of the
 “ ancient *Rhythmus*. The most important of his works,
 “ as a scholar, is his *Critique on the Epistles of Phalaris*;
 “ and the least considerable, his *Remarks on the Discourse*
 “ *concerning Free thinking*. Yet, the first, with all its
 “ superiority of learning, argument, and truth, was borne
 “ down by the vivacity and clamour of a party; which
 “ (as usual) carried the public along with them: while
 “ the other, employed only in the easy and trifling task of
 “ exposing a very dull and very ignorant Rhapsodist, was
 “ as extravagantly extolled. For it was his odd fortune
 “ (as our Poet expresses it) to pass for

“ A Wit with Dunces; and a Dunce with Wits:
 “ whereas, in truth, he was neither the one nor the other.
 “ The injustice that had been done him in the first case,
 “ made him always speak, amongst his friends, of the
 “ blind partiality of the public in the latter, with the
 “ contempt it deserved. For, however he might some-
 “ time mistake his *force*, he was never the dupe of the
 “ public judgement: of which a learned Prelate, now
 “ living, gave me this instance. He accidentally met
 “ *Bentley*, in the days of *Phalaris*; and, after having com-
 “ plimented him on that noble piece of criticism, (the
 “ answer to the *Oxford* writers) he bad him not be dis-
 “ couraged at this run upon him: for though they had
 “ got the laughers on their side, yet mere wit and raillery
 “ could not hold it out long against a work of so much
 “ merit. To which the other replied; “ Indeed, Dr. S.
 “ I am in no pain about the matter. For it is a maxim
 “ with me; that no man was ever written out of reputa-
 “ tion, but by himself.”

N. B. Some things ^k (says the Dutch Editor) that follow after this are not in the MS. but seem to have been written since, to fill up the place of what was not thought convenient then to print^l.

SECT. XI.

TALE OF A TUB continued. The Author, not in haste to be at home, shews the difference between a traveller weary or in haste; and another in good plight, that takes his pleasure, and views every pleasant scene in his way. The sequel of *Jack's* adventures. His superstitious veneration for the Parchment copy of his father's Will; and the uses he made of it. His flaming zeal, and blind submission to the decrees. His harangue for predestination. He covers roguish tricks with a shew of devotion. Affects singularity in manners and speech. His aversion to musick and painting. His discourses provoke sleep. His groaning, and affecting to suffer for the good cause. The great antipathy of *Peter* and *Jack* made them both run into extremes; where they often met.

The degenerate ears of this age cannot afford a sufficient handle to hold men by. The senses and passions afford many handles. Curiosity is that, by which our Author has held his readers so long. The rest of this story lost, &c.

THE CONCLUSION. Of the proper seasons for the publishing of Books. Of profound writers. Of the ghost of Wit. Sleep and the Muses nearly related. Apology for the Author's fits of Dulness. Method and Reason the lacquies of Invention. Our Author's great collection of *Flowers* of little use till now.

^k Viz. "Sect. XI." "The Conclusion;" A Discourse concerning the Mechanical Operation of the "Spirit;" and "The Battle of the Books."

^l The pieces, of which an abstract is given in p. 28. & seqq. and "A Project for the universal Benefit of Mankind."

A Dis-

A DISCOURSE *concerning the* MECHANICAL OPERATION *of the* SPIRIT.

THE Author, at a loss what title to give this piece, finds after much pains that of *A Letter to a Friend* to be most in vogue. Of modern excuses for haste and negligence, &c.

Sect. I. *Mahomet's* fancy, of being carried to heaven by an ass, followed by many Christians. A great affinity between this creature and man. That talent of bringing his rider to heaven, the subject of this discourse: but for Ass and Rider, the Author uses the synonymous terms of Enlightened Teacher and Fanatic Hearer. A tincture of Enthusiasm runs through all men and all sciences; but prevails most in Religion. Enthusiasm defined and distinguished. That which is mechanical and artificial is treated of by our Author. Though Art oft-times changes into Nature: examples in the *Scythian* Long-heads and *English* Round-heads. Sense and Reason must be laid aside, to let this Spirit operate. The objections about the manner of the Spirit from above descending on the Apostles, make not against this Spirit that arises within. The methods by which the Assembly helps to work-up this Spirit jointly with the Preacher.

Sect. II. How some worship a good Being; others an evil. Most people confound the bounds of good and evil. Vain mortals think the Divinity interested in their meanest actions. The scheme of spiritual mechanism left out. Of the usefulness of quilted night-caps, to keep in the heat; to give motion and vigour to the little animals that compose the brain. Sound of far greater use than sense, in the operations of the Spirit; as in Musick. Inward light consists of theological polysyllables and mysterious texts. Of the great force of one vowel in canting; and of blowing the nose, hauking, spitting, and belching. The Author to publish an *Essay on*

the Art of Canting. Of speaking through the nose, or snuffling: its origin from a disease occasioned by a conflict betwixt the Flesh and the Spirit. Inspired vessels, like Lanterns, have a sorry footy outside. Fanaticism deduced from the Ancients, in their *Orgies, Bacchanals, &c.* Of their great lasciviousness on those occasions. The Fanaticks of the first centuries and those of later times generally agree in the same principle, of improving spiritual into carnal ejaculations, &c.

The BATTLE of the Books^q.

The Preface informs us, this piece was written in 1697, on account of a famous dispute about Ancient and Modern Learning^r; between Sir *William Temple*.

^q Dr. *Swift*, in his *Apology*, has taken notice of Mr. *Wotton's* error in supposing the *Battle of the Books* to have been taken out of a *French* work, intituled, "Combat des Livres;" and that *Wotton* was even mistaking in the title of the *French* book which he supposed to have been the original. He probably mean'd an ingenious *French* tract in 12^{mo} called, "Histoire Poétique de la Guerre nouvellement déclarée entre les Anciens & les Modernes."—*Abel Boyer*, in his "Memoirs and Negotiations of Sir *W. Temple*, 1714," says confidently, the hint of the *Battle of the Books* was undoubtedly taken from an allegorical novel of *M. De Furetiere*, intituled, "Nouvelle Allegorique des derniers Troubles arrivez au Royaume d'Eloquence, &c." The Author, himself, however, "defies his answerers to shew one single particular, where the judicious reader will affirm he has been obliged for the smallest hint; giving only allowance for the accidental encountering of a single thought."

^r Dr. *Swift*, in his Preface to "The Third Part of Sir *William Temple's* Miscellanea," having used the following expression, "For the paper relating to the controversy about *Ancient and Modern Learning*; I cannot well inform the reader, upon what occasion it was written; having been at that time in another kingdom:" was thus reprehended by *Abel Boyer*. "It seems very improbable, that Dr. *Swift* should be altogether ignorant of
" the

THE TALE OF A TUB. 23

Temple and the earl of *Orrery*^t, on the one side; and Mr. *Wotton* and Dr. *Bentley* on the other.

War

“ the famous dispute about *Ancient and Modern Learning*.
 “ If he had not made this public declaration, he would
 “ highly, and with justice, have resented the being taxed
 “ by any other with being ignorant of a passage which
 “ made so great a noise in the commonwealth of learning.
 “ At this time, however, the Doctor (being generally
 “ suspected of being the author of “ *The Tale of a Tub*,”
 “ which came abroad some time before, and which he did
 “ not think fit to own) might fancy; that, by his dis-
 “ claiming the knowledge of the occasion on which Sir
 “ *William* wrote the above Essay, he should weaken the
 “ suspicion of his having written “ *The Tale of a Tub* ;”
 “ which last is a subsidiary defence of Sir *W. Temple*.”
 Honest *Abel* was very right, in supposing *Swift* affected
 an ignorance of this famous dispute; but very wrong, in
 the reason he assigns for it. The *Tale of a Tub* was not
 published till 1704; the Preface to *Temple's* Miscellanea
 appeared in 1701.

* Sir *William Temple*, who descended from a younger
 branch of the family of *Temples*, of *Temple Hall*, in *Lei-*
cestershire, was born at *London* in 1628; and, after
 passing through several honourable departments in the
 state, died in *January* 1698; in his seventieth year. His
 works were published under the direction of Dr. *Swift*;
 who is also supposed to have written the Life of Sir
William Temple, prefixed to them.

^t *Charles Boyle*, born in *August* 1676, was entered, when
 only 15, of *Christ Church, Oxford*; and early distinguished
 himself by publishing the Life of *Lysander*, from the *Greek*
 of *Plutarch*; and still more, by an edition of *Phalaris* in
 1695, and the consequential controversy with Dr. *Bentley*.
 He succeeded to the title of earl of *Orrery*, *Aug.* 23, 1703,
 on the death of his elder brother *Lionel*; and had a regi-
 ment given him; was elected a knight of the thistle, *Oct.*
 13, 1705; raised to the rank of major general in 1709,
 and sworn of the privy council; appointed envoy extraordi-
 nary to the States of *Flanders* and *Brabant*, *Jan.* 11, 1710-11;
 and, for his services, was created baron *Boyle of Marston*,
Somersetshire, *Sept.* 10, 1711. He resided at *Brussels*, as
 envoy, till *June* 1713; and, on the accession of king

War and Invasions generally proceed from the attacks of Want and Poverty upon Plenty and Riches. The Moderns quarrel with the Ancients, about the possession of the highest top of *Parnassus*; and desire them to surrender it, or to let it be levelled. The answer of the Ancients, not accepted. A war ensues; in which rivulets of ink are spilt; and both parties hang out their trophies, books of controversy. These books haunted with disorderly spirits; though often bound to the peace in libraries. The Author's advice in this case neglected; which occasions a terrible fight in *St. James's Library*. Dr. *Bentley*, the Library-keeper, a great enemy to the Ancients. The Moderns, finding themselves 50000 strong, give the Ancients ill-language. *Temple*, a favourite of the Ancients. An incident of a quarrel between a Bee and a Spider; with their arguments on both sides. *Æsop* applies them to the present dispute. The order of battle of the Moderns, and names of their leaders. The leaders of the Ancients. *Jupiter* calls a Council of the Gods, and consults the books of Fate; and then sends his orders below. *Momus* brings the news to Criticism; whose habitation and company is described. She arrives, and sheds her influence on her son *Wotton*. The battle described. *Paracelsus* engages *Galen*; *Aristotle* aims at *Bacon*, and kills *Descartes*. *Homer*

George I., was continued in his command in the army, made lord of the bed-chamber; and lord lieutenant of the county of *Somerset*, Dec. 3, 1714. He resigned his post in the bed-chamber in 1716, his regiment having before been taken from him; was committed to *The Tower*, Sept. 28, 1722, on suspicion of being concerned in *Layer's* plot; whence he was at length discharged, after suffering severely in his health; and died Aug. 28, 1731, aged 57—His lordship's character as a writer, it must be allowed, stands on an equivocal foundation: but his mechanical genius is immortalized by that noble instrument, of his invention, which bears the name of *Orrery*.

over-

overthrows *Gondibert*^u, kills *Denham*^w and *Wesley*^x;

^u Sir *W. Davenant*; see above, p. 7.

^w Sir *John Denham* was the only son of Sir *John Denham*, one of the barons of the exchequer in *Ireland* and *England* in the reigns of *James* and *Charles*. He was born at *Dublin*, in the year 1615; and afterwards went to *Trinity College, Oxford*; where he addicted himself more to gaming than study, and was esteemed a young man from whom nothing praise-worthy was to be expected. In the year 1641, he published his Tragedy, called, "The *Sophy*;" which gave Mr. *Waller* occasion to say that he broke-out, like the *Irish* rebellion, three-score thousand strong, when nobody was aware, or in the least suspected it. In the dispute between king *Charles* and his parliament, he took part with the former; and, while at *Oxford* in 1643, first published his famous poem called *Cooper's Hill*. He was on several occasions employed by the king, and afterwards by his son *Charles II*, who, among other commissions, sent him to *Poland* as his ambassador. At the Restoration, he entered upon the office of surveyor of his majesty's buildings; at the coronation, was created a Knight of the Bath. In his old age, he married a young wife; whose conduct not being the most prudent, it had such an effect upon him as to deprive him for some time of his senses: he, however, afterwards recovered; and, if credit is to be given to *Grammont's Memoirs*, took the most terrible means to revenge his wife's infidelity. He died in *March* 1688, universally despised. His contemporaries had so low an opinion of his genius, that it was insinuated he did not write the best pieces which are ascribed to him: many satires of the times allude to this suspicion, particularly the posthumous works of the author of *Hudibras*.

^x *Samuel Wesley*, born at *Winterborn Whitchurch* in *Dorsetshire*, where his father was vicar; and admitted of *Exeter College, Oxford*, 1684; was rector of *Ormesby* and *Epworth, c. Lincoln*; and died *April* 25, 1735. He was a very voluminous Author; having published, amongst other things, "Maggots; a Poem on several subjects, 1685," 8vo.; "Elegies on Queen *Mary* and Abp. *Tillotson*, 1695," fol.; "The Life of Christ, an heroic Poem, 1698," fol.: "The History of the New Testament, in Verse, 1701," 12mo.; "A Treatise on the Sacrament;" and "Dissertations

*Perrault*¹ and *Fontenelle*². Encounter of *Virgil* and *Dryden*; of *Lucan* and *Blackmore*³; of

"tationes in *Librum Jobi*," for which proposals were circulated in 1729, and which was finished after his death, by his son *Samuel*, 1738. He left an exceedingly numerous family of children; four of whom are not unknown in the annals of *English* literature: 1. *Samuel*, sometime usher of *Westminster* school, author of an excellent Poem, called "The Battle of the Sexes," and several humorous tales, printed, together with other poems by him, in 4to. in 1736, and afterwards in 12mo. He died *Nov.* 6, 1739, being at that time head master of *Tiverton* school. 2. *John Wesley*; 3. *Charles Wesley*; the two celebrated Methodists. 4. *Mrs Wright*, authoress of several Poems printed in the Sixth Volume of the Poetical Calendar.

¹ *Charles Perrault*, author of a poem intituled, "Le Siècle de *Louis le Grand*," in which the modern authors are exalted above the antient; and of several other curious works. He was born in 1626, and died in 1703. He had three brothers; who were all likewise writers of eminence.

² The celebrated author of "The Plurality of Worlds;" who died in 1756, when he wanted only a few days of completing his hundredth year.

³ Sir *Richard Blackmore* left a great number of Works, theological, poetical, and physical. The verses in vol. VI. are a complete catalogue of his poems. He was appointed, in 1697, physician to king *William*; was continued some time in that station by queen *Anne*; and died *Oct.* 9, 1729. "His indefatigable Muse," says *Bp. Warburton*, "produced no less than six Epic Poems."—Yet knights in poetry, like knights in romance, have their day. Sir *Richard* was placed foremost in the lists of fame by *Mr. Locke*, *Mr. Molyneux*, and *Dr. Swift*; though his works are now begging about with an honourable pass, signed by three such judges in learning. *Lord Orrery* observes, "*Swift* never loses the least opportunity of venting his keenest satire against *Mr. Dryden*." But, alas! he greatly betrays his want of judgement, as well as temper; when he raises that high-sounding Wight, Sir *Richard Blackmore*, above him: *Blackmore*, that distinguished genius, who afterwards afforded his friend so many bright examples of the art of sinking in poetry!

Creech

Creech^b and *Horace*; of *Pindar* and *Cowley*^c. The episode of *Bentley* and *Wotton*. *Bentley's* armour. His speech to the modern generals. *Scaliger's* answer. *Bentley* and *Wotton* march together. *Bentley* attacks *Phalaris* and *Æsop*. *Wotton* attacks *Temple* in vain. *Boyle* pursues *Wotton*; and, meeting *Bentley* in his way, he pursues and kills them both.

^b Mr. *Thomas Creech*, born in 1659, entered of *Wadham College, Oxford*, 1675; was elected probationer fellow of *All-Souls* in 1689; and presented by his college to the living of *Welwyn*, in *Hertfordshire*. He was a good philosopher, divine, and poet; but, through some disappointment either in love or in his expectations, laid violent hands on himself; before he had taken possession of his living. He published translations of *Lucretius*, *Horace*, and *Manilius*; and was author of several pieces in the *Miscellany Poems*. On his father's monument, at *Blandford*, he is called "The learned, much-admired, and much-envied Mr. *Creech*."

^c Mr. *Abraham Cowley* was born in 1618; and died July 28, 1667. His "Poetical Blossoms," which are an abundant proof of his talent for poetry, were generally regarded as an earnest of that fame to which he afterwards rose; and which, in the opinion of some of his contemporaries, eclipsed that of every other *English* poet.—*Cowley*, who helped to corrupt the taste of the age in which he lived, and had himself been corrupted by it; was a remarkable instance of true genius, seduced and perverted by false wit. But this wit, false as it was, raised his reputation to a much higher pitch; than that of *Milton*. There is a want of elegance in his words, and of harmony in his versification; but this was more than atoned-for by, his greatest fault, the redundancy of his fancy. His *Latin* poems, which are esteemed the best of his works, are written in the various measures of the ancients; and have much of their unaffected beauty. He was more successful in imitating the ease and gaiety of *Anacreon*, than the bold and lofty flights of *Pindar*. (See an additional note on vol. I. p. 158.) His Metaphors, which are not only beyond, but contrary to Nature, were generally admired in the reign of *Charles II.* To the merit of a good poet, may be added that of his being an admirable prose-writer; and his "Cutter of *Coleman Street*" is a striking instance of dramatic merit.

ABSTRACT of what, in the *Dutch* Edition, is said to have followed Sect. IX. of the MS.

The History of MARTIN.

How *Jack* and *Martin*, being parted, set-up each for himself. How they travelled over hills and dales, met many disasters, suffered much for the good cause, and struggled with difficulties and wants, not having where to lay their head; by all which they afterwards proved themselves to be right father's sons, and *Peter* to be spurious. Finding no shelter near *Peter's* habitation, *Martin* travelled Northwards; and, finding the *Thuringians* and neighbouring people disposed to change, he set-up his stage first among them; where, making it his business to cry-down *Peter's* powders, plasters, salves, and drugs, which he had sold a long time at a dear rate, allowing *Martin* none of the profit, though he had been often employed in recommending and putting them off; the good people, willing to save their pence, began to hearken to *Martin's* speeches. How several great lords took the hint, and on the same account declared for *Martin*; particularly one, who, not having enough of one wife, wanted to marry a second; and, knowing *Peter* used not to grant such licences, but at a swinging price; he struck up a bargain with *Martin*, whom he found more tractable; and who assured him he had the same power to allow such things. How most of the other Northern lords, for their own private ends, withdrew themselves and their dependents from *Peter's* authority; and closed-in with *Martin*. How *Peter*, enraged at the loss of such large territories, and consequently of so much revenue; thundered against *Martin*, and sent out the strongest and most terrible of his *bulls* to devour him; but, this having no effect, and *Martin* defending himself boldly and dextrously, *Peter* at last put forth proclamations, declaring *Martin* and all his adherents

rents rebels and traitors; ordaining and requiring all his loving subjects to take-up arms, and to kill, burn, and destroy, all and every one of them; promising large rewards, &c. upon which ensued bloody wars and desolation.

How *Harry Huff*, lord of *Albion*, one of the greatest bullies of those days, sent a cartel to *Martin*, to fight him on a stage, at cudgels, quarter-staff, back-sword, &c. Hence the origin of that genteel custom of *prize-fighting*, so well known and practised to this day among those polite islanders; though unknown every where else. How *Martin*, being a bold blustering fellow, accepted the challenge. How they met and fought, to the great diversion of the spectators: and, after giving one another broken heads, and many bloody wounds and bruises, how they both drew-off victorious; in which their example has been frequently imitated by great clerks and others since that time. How *Martin's* friends applauded his victory, and how lord *Harry's* friends complimented him on the same score; and particularly lord *Peter*, who sent him a fine feather for his cap, to be worn by him and his successors; as a perpetual mark of his bold defence of lord *Peter's* cause. How *Harry*, flushed with his pretended victory over *Martin*, began to huff *Peter* also; and at last down-right quarreled with him, about a wench. How some of lord *Harry's* tenants, ever fond of changes, began to talk kindly of *Martin*, for which he mauled them soundly; as he did also those that adhered to *Peter*. How he turned some out of house and hold, others he hanged or burnt, &c.

How *Harry Huff*, after a deal of blustering, wenching, and bullying, died; and was succeeded by a good-natured Boy, who, giving way to the general bent of his tenants, allowed *Martin's* notions to spread every where and take deep root in *Albion*. How, after his death, the farm fell into the hands of a Lady; who was elder daughter to *Harry*, and
vio-

violently in love with lord *Peter*. How she purged the whole country with fire and sword, resolved not to leave the name or remembrance of *Martin*. How *Peter* triumphed, and set-up shops again, for selling his own powders, plasters, and salves; which were now called the only true ones, *Martin's* being all declared counterfeit. How great numbers of *Martin's* friends left the country; and, traveling up and down in foreign parts, grew acquainted with many of *Jack's* followers, and took a liking to many of their notions and ways; which they afterwards brought back into *Albion*, now under another Landlady, more moderate and more cunning than the former, her elder sister. How she endeavoured to keep friendship both with *Peter* and *Martin*, and trimmed for some time between the two, not without countenancing and assisting at the same time many of *Jack's* followers; but, finding no possibility of reconciling all the three brothers, because each would be master, and allow no other salves, powders, or plasters, to be used, but his own; she discarded all three, and set-up a shop for those of her own farm, well furnished with powders, plasters, salves, and all other drugs necessary, all right and true, composed according to receipts made by physicians and apothecaries of her own creating, which they extracted out of *Peter's* and *Martin's* and *Jack's* receipt-books; and of this medley or hodge-podge made up a dispensatory of their own; strictly forbidding any other to be used, and particularly *Peter's*; from which the greatest part of this new dispensatory was stolen. How the lady, farther to confirm this change, wisely imitating her father, degraded *Peter* from the rank he pretended as eldest brother; and set-up herself in his place as head of the family, and ever after wore her father's old cap, with the fine feather he had got from *Peter* for standing his friend; which has likewise been worn, with no small ostentation, to this day, by all her successors; though
declared

declared enemies to *Peter*. How lady *Bess* and her physicians, being told of many defects and imperfections in their new medley dispensatory, resolved on a farther alteration; and to purge it from a great deal of *Peter's* trash, that still remained in it: but were prevented by her death. How she was succeeded by a North-country farmer, who pretended great skill in managing of farms; though he could never govern his own poor little old farm, nor yet this large new one after he got it. How this new landlord, to shew his valour and dexterity, fought against enchanter, weeds, giants, and wind-mills: and claimed great honour for his victories; though he oft-times b-sh-t himself, when there was no danger. How his successor, no wiser than he, occasioned great disorders by the new methods he took to manage his farms. How he attempted to establish in his Northern farm the same dispensatory used in the Southern; but miscarried, because *Jack's* powders, pills, salves, and plasters, were there in great vogue.

How the Author finds himself embarrassed for having introduced into his History a new sect, different from the three he had undertaken to treat of; and how his inviolable respect to the sacred number *three* obliges him to reduce these four, as he intends to do all other things, to that number^d; and for that end
to

a “ The *Tale of a Tub* (says *M. Voltaire*) is an imitation of the Three Rings*. The Fable of the Three Rings is a very ancient one, of the time of the Crusades. It is of an old man, who, dying, leaves a ring to each of his three children: these go to loggerheads, which shall have the most beautiful of them; after long debates, they discover, that the three rings were

* Mr. *Tyrwhitt*, in his excellent edition of the *Canterbury Tales*, thinks this notion to be without foundation. The story, borrowed from the *Gesta Romanorum*, may be seen in the *Cento Nouvelle Antiehe*; and in the *Decameron*.

to drop the former *Martin*, and to substitute in his place lady *Bess's* institution, which is to pass under the

“ all perfectly alike. The good old man is *Theism*; the
 “ three children are, the *Jewish* religion, the *Christian*,
 “ and the *Mahometan*.—To the three rings, Dean *Swift*
 “ has substituted the three plain coats, all of the same
 “ colour; which the good old man, their father, has be-
 “ queathed to the three brothers *Peter*, *Martin*, and *John*;
 “ that is to say, the Pope, *Luther*, and *Calvin*. The
 “ author makes his heroes commit more follies, than
 “ *Cervantes* ascribes to his *Don Quixote*; or *Ariosto* to
 “ his *Orlando Furioso*: but lord *Peter* is the worst used by
 “ him of the three brothers. This book is wretchedly
 “ translated into *French*; it was not indeed well possible
 “ to do justice to the humour with which it is seasoned;
 “ this humour turns chiefly on the quarrels between the
 “ Established Church of *England* and the Presbyterian;
 “ on customs, on incidents unknown in *France*, and often
 “ on a certain play upon words peculiar to the *English*
 “ language. For example; the word, which signifies in
 “ *French* the Pope's Bull; signifies in *English* both that
 “ and the animal called a Bull. Such words are a source
 “ of ambiguities, and pleasantries, entirely lost upon a
 “ *French* reader.—*Swift* was much less learned than *Ra-*
 “ *belais*; but his wit is more pointed, more delicate: he
 “ is the *Rabelais* of high life.—Both of them were priests
 “ having charge of souls. *Rabelais* was curate of *Meudon*:
 “ and *Swift* was Dean of the Cathedral of *Dublin*.
 “ Both of them broke more jests on Christianity, than
 “ what *Moliere* was so lavish of on *Physic*; and yet
 “ both of them lived and died in peace, while so many
 “ others were persecuted even to death for some equi-
 “ vocal words.” *Letters addressed to his Highness the*
*Prince of ***; containing Comments on the Writings of*
the most eminent Authors who have been accused of at-
tacking the Christian Religion.—It is pleasant to find the
 sportive Bard of *Ferney* thus zealous in the cause of *Chris-*
 tianity!—He goes on—“ The Lords *Oxford* and *Boling-*
 “ broke procured the best benefice in *Ireland*, next to the
 “ archbishoprick of *Dublin*, for a man who had foused
 “ the

the name of *Martin* in the sequel of this true History. This weighty point being cleared, the Author

“ the Christian religion all over with ridicule; and *Abbadie*,
 “ who had written, in favour of that very religion, a
 “ book which had met with the highest encomiums; could
 “ get only a paltry little benefice in a country village.
 “ But it is to be observed; that they both died in a state
 “ of insanity.” It would be superfluous to defend our
 good Dean in form, against this attack of the *French* Philo-
 sopher. *The Tale of a Tub* has been allowed to be “ a
 “ master-piece of wit, as a model of eloquence; and of
 “ great efficacy in confirming every member of the church
 “ of *England* in his own communion; and giving him a
 “ thorough distaste of those of *Scotland* and *Rome*.” (See
 the *Testimonies*, annexed to vol. XIV.) It hath in fact
 all the merit of *Rabelais*; without any of his weaknesses.
 There is throughout the whole, a mighty fund of good
 sense, a strong glow of true wit and masculine satire, ac-
 companied with a kind of humour so singularly pleasant;
 that no Cynic can avoid smiling, who reads it. But,
 however this treatise may be condemned by the severer
 critick, the serious parts of our Author's writings are
 an ample counterbalance to its levity. The Remarks on
Tindal's Rights of the Christian Church, are a lasting mo-
 nument of *Swift's* attachment to Religion and Virtue.
 His character as a Divine, which hath been very accurately
 delineated by his candid Biographer, is strongly marked
 by a few most excellent Sermons. And M. *Voltaire* him-
 self hath in this very collection given ample testimony of
 the Dean's abilities as a writer. We find him, Dec. 14,
 1727, thus addressing Dr. *Swift*: “ Pray forgive an ad-
 “ mirer of you, who owes to your writings the love he
 “ bears to your language.” In another letter, after
 saying, “ I have not seen Mr. *Pope* this winter, but I
 “ have seen the third volume of the *Miscellanies*; and the
 “ more I read your Works, the more I am ashamed of
 “ my own;” he earnestly solicits his assistance in the
 subscription to his *Henriade*. In *June* 1727 (when the
 Dean intended going to *France*, if he had not been
 prevented by the king's death) M. *Voltaire* tells the
 Count de *Morville*, then minister and secretary of
 SUPPL. III. [XXVII.] D state

thor goes on, and describes mighty quarrels and squabbles between *Jack* and *Martin*; how sometimes the one had the better, and sometimes the other, to the great desolation of both farms; till at last both sides concur to hang-up the landlord: who pretended to die a martyr for *Martin*; though he had been true to neither side, and was suspected by many to have a great affection for *Peter*.

A DIGRESSION, on the nature, usefulness, and necessity, of WARS and QUARRELS.

This being a matter of great consequence, the Author intends to treat it methodically, and at large, in a treatise apart; and here to give only some hints of what his large treatise contains. The state of war natural to all creatures. War is an attempt to take by violence from others a part of what they have, and we want. Every man, fully sensible of his own merit, and finding it not duly regarded by others, has a natural right to take from them all that he thinks due to himself; and every creature, finding its own wants more than those of others, has the same right to take every thing its nature requires. Brutes much more modest, in their pretensions this way, than men; and mean men, more than great ones. The higher one raises his pretensions this way, the more bustle he makes about them; and the more success he has, the greater hero. Thus, greater souls, in proportion to their superior merit, claim a greater right to take every thing from meaner folks. This the true foun-

state at *Versailles*; "I could not decline the honour which the celebrated Dean *Swift* does me, in offering to deliver this letter to your lordship. I am sensible, that he is already known to you by fame; and that you are desirous of his acquaintance. He does honour to a nation, which you highly esteem." See vol. XXI. p. 297.

dation

dation of grandeur and heroism, and of the distinction of degrees among men. War therefore necessary, to establish subordination, and to found cities, kingdoms, &c. as also to purge bodies politic of gross humours. Wise princes find it necessary to have wars abroad, to keep peace at home. War, famine, and pestilence, the usual cures for corruptions in bodies politic. A comparison of these three. The Author is to write a panegyrick on each of them. The greatest part of mankind loves war more than peace. They are but few and mean-spirited, that live in peace with all men. The modest and meek of all kinds always a prey to those of more noble or stronger appetites. The inclination to war universal: those that cannot or dare not make war in person, employ others to do it for them. This maintains bullies, bravos, cut-throats, lawyers, soldiers, &c. Most professions would be useless; if all were peaceable. Hence brutes want neither smiths nor lawyers, magistrates nor joiners, soldiers nor surgeons. Brutes, having but narrow appetites, are incapable of carrying on or perpetuating war against their own species; or of being led out in troops and multitudes to destroy one another. These prerogatives proper to man alone. The excellency of human nature demonstrated, by the vast train of appetites, passions, wants, &c. that attend it. This matter to be more fully treated, in the Author's Panegyrick on Mankind.

The HISTORY of MARTIN, continued.

How *Jack*, having got rid of the old landlord, and, set up another to his mind, quarreled with *Martin*, and turned him out of doors. How he pillaged all his shops, and abolished the whole dispensatory. How the new landlord laid about him; mauled *Peter*; worried *Martin*, and made the whole neighbourhood tremble. How *Jack's* friends fell-out among themselves, split into a thousand parties, and

turned all things topsy-turvey, till every body grew weary of them; and at last, the blustering landlord dying, *Jack* was kicked out of doors, a new landlord brought-in, and *Martin* re-established. How this new landlord let *Martin* do what he pleased; and *Martin* agreed to every thing his pious landlord desired, provided *Jack* might be kept low. Of several efforts *Jack* made, to raise-up his head, but all in vain; till at last the landlord died, and was succeeded by one who was a great friend to *Peter*; who, to humble *Martin*, gave *Jack* some liberty. How *Martin* grew enraged at this, called-in a foreigner, and turned-out the landlord; in which *Jack* concurred with *Martin*, because this landlord was entirely devoted to *Peter*, into whose arms he threw himself, and left his country. How the new landlord secured *Martin* in the full possession of his former rights; but would not allow him to destroy *Jack*, who had always been his friend. How *Jack* got up his head in the North, and put himself in possession of a whole canton, to the great discontent of *Martin*: who, finding also that some of *Jack*'s friends were allowed to live and get their bread in the South parts of the country; grew highly discontented with the new landlord he had called-in to his assistance. How this landlord kept *Martin* in order; upon which, he fell into a raging fever; and swore he would hang himself, or join-in with *Peter*; unless *Jack*'s children were all turned-out to starve. Of several attempts made to cure *Martin*, and make peace between him and *Jack*, that they might unite against *Peter*; but all made ineffectual by the great address of a number of *Peter*'s friends, that herded among *Martin*'s, and appeared the most zealous for his interest. How *Martin*, getting abroad in this mad fit, looked so like *Peter* in his air and dress, and talked so like him; that many of the neighbours could not distinguish the one from the other:

espe-

especially when *Martin* went up and down strutting in *Peter's* armour, which he had borrowed to fight *Jack*. What remedies were used, to cure *Martin's* distemper, &c.

A PROJECT, for the universal Benefit of
MANKIND.

The Author, having laboured so long, and done so much, to serve and instruct the publick, without any advantage to himself, has at last thought of a project; which will tend to the great benefit of all mankind, and produce a handsome revenue to the author. He intends to print by subscription, in 96 large volumes in *folio*, an exact description of *Terra Australis incognita*^c; collected with great care and pains from 999 learned and pious authors, of undoubted veracity. The whole work, illustrated with maps and cuts agreeable to the subject, and done by the best masters, will cost but two guineas each volume to subscribers; one guinea to be paid in advance, and afterwards a guinea on receiving each volume; except the last. This work will be of great use for all men, and necessary for all families; because it contains exact accounts of all the provinces, colonies, and mansions, of that spacious country, where, by a general doom, all transgressors of the law are to be transported: and every one having this work may choose out the fittest and best place for himself; there being enough for all, so as every one shall be fully satisfied.

The Author supposes that one copy of this work will be bought, at the public charge, or out of the parish-rates, for every parish-church in the three kingdoms, and in all the dominions thereunto belonging; and that every family, that can command ten pounds *per annum*, even though retrenched from less

^c The imaginary place between Heaven and Hell; which the Pope hath sold to many purchasers. See the *Tale*, Sect. 4.

necessary expences, will subscribe for one. He does not think of giving out above nine volumes yearly; and, considering the number requisite, he intends to print at least 100,000 for the first edition. He is to print Proposals against next Term, with a specimen, and a curious map of the capital city, with its twelve gates; from a known author, who took an exact survey of it in a dream^f. Considering the great care and pains of the author, and the usefulness of the work; he hopes every one will be ready, for their own good as well as his, to contribute cheerfully to it; and not grudge him the profit he may have by it, especially if it comes to a third or fourth edition, as he expects it will very soon.

He doubts not but it will be translated into foreign languages, by most nations of *Europe*, as well as of *Asia* and *Africa*, being of as great use to all those nations as to his own; for this reason, he designs to procure patents and privileges, for securing the whole benefit to himself, from all those different princes and states; and hopes to see many millions of this great work printed, in those different countries and languages, before his death.

After this business is pretty well established, he has promised to put a friend on another project almost as good as this; by establishing insurance-offices everywhere, for securing people from shipwreck, and several other accidents, in their voyage to this country; and these offices shall furnish, at a certain rate, pilots well versed in the route, and that know all the rocks, shelves, quicksands, &c. that such pilgrims and travelers may be exposed to. Of these he knows a great number ready instructed in most countries: but the whole scheme of this matter he is to draw up at large, and communicate to his friend.

[Here (*says the Dutch Editor*) the original MS. ended.]

^f This allusion to *John Bunyan* will be easily perceived.

Ars Pun-ica, sive Flos Linguarum;

THE

ART OF PUNNING;

OR,

THE FLOWER OF LANGUAGES;

IN SEVENTY-NINE RULES:

For the farther Improvement of CONVERSATION,
and Help of MEMORY.

By the Labour and Industry of TOM PUN-SIBI.

TO WHICH IS ANNEXED,

A HISTORY OF POETRY.

“ Ex ambiguo dicta vel argutissima putantur; sed non

“ semper in joco, sæpe etiam in gravitate versantur.—

“ Ingeniosi enim videtur, vim verbi in aliud atque

“ cæteri accipiant, posse ducere.”

CICERO, de Oratore, lib. ii. § 61, 2.

“ The seeds of PUNNING are in the minds of all men.”

ADDISON, Spect. N^o 61.

This Treatise, first published at *Dublin* in 1719, was immediately reprinted at *London*; where it passed through five Editions at least, and was then pretty generally ascribed to Dr. *Swift*; and is called his in the Catalogue of the Library of *Anthony Collins*, esq^b. It appears, however, that, in this instance, the Dean was only an assistant. The piece was written by Dr. *Sheridan*; but received several corrections and improvements from Dr. *Swift*^c, Dr. *Delany*, and Mr. *Rockfort*. See the *Second* Preface to this Tract. Some verses to its Author, by the Dean and Dr. *Delany*, are printed in the poetical department of this Supplement.

^a In the *fifth* edition, the examples (xxxv—xxxvii) first appeared. They were added by *Anthony Hammond*, esq. a commissioner of the navy; a good speaker in parliament, and well-known by the name of “silver-tongued *Hammond*,” given to him by lord *Bolingbroke*. He was a man of wit; but wanted conduct: and had, if we may credit lord *Chesterfield*, “all the senses but common sense.” He was the father of that elegant writer, whose “*Love Elegies*” breathe the true spirit of *Tibullus*.

^b This Library was sold by auction, by *T. Ballard*, in 1730-31. Mr. *Collins* was particularly curious, in adding the name of the Author to every anonymous book in his collection: and when we add, that the Catalogue of his Library was drawn by Dr. *Sykes*; whose skill and accuracy in those matters is well known; it will be deemed, in many cases, no inconsiderable voucher.

^c It is written, it must be acknowledged, in the strain of humour peculiar to *Swift*: yet, without being too fastidious, we cannot but lament such a misapplication of literary ingenuity.

T O

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir J O H N S C R U B,

BART. AND MERCHANT,

T H I S D E D I C A T I O N

is humbly presented by the Author.

YOUR Honour's character is too well known in the world, to stand in need of a Dedication: but I can tell you, that my fortune is not so well settled, but I stand in need of a Patron; and therefore, since I am to write a Dedication, I must, for decency, proceed in the usual method.

First, I then proclaim to the world your high and illustrious birth: That you are, by the Father's side, descended from the most ancient and celebrated family of *Rome*, the *Cæsa's*; by the Mother's, from Earl *Piercy*. Some indeed have been so malicious as to say, your grandmother *kill'd-her-kin*: but, I think, if the authors of the report were found out, they ought to be *hampered*. I will allow that the world exclaims deservedly against your *mother*, because she is *no friend to the bottle*; otherwise they would deserve a *firkin*, as having no *grounds* for what they say. However, I do not think it can fully your *fine* and *bright* reputation: for the *credit* you gained at the battle of *Hogshead*, against the duke of *Burgundy*, who felt no *sham-pain*, when you *forced* him to sink beneath your power, and gave his whole army a *brush*, may in time turn

to

42 A PUNNING DEDICATION.

to your *account*; for, to my knowledge, it put his *highness* much upon the *fret*. This indeed was no less *racking* to the king his master, who found himself *gross-lee* mistaken, in catching a *Tartar*. For the whole world allowed, that you brought him a *peg* lower, by giving him the *parting-blow*, and making all his *rogues in buckram* to run. Not to mention your *a-gillity*, though you are past your *prim-age*; and may you never *lack-age*, with a *sparkling* wit, and *brisk* imagination! May your honour also *wear* long, beyond the common *scant-ling* of human life, and constantly proceed in your musical diversions of *pipe* and *sack-but*, hunting with *tarriers*, &c. And may your good humour, in saying, "*I am-phor-a bottle*," never be lost, to the joy of all them that drink your *wine* for nothing; and especially of

Your most humble servant,

TOM PUN-SIBI!



A SPE.

A S P E C I M E N;

A S P I C E, I mean.



P R E F A C E.

*Hæc nos, ab imis Pun-icorum annalibus
Prolata, longo tempore edidimus tibi.*

FEST.

I've rak'd the ashes of the Dead, to show
PUNs were in vogue five thousand years ago.

THE great and singular advantages of PUNNING, and the *lustre* it gives to *conversation*, are commonly so little known in the world, that scarce one *man of learning* in fifty, to their shame be it spoken, appears to have the least *tincture* of it in his *discourse*. This I can impute to nothing, but that it hath not been reduced to a *science*; and indeed *Cicero* seemed long ago to wish for it, as we may gather from his Second Book *de Oratore*^d, where he has this remarkable passage: *Suavis autem est & vehementer sæpe utilis jocus & facetiæ CUM AMBIGUITATE—in quibus tu longè aliis meâ sententiâ, Cæsar, excellis: quo magis mihi etiam testis esse potes, aut nullam esse artem salis, aut, si qua est, eam nos tu potissimum docebis.* “PUNNING is
“extremely delightful, and oftentimes *very profitable*;
“in which, as far as I can judge, *Cæsar*, you *excell*
“all mankind: for which reason, you may inform me,
“whether there be any *Art of Punning*; or, if there

^d Lib. ii. § 54.

“ be,

“be, *I beseech you*, above all things, to instruct me in it.” So much was this *great man* affected with the Art, and such a *noble idea* did he conceive of it, that he gave *Cæsar* the preference to all mankind, only on account of that accomplishment!

Let Criticks say what they will, I will venture to affirm, That PUNNING, of all *Arts* and *Sciences*, is the most *extraordinary*: for all others are *circumscribed* by certain bounds; but this alone is found to have no limits, because to *excell therein* requires a most *extensive knowledge* of all things. A *Punner* must be a man of the greatest *natural abilities*, and of the best *accomplishments*: his *wit* must be *poignant* and *fruitful*, his *understanding* *clear* and *distinct*, his *imagination* *delicate* and *cheerful*; he must have an *extraordinary elevation of soul*, far above all *mean* and *low conceptions*; and these must be sustained with a *vivacity* fit to express his *ideas*, with that *grace* and *beauty*, that *strength* and *sweetness*, which become *sentiments* so truly *noble* and *sublime*.

And now, lest I should be suspected of imposing upon my Reader, I must entreat him to consider how high *Plato* has carried his sentiments of this Art (and *Plato* is allowed by all men to have seen farther into Heaven than any Heathen either before or since). Does not he say positively, in his *Cratylus*, “*Jocos & Dii amant*,” the gods themselves love PUNNING? Which I am apt to believe, from *Homer’s* ἀσέβεις γέλως, *unextinguished laughter*; because there is no other *motive* could cause such continued merriment among the gods.

As to the antiquity of this Art, *Buxtorf* proves it to be very early among the *Chaldæans*; which any one may see at large, who will read what he says upon the word פִּנּוּן PUN, *Vocula est Chaldæis familiarissima*, &c. “It is a word that is most frequently in use among the *Chaldæans*,” who were first instructed in

in the methods of PUNNING by their *Magi*, and gained such reputation, that *Ptolomæus Philo-punnæus* sent for six of those learned Priests, to propagate their doctrine of PUNS in six of his principal cities; which they did with such success, that his *Majesty* ordered, by public *edict*, to have a full collection of all the PUNS made within his dominions for three years past; and this collection filled one large apartment of his *Library*, having this following remarkable inscription over the door, *Ἰατρῆσιον Ψυχῆς*, "The Shop of the Soul's Physician," "sick."

Some Authors, but upon what grounds is uncertain, will have PAN, who in the *Æolic dialect* is called PUN, to be the Author of PUNS, because, they say, PAN being the god of *universal Nature*, and PUNNING free of all languages, it is highly probable that it owes its first origin, as well as name, to this god. Others again attribute it to *Janus*, and for this reason—*Janus had two faces*; and of consequence they conjectured every word he spoke had a double meaning. But, however, I give little credit to these opinions, which I am apt to believe were broached in the dark and fabulous ages of the world; for I doubt, before the first Olympiad, there can be no great dependance upon Profane History.

I am much more inclined to give credit to *Buxtorf*; nor is it improbable that *Pythagoras*, who spent twenty-eight years at *Ægypt* in his studies, brought this Art, together with some *arcana* of *Philosophy*, into *Greece*; the reason for which might be, that *Philosophy* and PUNNING were a mutual assistance to each other: "for," says he, "PUNS are like so many torch-lights in the head, that give the soul a very distinct view of those images, which she before

• Vide Joseph. Bengor. Chronic. in Edit. Georg. Homedidæ. Seriem Godoliæ Tradit. Hebraic. Corpus Paradoxeon Titulo Megill. c. i. § 8. Chronic. Samarit. Abulphetachi. Megillat. Taanit.

"seemed

“seemed to grope after as if she had been imprisoned in a dungeon.” From whence he looked upon PUNS to be so sacred, and had such a regard to them, that he left a precept to his *Disciples*, forbidding them to eat *beans*, because they were called in *Greek* *πύρροι*. “Let not,” says he, “one grain of the seed of *beans* be lost; but preserve and scatter them over all *Greece*, that both our *gardens* and our *fields* may flourish with a *vegetable*, which, on account of its *name*, not only brings an *honour* to our *country*, but, as it disperses its *effluvia* in the *air*, may also by a secret *impulse* prepare the soul for PUNNING, which I esteem the *first and great felicity of life*.”

This Art being so very well recommended by so great a man, it was not long before it spread through all *Greece*, and at last was looked upon to be such a *necessary accomplishment*, that no person was admitted to a *feast*, who was not first examined; and if he were found ignorant of PUNNING, he was dismissed with, *Ἐκὰς ἔστει, βέλῃλοι*, “Hence, ye prophane.”

If any one doubt the truth of what I say, let him consult the *apophthegms* of *Plutarch*, who, after he had passed several *encomiums* upon this Art, gives some account of persons eminent in it; among which (to shorten my Preface), I chuse one of the most *illustrious examples*, and will entertain the courteous Reader with the following story: “King *Philip* had his collar-bone broken in a battle; and his Physician expecting money of him every visit, the King reproved him with a PUN, saying, *He had the KEY in his own hands*. For the word *κλέεις*, in the original, signifies both a *Key* and a *Collar-bone*†.

We have also several PUNS recorded in *Diogenes Laërtius*’s “*Lives of the Philosophers*” and those made by the wisest and gravest men among them; even by *Diogenes* the *Cynick*, who, although pretending to

† Vide *Plut. Apophth.* p. 177.

withstand the irresistible charms of PUNNING, was cursed with the name of an *Abborrer*. Yet, in spite of all his ill-nature and affectation (for he was a *Tub-preacher*), he made so excellent a PUN, that *Scaliger* said, he would rather have been Author of it, "than King of *Navarre*." The story is as follows: *Didymus* (not *Didymus* the Commentator upon *Homer*, but a famous rake among the ladies at *Athens*) having taken in hand to cure a Virgin's eye that was sore, had this caution given him by *Diogenes*, "Take care you do not corrupt your PUPIL:" the word *νόξα* signifying both the *Pupil* of the *Eye* and a *Virgin*.

It would be endless to produce all the authorities that might be gathered, from *Diodorus Siculus*, *Herodotus*, *Proconosius*, *Bergæus*, *Dionysius Halicarnassensis*, *Lycophron*, *Pindar*, *Apollonius*, *Menander*, *Aristophanes*, *Corinthus Cōis*, *Nonnus*, *Demosthenes*, *Euripides*, *Thucydides*, *Plato*, *Aristotle*, &c.; from every one of which I should have produced some quotations, were it not that we are so unfortunate in this kingdom, not to have Greek types sufficient for such an undertaking^h: for want of which, I have been put to the necessity, in the word *νόξα*, of writing an *alpha* for an *éta*.

However, I believe, it will not be amiss to bring some few testimonies, to shew in what great esteem the art of PUNNING was among the most refined Wits at *Rome*, and that in the most polite ages, as will appear from the following quotations.

Quintilian saysⁱ, *Urbanitas est virtus quædam, in breve dictum, verum sensu duplici, coacta, & apta ad delectandos homines, &c.* Thus translated, "PUNNING is a virtue, comprized in a short expression, with a double meaning, and fitted to delight the Ladies."

^g See *Laërtius*.

^h This could scarcely be a serious complaint at *Dublin* in 1719.

ⁱ *Institut. Orator. lib. vi. p. 265.*

Lucretius also,
Quò magis æternum da dictis, Diva, leporem.
 "Goddeſs, eternal PUNS on me beſtow."

And elſewhere,
*Omnia enim lepidi magis admirantur, amantiſque
 Germanis quæ ſub verbis latitantia cernunt :
 Verbaque conſtituunt ſimili fucata ſonore,
 Nec ſimili ſenſu, ſed quæ mentita placerent.*
 "All men of mirth and ſenſe admire and love
 "Thoſe words which like twin-brothers doubtful prove;
 "When the ſame ſounds a different ſenſe diſguiſe,
 "In being deceiv'd the greateſt pleaſure lies."

Thus Claudian,
*Vocibus alternant ſenſus, fraudiſque jocoſæ,
 Vim duplicem rident, lacrymoſaque gaudia miſcent.*
 "From word to word th' ambiguous ſenſe is play'd;
 "Laughing ſucceeds, and joyful tears are ſhed."

And Martial,
*Sit mihi, Cinna, comes, ſalibus dictiſque facetus,
 Qui ſapit ambiguos fundere ab ore ſonos.*
 "Cinna, give me the man, when all is done,
 "That wiſely knows to crack a Jeſt and PUN."

Petronius likewise will tell you,
*Dicta, ſales, riſus, urbana crepundia vocom,
 Ingenii facilis quæ documenta dabunt.*
 "Jokes, Repartees, and Laugh, and PUN polite,
 "Are the true teſt to prove a man is right.

And Lucan,
*Illi eſt imperium riſus, qui fraude leporis
 Ambigua fallens, humeros quatit uſque ſolutis
 Nexibus, ac tremuli trepidant curvamina dorſi,
 Et jecur, et cordis fibras, et pandit anbelas
 Pulmonis latebras—*

"He's king of mirth, that ſlily cheats our ſenſe
 "With PUN ambiguous, pleaſing in ſuſpenſe;
 "The ſhoulders lax become, the bending back
 "Upheav'd with laughter, makes our ribs to crack:
 "Ev'n to the liver he can joys impart,
 "And play upon the fibres of the heart;

"Open

"Open the chambers of the *longues* ^k, and there
 "Give longer life in laughing, than in air."

But to come nearer home, and our own times; we know that *France*, in the late reign, was the *seat of learning and policy*; and what made it so, but the great encouragement the king gave PUNNERS above any other men: for it is too notorious, to quote any author for it, that *Lewis le Grand* gave a hundred *pistoles* for one single *pun-motto*, made upon an *Abbot*, who died in a *field*, having a *lily* growing out of his
 a—;

Habe mortem præ oculis.

Abbé mort en prez au culiz.

Nor was his bounty less to Monsieur *de Ferry de Lageltre* the painter (though the PUN and the *picture* turned against himself), who drew his majesty shooting, and at some distance from him another man aiming at the same fowl, who was withheld by a third person, pointing at the king, with these words from his mouth,

"Ne voyez vous le Roy *tirant*?"

Having now, from the best authorities, plainly proved the *antiquity* and *excellence* of the Art of PUNNING; nothing remains but to give some *general directions* as to the manner how this science is to be taught.

1. Let the husband teach his wife to read it.
2. Let her be appointed to teach her children.
3. Let the head servant of the family instruct all the rest, and that every morning before the master and mistress are up.
4. The masters and misses are to repeat a *Rule* every day, with the examples; and every visiting-day be brought-up, to shew the company what fine memories they have.

* Potius LUNGS, as a Dutch Commentator would observe.

SWPPL. III. [XXVII.]

E

5. They

5. They must go ten times through the Book, before they be allowed to aim at a PUN.

6. They must every day of their lives repeat *six* synonymous words, or words like in sound, before they be allowed to sit down to dinner: such as,

Affent,	Ascent,	Alter,	Altar.
A Lafs,	Alafs,	A Peer,	Appear.
Bark,	Barque.	Barbery,	Barberrie.

They are all to be found in metre, most laboriously compiled by the learned Author of "The English School-Master," printed in 1641, *Lond. Ed. p. 52.*

7. If any eldest son hath not a *capacity* to attain to this *science*, let him be disinherited as *non-compos*, and the estate given to the next hopeful child.

—*Si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti: si non, his utere mecum*¹.

"If any man can better *rules* impart,

"I'll give him leave to do't with all my heart."

A Paragraph of the First Preface, that was omitted; which the Reader (according to his judgement or discretion) may insert where he pleases.

THERE is a remarkable passage in *Petronius Arbitrator*, which plainly proves, by a royal example, that PUNNING was a necessary ingredient to make an entertainment agreeable. The words are these; "In-
" gerebat nihilominus Trimalchio lentissima voce,
" CARPE. Ego, suspicatus ad aliquam urbanitatem
" toties iteratam vocem pertinere, non erubui eum
" qui supra me accumbebat hoc ipsum interrogare.
" At ille, qui sæpius ejusmodi ludos spectaverat,
" Vides, inquit, illum qui obsonium carpit, CARPUS
" vocatur. Itaque quotiescunque dicit CARPE, eodem
" verbo & vocat & imperat." And it is farther remarkable, that every day of his life he made the same PUN at dinner and supper.

¹ Hor. Ep. I. i. 67.

A SECOND PREFACE.

LEST my modesty should be called in question, for venturing to appear in print, in an age so famous for politeness and ingenuity; I think I am bound to say this in my own defence, That these few sheets were not designed to be made public, as being written for my own private use: but what will not the importunity of friends conquer? They were no sooner discovered in my study, but my merry friend *George Rochfort*^m, my learned acquaintance *Patrick Delany*ⁿ, and

^m See a description of *Gaulstownhouse*, the seat of Mr. *Rochfort*, in the poetical part of this Supplement.—This gentleman married lady *Elizabeth Moore*, youngest daughter of *Henry* earl of *Drogheda*; was appointed chief chamberlain of the court of exchequer, which he held till his death, *July* 8, 1730; represented the county of *Westmeath* in parliament, and was of the privy council. His eldest son *Robert* was created baron of *Bellfield*, *March* 16, 1737; viscount of the same place, *Oct.* 5, 1751; and earl of *Belvedere*, *Nov.* 13, 1756.

ⁿ An admirable character of this able and ingenious *Divine* was drawn by the *Dean* in 1730 (see vol. X. p. 256); by which it appears that he was early in life distinguished by Sir *Constantine Phipps* (to whom he was chaplain). He was long the confidential friend of *Dr. Swift*; whose esteem for him, which continued during life, is evident throughout these *Miscellanies*; particularly in the elegant verses addressed to him, *Nov.* 10, 1718, printed in vol. XVIII. p. 34. He was then one of the senior fellows of *Trinity College, Dublin*; and, as a tutor, his reputation stood so high, that he was supposed to have been in the receipt of between six and seven hundred pounds a year, from his pupils only. At this period, his intimacy and connexion with the *Dean* and his friends, who were chiefly *Tories*, was an impediment to his promotion, and prevented his obtaining a dispensation to hold his fellowship along

and my much-honoured Patron *Jonathan Swift*, all unanimously agreed, that I should do my own reputation

with the rectory of *St. John's* in *Dublin*, to which, in the year 1725, he had been presented by the Chapter of *Christ Church*. This obstacle was thrown in his way by archbishop *Boulter*; to whom he was afterwards reconciled, and, as *Faulkner* asserts, paid as much court to him, as he had formerly done to the Dean. About the year 1726, or 1727, he gave up his emoluments in the university for a small northern living and the chancellorship of *Christ Church*; to which lord *Carteret* added in 1730 a prebend of *St. Patrick's*, making in the whole about a third part of his former income; yet lord *Carteret* was exclaimed against for having partially favoured this high-church man*. In 1729, Dr. *Delany* began a curious political paper called "The Tribune," of which about 20 numbers appear to have been published: and his elegant pen may be traced among the anonymous assistants in the *Letters of Hibernicus*. In August 1732, the duchess of *Queensberry* mentions Dr. *Delany's* having taken "a great fortune" from *England*; supposed to be Mrs. *Pendarves*: but in this particular there is some difficulty in reconciling the several contradictory accounts; for we have not only a letter with that lady's signature, Sept. 2, 1736; but Mr. *Faulkner* tells us, she was married some years after November 1735.—In 1732-3, the Doctor gave twenty pounds a year to be distributed among the students in *Dublin* university; and was afterward made chancellor of *St. Patrick's* (under which title he is honourably distinguished in Dr. *Swift's* will): he was also promoted to the deanry of *Down*; in which station he died, May 7, 1768. His poetical merit is sufficiently established by the specimens in this collection;—his zeal for the reputation of Dr. *Swift*, by his elegant "Observations upon Lord Orrery's Remarks," &c. published by him, in 1754, under the

* See Mr. *Amory's* Life of *John Buncke*. This eccentric writer assures us, that he heard Dr. *Delany*, in a 30th of January Sermon, at *Christ Church, Dublin*, before the duke of *Devonshire*, in 1737, "give a picture of a man as like *Charles* the First, as *Phalaris* was to the apostle *St. John*,"

ation and the world that justice, as to send "such a
 "Treasure of Knowledge" (as they were pleased to
 express

signature of J. R.; and by the Letter mentioned at the
 close of this note;—his abilities as a Controversialist, by
 "The Doctrine of Abstinence from Blood defended,
 "&c." 1734; as a Philosopher and a Divine, by three
 volumes under the title of "Revelation examined with
 "Candour, by a professed Friend to an honest Freedom
 "of Thought in Religious Enquiries;" by Fifteen
 Sermons on the Social Duties, in 1744; re-printed
 in 1750, under the title of "Twenty Sermons upon
 "Social Duties, and their opposite Vices. To which is
 "added, an Essay towards evidencing the Divine Original
 "of Tythes, which the Author considers as a Species
 "of Social Duties;" by Sixteen other Sermons "upon
 "Doctrines and Duties more peculiarly Christian, and
 "against the reigning Vanities of the Age, 1754;"
 by "Reflections upon Polygamy, and the Encouragement
 "given to that Practice in the Scriptures of the Old Tes-
 "tament, by *Phileleutherus Dublinensis*;" a second edition
 of which was published in 1759, "with a Preface, in
 "which the main objection against the work is obviated,
 "and the Author's views in publishing it at this time ac-
 "counted for;" by "An Historical Account of the Life
 "and Reign of *David King of Israel*," in 2 volumes,
 1740; and by "An humble Apology for Christian Or-
 "thodoxy, 1761," 8vo.—The Dedication to the 15 Sermons
 (dated Feb. 23, 1743, and addressed to the lady *Grace* the
 first viscountess *Carteret* and countess *Granville*) contains
 so picturesque a description of himself, that we cannot
 but be tempted to transcribe a part of it: "The
 "Author of these Discourses pretends not to acquit him-
 "self of ambition: he hath perhaps as strong a *bias* of
 "original guilt, that way, as any mortal: but the truth
 "is, it was early checked, and intirely turned from all
 "hope or prospect of preferment, to the sole view of
 "endeavouring to deserve it. In this situation he was
 "found by your son, near twenty years ago, in an
 "honourable obscurity; and drawn thence, with some
 "distinction (though without any suit or solicitation on

express themselves) to the press. As for the Work itself, I may venture to say, it is a Work of time and experience, and entirely unattempted before. For which reason, I hope, the candid Reader will be favourable in his judgement upon it, and consider, that all Sciences in their infancy have been weak and feeble. The next age may supply where I have been defective; and the next perhaps may produce a Sir *Isaac* in PUNNING. We know that Logicians first spun out Reason in *catagories*, *predicaments*, and *enumerations*; and at last they came to wind up their bottoms

“his side) a little more into the light, at least into the
 “hurry of the world; where he hath continued to this
 “day—unhonoured, indeed, but (I thank God) unre-
 “proached, and (what is, perhaps, matter of more vex-
 “ation than vanity) not unenvied; though he stood in
 “no man’s way, nor was rival to any mortal, during
 “that whole time, either for wealth, preferment, or
 “power. He had been long before this a constant
 “preacher: nor did his natural vehemence allow him to
 “be indolent, or uninterested, in what he delivered.
 “His condition of life, and the circumstances of some
 “particular friends, led him early to the consideration of
 “almost all the following subjects; and a thousand sub-
 “sequent occasions drew him frequently into repeated re-
 “consideration of them: so that what he now presumes
 “to present to your ladyship are, very truly, the first-
 “fruits of his early labour, and unwearied zeal in the
 “service of Religion.”

Mr. *Deane Swift*, having in his “*Essay*” taken several occasions of censuring Dr. *Delany*’s “*Observations*,” received this spirited reply: “Sir, I know Dr. *Swift* fifty times better than you did. At least, I had ninety-nine in a hundred opportunities more than you had of knowing his thoughts in relation to his works. And I verily think there are few things he ever wrote, that he did not wish to be published at one time or other. This was the most conspicuous infirmity in his composition, if it may be called an infirmity.” *Letter to Mr. Swift*, p. 16.

in *Syllogisms*, which is the compleating of that Science.

The *Chaldeans* began the Mathematicks; in which the *Egyptians* flourished. Then these, crossing the sea by the Means of *Thales* the *Milesian*, came into Greece, where they were improved very much by *Pythagoras*, *Anaxagoras*, and *Oenopides* of *Chios*. These were followed by *Briso*, *Antipho*, *Hippocrates*, &c. But the excellence of the Algebraic art was begun by *Geber*, an *Arabian* Astronomer (whence, as is conceived, the word *Algebra* took its rise) and was much since improved by *Cardanus*, *Tartaglia*, *Clavius*, *Stevinus*, *Ghetaldus*, *Herigenius*, *Fran. Van Schooten*, *Florida de Beaune*, &c.

But to return to the *Art of PUNNING* again; the progress and improvement of which, I hope, will be equal to the Sciences I have mentioned; or to any superior to them, if there be such: Reader, I must trespass a little longer on your patience, and tell you an old maxim, *Bonum, quo communius, eo melius*, "Good, the more common, the better it is." You see, I have, in imitation of the industrious bee, gathered my honey from various flowers; but yet I cannot say, without some diminution and loss to the persons from whom I have taken the examples to my Rules, who are likely never to use their PUNS again.

And here, to avoid the imputation of ingratitude, I must declare to the world, that my worthy friend Dr. R——, who is singularly remarkable for his unparalleled skill in PUNNING, and a most industrious promoter of it, has been a very great instrument in bringing this Work to light, as well by animating me to proceed in it, as by endeavouring to procure a good letter for the impression.

The favourable acceptance that my PUNS have met with in some private companies makes me flatter myself, that my labours therein will be candidly accepted,

as they have been cordially intended to serve my native country °.

TOM PUN-SIBI,

From my Study, up one Pair of
Stairs, ill-contrived Street-
wards, *August* 9th, 1719.

° Dr. *Sheridan* (who is mentioned as Author of “The Art of Punning,” by Mrs. *Pilkington*, vol. I. p. 64.) had a large collection of *bons mots* and *contes à rire*; which Dean *Swift* endeavoured, but without effect, to persuade him to publish. See vol. XII. p. 183.—After the publication of “The Art of Punning,” Dr. *Sheridan* was attacked, by an anonymous writer *, in a poem called “*Tom Pun-fibi* metamorphosed, or the Giber gibered;” which he answered, in a Letter “To the Author of *Tom Pun-fibi* metamorphosed.” Several other little poems were occasioned by it; particularly, “A Letter to *Tom Pun-fibi*,” occasioned by reading his excellent Novel, “called *Alexander’s* Overthrow, or the Downfall of *Babylon*,” “*Tom Pun-fibi’s* Farewell to the Muses;” and, “*Tom Pun-fibi’s* Resurrection disproved.” The above-mentioned pieces are all preserved in the first volume of “*Whartoniana*,” 1727.—An Essay under the title of “God’s Revenge against Punning, shewing the miserable Fates of Persons addicted to this crying Sin, in Court and Town,” is amongst the Miscellanies by *Pope* and *Gay*, in the Fifth Volume of *Swift’s* Works, p. 211.

♥ Dr. *Tisdell*, called *Black Tisdell*; of whom, see our Index.



THE

T H E A R T O F P U N N I N G.

PUNNATA dicuntur, id ipsum quod sunt, aliorum esse dicuntur, aut alio quovis modo ad aliud referuntur.

PUNS, in their very nature and constitution, have a relation to some thing else; or, if they have not, any other reason why will serve as well.

The PHYSICAL Definition of PUNNING,
according to CARDAN.

PUNNING is an Art of harmonious jingling upon words, which, passing in at the ears, and falling upon the diaphragma, excites a titillary motion in those parts; and this, being conveyed by the animal spirits into the muscles of the face, raises the cockles of the heart.

The MORAL Definition of PUNNING.

PUNNING is a virtue that most effectually promotes the end of good fellowship, which is laughing.

N. B. I design to make the most celebrated Punnery in these kingdoms examples to the following rules;

RULE I. *The Capital Rule.* He that puns, must have a head for it; that is, he must be a man of letters, of a sprightly and fine imagination, whatever men may think of his judgement; like Dr. — P,

P Dr. Swift himself; see his Life, p. 57. He greatly excelled in PUNNING; a talent which, he said, no man affected to despise, but those that were without it. He recorded the PUNS of several of his friends; wrote a Ballad, full of PUNS, on the *Westminster* Election (of which we have not been able to obtain a copy); and hath given some humorous Essays in that important science, vol. XVII. p. 19—39.

who

who said, when a lady threw down a *Cremona* fiddle with a frisk of her *Mantua*,

Mantua vae misera nimium vicina Cremonæ!

Or, if you would have a more obvious reason, St. Dennis never made a PUN after his Head was cut off. *Vid. Popish Legend, tom. lxxviii. p. 15000.*

R. 2. *The Rule of Forehead.* He must have good assurance, like my Lord ———, who puns in all companies.

R. 3. *The Brazen Rule.* He must have better assurance, like Brigadier ———, who said, “That, as he was passing through the street, he made up to a country fellow who had a bare swinging on a stick over his shoulder, and, giving it a shake, asked him, Whether it was his own hair or a periwig?” Whereas it is a notorious *Oxford* jest.

R. 4. *The Rule of Impudence.* He must have the best assurance, like Dr. ———, who, although I had in three fair combats worsted him, yet had the impudence to challenge me a fourth time.

R. 5. Any person may PUN another man’s PUNS about half an hour after he has made them; as Dr. ——— and Mr. ——— frequently do.

I remember one day I was in company with them; and, upon Major ——— saying, “That he would leave me the gout for a legacy;” I made answer, and told the company, “I should be sorry to have such a leg as he.” They both snapped it up in their turns, and had as much applause for the PUN as I had.

R. 6. *The Rule of Pun upon Pun.* All PUNS made upon the word PUN are to be esteemed as so much old gold; *ex. gr.* Suppose two famous PUNSTERS should contend for the superiority, and a man should wittily say, “This is a *Carthaginian* war.”

How, Sir?

A. Why, Sir, it is a *Pun-ick* war.

R. 7.

R. 7. The *Socratic* Rule is, to instruct others by way of Question and Answer.

Q. Who was the first *drawer*?

A. *Potifer*.

Q. Which is the seat of the spleen?

A. The *hips*.

Q. Who were the first *bakers*?

A. The *Crustumenians*. (*Masters of the Rolls*, quoth Capt. *Wolfeley* ¹.)

Q. Where did the first *hermaphrodites* come from?

A. *Middle-sex*.

Q. What part of *England* has the most *dogs*?

A. *Bark-shire*.

Q. From whence came the first *tumblers*?

A. From *Somerſet*.

Q. Who were the first *mortgagers of land*?

A. The people of *Cumber-land*.

Q. What men in the world are the best *soldiers*?

A. Your red-haired men, because they always carry their *fire-locks* upon their shoulders.

Q. Why should a man in debt be called a *diver*?

A. Because he is *dipped* over head and ears.

Q. Why are ladies of late years well qualified for hunting?

A. Because they come with a *hoop* and a *hollow*.

Q. Why are Presbyterians, Independents, &c. said to be vermin?

A. Because they are *in-sects*.

Q. Where were the first *breeches* made?

A. At *Tby-atira*.

Q. Who were the first *gold-finders*?

A. The *Turditani*.

¹ *Richard*, second son of Sir *Charles Wolfeley*, bart. He married Miss *Frances Burneston*, an *Irish* lady, by whom he had four sons. On the death of Sir *Henry Wolfeley*, in 1730, *William*, the eldest surviving son of the captain, succeeded to the title of baronet.

Q. What part of the world is best to feed dogs in?

A. *Lap-land*.

Q. What prince in the world should have a *boar* for his arms?

A. The duke of *Tuscany*.

Q. Where do the best *corn-cutters* live?

A. At *Leg-born*.

Q. Why are horses with grease to their heels the best racers?

A. Because their heels are given to *running*.

Q. What is the reason that rats and mice are so much afraid of bass violins and fiddles?

A. Because they are strung with *cat-gut*.

Q. If a Lawyer is a Whig, and pretends to be a Tory, or *vice versa*, why should his gown be stripped off?

A. Because he is guilty of *sham-party*.

Q. How many animals are concerned in the formation of the *English* tongue?

A. According to *Buck-anan*, a great number; (viz.) *cat-agorical*, *dog-matical*, *crow-nological*, *flea-botomy*, *fish-ognomy*, *squirrel-ity*, *rat-ification*, *mouse-oleum*, *pussilanimity*, *bare-editary*, *ass-tronomy*, *jay-ography*, *flag-yrite*, *duck-tility*.

Q. Where were the first *hams* made?

A. They were made in the temple of *Jupiter Hammon*, by the *Hamadryades**; one of them (if we may depend upon *Baker's* Chronicles) was sent as a present to a gentleman in *Ham-shire*, of the family of the *Ham-iltons*, who immediately sent it to *Ham-ton-court*, where it was hung up by a string in the hall, by way of rarity, whence we have the *English* phrase *ham-strung*.

* Women of *Calabria*, who dealt in bacon; not Nymphs of the Groves, as represented by mistaking Antiquity. See vol. XVII. p. 25.

Thus did great *Socrates* improve the mind,
By questions useful since to all mankind;
For, when the purblind soul no farther saw,
Than length of nose, into dark Nature's law,
His method clear'd up all, enlarg'd the sight,
And so he taught his pupils with *day-light*.

R. 8. *The Rule of Interruption*. Although the company be engaged in a discourse of the most serious consequence, it is, and may be lawful, to interrupt them with a PUN; *ex. gr.* Suppose them poring over a Problem in the Mathematicks; you may, without offence, ask them, "How go *squares* with them?" You may say too, "That, being too intent upon those figures, they are become *cycloeid*, i. e. *fickly-eyed*; for which they are a pack of *logarithms*, i. e. *loggerheads*." Vide R. 34.

R. 9. *The Rule of Risibility*. A man must be the first that laughs at his own PUN; as *Martial* advises:

*Qui studet alterius risum captare lepore,
Imprimis rictum contrabat ipse suum.*

"He that would move another man to laughter
Must first begin, and t'other soon comes after."

R. 10. *The Rule of Retaliation* obliges you, if a man makes fifty PUNS, to return all, or the most of them, in the same kind. As for instance: Sir W—— sent me a Catalogue of Mrs. *Prudence's* scholars, and desired my advice as to the management of them:

Miss-Chief, the ringleader.

Miss-Advice, that spoils her face with paint.

Miss-Rule, that does every thing she is forbid.

Miss-Application, who has not done one letter in her sampler.

Miss-Belief, who cannot say the Creed yet.

Miss-Call, a perfect *Billingsgate*.

Miss-Fortune, that lost her grandmother's needle.

Miss-Chance, that broke her leg by romping.

Miss-Guide, that led the young misses into the dirt.

Miss-Lay'd, who left her porringer of flour and milk where the cat got it.

Miss-

Miss-Management, that let all her stockings run out at heels for want of darning.

For which I sent the following Masters;

Master-Stroke, to whip them.

Master-Workman, to dress them.

Master-Ship, to rig them.

Master-Lye, to excuse them.

Master-Wort, to purge them.

Master-Piece, to patch them.

Master-Key, to lock them up.

Master-Pock, to mortify them.

If these can't keep your ladies quiet,
Pull down their courage with low diet.
Perhaps, dear Sir, you'll think it cruel,
To feed them on plain *water-gruel*;
But, take my word, the best of breeding,
As it is plain, requires plain feeding.

Vide Roscommon.

R. 11. *The Rule of Repetition*: You must never let a *PUN* be lost, but repeat and comment upon it, till every one in the company both hears and understands it; *ex. gr.* Sir, I have good wine to give you; excellent *pontack*, which I got '*pon-tick*'; but, Sir, we must have a little *pun-talk* over it; *you* take me, Sir, *you*, and *you*, and *you too*, Madam.—There is *pun-talk* upon *pontack*, and '*pon-tick*' too, *hay*?

R. 12. *The Elementary Rule*. Keep to your elements, whether you have *fish*, *fowl*, or *flesh*, for dinner: As for instance, Is not this *fish*, which Mr. *Pool* sent me, *ex-stream* sweet? I think it is *main* good; what *say* you? O' my *soal*, I never tasted better, and I think it ought to take *plaice* of any that *swims*: though you may *carp* at me for saying so, I can assure you that both Dr. *Sprat* and Dr. *Whaley* are of my mind.—This is an excellent *fowl*, and a fit dish for *high flighers*. Pray, Sir, what is your *o-pinion* of this *wing*? As for the *leg*, the cook ought to be *clapper-clawed* for not roasting it enough. But, now I think of it, why should this be called the *bird of Bacchus*?

A.

A. *Because it was drest by your drunken Cook.* Not at all. You mistake the matter. Pray is it not a *grape-lover*, i. e. *grey plover*? Are you for any of this *mutton*, Sir? If not, I can tell you, that you ought to be *lamb-asted*; for you must know that I have the best in the country. My *sheep* bear away the *bell*, and I can assure you that, all *weathers*, I can treat my friends with as good *mutton* as this: he that cannot make a meal of it, ought to have it *ram-med* down his throat.

R. 13. *The Rule of Retrospection.* By this you may recall a discourse that has been past two hours, and introduce it thus: "Sir, As you were saying two hours ago—you bought those stockings in *Wales*; I believe it, for they seem to be *well-chose*, i. e. *Welsh-hose*."—"Sir, you were saying, if I mistake not, an hour or two ago, that *Soldiers have the speediest Justice*. I agree with you in that; for they are never without *red-dress*."

R. 14. *The Rule of Transition*; which will serve to introduce any thing that has the most remote relation to the subject you are upon; *ex. gr.* If a man PUNS upon a *stable*, you may PUN upon a *corn-field*, a *meadow*, a *horse-park*, a *smith's* or *sadler's-shop*; *ex. gr.* One says, "his horses are gone to *rack*." Then you answer, "I would turn *oat* the rascal that looks after them. *Hay*, Sir! don't you think I am right? I would *strike while the iron is hot*; and *pummel* the dog to some purpose."

R. 15. *The Rule of Alienation*; which obliges you, when people are disputing hotly upon a subject, to pitch upon that word which gives the greatest disturbance, and to make a PUN upon it. This has not only occasioned peace in private companies, but has put a stop to hot wranglings in Parliaments and Convocations, which otherwise would not so soon come to a *resolution*: for, as *Horace* says, *Ridiculum acri*, &c.;
and

and very often it is found so. Sir ———— once, in parliament, brought in a *bill* which wanted some amendment; which being denied him by the house, he frequently repeated, "That he *thirsted* to *mend his bill*." Upon which, a worthy member got up, and said, "Mr. Speaker, I humbly move, "since that Member *thirsts* so very much, that he "may be allowed to mend his *draught*." This put the house into such a good humour, that his Petition was granted.

R. 16. *The Rule of Analogy* is, when two persons PUN upon different subjects after the same manner. As, says one, "I went to my *shoemaker's* to-day for a "pair of *shoes*, which I bespoke a month ago; and, "when *all* came to *all*, the dog *bristles* up to me with "a thousand excuses, that I thought there would never "be an *end* of his discourse: but, upon my calling "him a rascal, he began to *wax* warm, and had the "impudence to bid me *wamp* off, for he had not "leisure now to talk to me, because he was going to "dinner: which vexed me indeed to the very *soal*. Upon "this, I *jumped* out of his shop in a great rage, and "wished that the next bit he eat might be his *last*." Says another, "I went to a *tanner's* that owed me "some money; and (would you think it?) the *pitiful* "*fellow* was *fleshed* at it, insomuch that forsooth he "could not *hide* his resentment, but told me, that it "was enough to set a man *born* mad to be *dunned* so "early in a morning: and as for his part, he would "*curry* favour no longer with me, let me do my worst. "Thus the unmannerly cur *barked* at me, &c."

R. 17. *The Sophisticated Rule* is, fixing upon a man a saying which he never spoke, and making a PUN upon it, as, "Aye, Sir, since you say he was "born in *Bark-shire*, I say he is a *son of a bitch*."

R. 18. *The Rule of Train*, is a method of introducing PUNS which we have studied before; *ex. gr.* By
talking

talking of *True-lock* the *gun-smith*, his very name will provoke some person in the company to *PUN*. Then you proceed: "Sir, I *smell powder*; but you are "plaguy weak in your *main-spring* for *PUNNING*. I "would advise you to get a better *stock*, before you "pretend to *let off*: though you may think yourself "prime in this art, you are much mistaken, for a "very young beginner may be a *match* for you. Aye, "Sir, you may *cock* and look big; but, *u-pan* my "word, I take you to be no more than a *flash*; and "Mrs. *Skin-flint*, my neighbour, shall *PUN* with you "for a *pistole*, if I do not *lose my aim*, &c."

R. 19. *The Rule of Challenge*. As for instance, when you have conned over in your mind a chain of *PUNS*, you surprize the best *PUNNER* in company, after this manner: "Say *Tan-pit*, if you dare."

R. 20. *The Sanguine Rule* allows you to swear a man out of his *PUN*, and prove yourself the author of it, as Dr. ——— served Captain ———, who was told how a *slater*, working at his house, fell through all the *rafters* from top to bottom, and that upon this accident he said, "He loved to see a man "go *cleverly through his work*."—"That is mine, "by —," said the Doctor.

R. 21. *The Rule of Concatenation* is making a string of *PUNS* as fast as you can, that nobody else can put in a word till you have exhausted the subject; *ex. gr.* There was one *John Appleby*, a *gardener*, fell in love with one Mrs. *Curran*, for her *cherry cheeks* and her *lily white hand*; and soon after he got her consent to *graft* upon her *stock*. Mr. *Link* the parson was sent for, who joined the loving pair together. Mr. *Rowtn-ree* and Mr. *Holyoak* were bride-men. The company were, my Lady *Joan Keel*, who *came-a-mile* a foot to compliment them; and her maid *Sally*, remarkable for her *carrots*, that rid upon a *chestnut*. There was Dr. *Burrage* too, a constant *medlar* in other people's affairs. He was lately *im-peach'd* for murdering

Don *Quick-set*. Mrs. *Lettice Skirret* and Mrs. *Rose-merry* were the bride-maids; the latter sang a song, to oblige the company, which an arch wag called a *funeral dirge*: but, notwithstanding this, our friend *John* began to thrive upon matrimony like a *twig in a bush*. I forgot to tell you, that the taylor had so much *cabbage* out of the wedding-suit, there was none at all for supper.

R. 22. *The Rule of Inoculating* is, when a person makes an excellent PUN, and you immediately fix another upon it; as Dean — one day said to a gentleman, who had a very little *bob wig*, “Sir, the *dam* of your wig is a *whisker*,” upon which I came in very *à propos*, and said, “Sir, that cannot be, for *it is but an ear-wig*.”

R. 23. *The Rule of Desertion* allows you to bring a man into a PUN, and leave him to work it out: as, suppose you should hear a man say the word *incomparable*—Then you proceed, *in--com--incom--par--par--rable--rable*—So let the other make his best of it.

R. 24. *The Salick Rule* is a pretence to a jumping of wits: that is, when a man has made a good PUN, the other swears with a PUN he was just coming out with it. One night, I remember, Mr. — served Dr. — so. The former saying over a bottle, “*Will*, I am for my mistress here.” “How so?” says *Tom*. “Why, I am for *Wine--if--red*.” “By *this crooked stick*,” said *Tom*, “I was coming out *with it*.”

R. 25. *The Etymological Rule* is when a man hunts a PUN through every letter and syllable of a word: as for example, I am asked, “What is the best word to spend an evening with?” I answer, “*Potatoes*; for there is *po—pot—pota—potat—potatoe*, “and the reverse *pot-a-top*.”

^m *Cane—a—wry*; i. e. *Canary*.

R. 26.

R. 26. *The Rule of Mortification* is when, a man having got the thanks and laugh of a company for a good PUN, an enemy to the art swears he read it in "*Cambridge Jest*s." This is such an inversion of it, that I think I may be allowed to make examples of these kind of people in verse:

Thus Puppies, that adore the dark,
Against bright *Cynthia* howl and bark;
Although the Regent of the Night,
Like us, is gay with borrow'd light.

R. 27. *The Professionary Rule*ⁿ is, to frame a story, and swear you were present at an event where every man

ⁿ An improvement on *this Rule*, which Dr. *Swift* has adopted in his "Full and true Account of *Wood's Profession* to the Gallows," vol. X. p. 206. occasioned the following warm applause from the noble Author of the Remarks: "I have said so much in one of my former letters of the cause which gave rise to them [the *Drapier's Letters*], and of the effect which they had upon the nation, that I need say no more in this place, than to recommend them to your perusal, for the style and conduct of their manner: but, lest they may appear too grave to so young a man, and one who is so little interested in the present, and much less in the past affairs of *Ireland*, you will find a paper at the end of them that will excite your risibility, or I am mistaken.—The whole is a piece of ridicule too powerful for the strongest gravity to withstand." *Orrery's Remarks*, p. 126.—Yet what at last is this merry-making machine? Why the Author describes the several artificers attending *W. Wood* (represented by a log of timber) to the gallows, and each of them expressing his resentment in the terms of his calling: the cook will *baste* him; the bookseller will *turn over a new leaf* with him; the taylor will *fit* on his skirts. His lordship then leads up the laugh, with "*Risum teneatis, amici?*" If he did not, we should want such a note as the prudent Parson put to the pathetic part of his funeral sermon, *Here pull out your handkerchief, and weep*. Every apprentice, who has not sense enough

man talked in his own calling; *ex. gr.* Major — swears, he was present at the seizing of a *pick-pocket* by a great rabble in *Smithfield*; and that he heard

A Taylor say, "Send the dog to bell."

The Cook, "Let me at him, I'll *baste* him."

The Joiner, "It is *plain* the dog was caught in the fact: I *saw* him."

The Blacksmith, "He is a fine *spark* indeed!"

The Butcher, "Knock down the *shambling* cur."

The Glazier, "Make the *light* *shine* through him."

The Bookseller, "Bind him over."

The Sadler, "Pummel him."

The Farmer, "Thrast the dog."

A Popish Priest going by, "I'll make the Devil fly out of him."

R. 28. *The Brazen-head Rule* is when a PUNSTER stands his ground against a whole company, though there is not one to side with him, to the utter destruction of all conversation but his own. As for instance—says one, "I hate a PUN."—Then he, "When a PUN is meant, is it a punishment?"—"Deuce take your quibbling!"—"Sir, I will not bate you an ace; cinque me if I do, and I'll make you know that I am a *six* above you."—"This fellow cannot talk out of his element."—"To divert you, was all I meant."

R. 29. *The Hypothetic Rule* ° is, when you suppose things hardly consistent to be united for the sake of a PUN: as for instance—suppose a person in the pillory had received a full discharge of eggs upon every

to learn his art, is soon able to apply the terms of it to this kind of banter and ridicule. And though I blame not the *Drapier* for falling into it, as it was characteristic of the persons he describes, and suited to the taste of those for whom he wrote, yet I own I am too phlegmatic to shake my sides at it. B.

° Improved by Dr. *Swift* into "A Discourse to prove the Antiquity of the *English* Tongue," vol. XVII. p. 19.

part

part of his face but the handle of it; why would he make the longest verses in the world? Ans. *Versus Alexandrinos*, i. e. *All-eggs-and-dry-nose*.

R. 30. *The Rule of Naturalization* is, that PUNNING is free of all languages: as, for the Latin *Romanos*, you may say "Roman nose"—*Temeraria*, "Tom, where are you?"—*Oxoniæ prospectus*, Pox on "you, pray speak to us." For the French *quelque chose*, you may say in English, "kick shoes." When one says of a thief, "I wish he was transported;" answer, "he is already *fur enough*." Dr. — made an excellent advantage of this Rule one night: when a certain peevish gentleman in his company had lost his *spectacles*, he bid him "have a good heart; for, if it continued *raining* all night, he would find them in the morning."—"Pray how so?"—"Why, Sir,

"*Nocte pluit tota redeunt spectacula mane.*"

R. 31. *The Rule of Random*. When a man speaks any thing that comes uppermost, and some good *Pun-finder* discovers what he never meant in it; then he is to say, "You have hit it!" As Major — did: complaining that he staid at home by reason of an *issue in a leg*, which was just beginning to *run*, he was answered by Mr. —, "I wonder that you should be confined, who have such *running legs*." The Major replied, "You have hit it; for I *meant that*."

R. 32. *The Rule of Scandal*. Never to speak well of another PUNSTER; *ex. gr.* "Who, he! Lord, Sir, he has not sense enough to play at *crambo*;" or, "He does not know the meaning of *synonymous words*;" or, "He never rose so high as a *conundrum* or a *carry-whitbit*."

R. 33. *The Rule of Catch* is, when you hear a man conning a PUN softly to himself, to whip it out of his mouth, and pass it upon the company for your own: as for instance; *Mustard* happened to be

mentioned in company where I was; and a gentleman, with his eyes fixed upon the cieling, was at *Mus-*
*mus, sinapi—snap eye—bite nose—*One in company,
 over-hearing him, *bit him, and snapped it up*; and
 said, “Mustard is the stoutest feed in the world.
 “for it takes the greatest men by the *nose*.”

R. 34. *The golden Rule* allows you to change one syllable for another; by this, you may either lop off, insert, or add to a word; *ex. gr.*

For { Church,——*Kirk*.
 Bangor,——*Clangor*.
 Presbyter,——*Has-biter*, &c.

This Rule is of such consequence, that a man was once tried for his life by it. The case was thus: A certain man was brought before a Judge of Assize, for murder; his lordship asked his name, and, being answered *Spillman*, the Judge said, “Take away *Sp*, “and his name is *Ill-man*; put *K* to it, and it is “*Kill-man*: away with him, gaoler; his very name “has hanged him.” This 34th Rule, on this occasion, became a *Rule of Court*, and was so well liked, that a *Justice of Peace*, who shall be nameless, applied every tittle^p of it, to a man brought to him upon the same account, after this manner: “Come, Sir, “I conjure you, as I am one of his Majesty’s Justices of the Peace, to tell me your name.”—“My “name, an’t please you, is *Watson*.”—“O ho, “Sir! *Watson*! mighty well! Take away *Sp* from it, “and it is *Ill-man*; and put *K* to it, and it is *Kill-* “*man*: away with him, constable; his very name “will hang him.”

Let us now consider a new case; as for instance, “The Church of England as by Law established.” Put a *T* before it, and it is *Test-ablished*; take away the *Test*, and put in *o*, and it is *A-bolishbed*.

How much was the late ingenious Author of Parson *Alberoni* obliged to it, in that very natural story which he framed concerning the Preacher;

^p So did the Mayor of Norwich.

where

where, he telis you, one of the congregation called the Minister an *Humbassandor* for an *Ambassador* ⁹.

Give

⁹ The story here alluded to is told in a pamphlet, intituled, "A modest Apology for *Parson Alberoni*, Governor to King *Philip*, a Minor, and universal Curate of the whole *Spanish* Monarchy, &c. By *Thomas Gordon*, Esq. 1719;" and is as follows: "There is, in a certain diocese of this nation, a living worth about six hundred pounds a year. This, and two or three more preferments, maintain the Doctor in becoming ease and corpulency. He keeps a chariot in town, and a journeyman in the country; and his curate and his coach-horses are his equal drudges, saving that the four-legged cattle are better fed, and have sleeker cassocks, than his spiritual drayhorse. The Doctor goes down once a year, to shear his flock, and fill his pockets, or, in other words, to receive the wages of his embassy; and then, sometimes in an afternoon, if his belly do not happen to be too full, he vouchsafes to mount the pulpit, and to instruct his people in the greatness of his character and dullness. This composes the whole parish to rest; but the Doctor one day denouncing himself the Lord's Ambassador with greater fire and loudness than could have been reasonably expected from him, it roused a clown of the congregation, who waked his next neighbour, with "Dost hear, Tom, dost hear?"—"Aye," says Tom, yawning, "what does he say?"—"Say?" answered the other; "he says a plaguy lye, to be sure; he says as how he is my Lord's Humbassandor; but I think he is more rather the Lord's Receiver-general, for he never comes but to take money."—Six hundred pounds a year is, modestly speaking, a competent fee for lulling the largest congregation in England asleep once in a twelvemonth. Such tithes are the price of napping; and such mighty odds there are between a curtain-lecture and a cushion-lecture." See the collection of Tracts by Gordon and Trenchard, vol. I. p. 130.—Mr. Gordon was a Scotchman, and came to London very young in order to seek his fortune. He was soon taken notice of by Mr. Trenchard, and in conjunction with him wrote *Cato's Letters* and

Give me leave, courteous Reader, to recommend to your perusal and practice this most excellent *Rule*, which is of such universal use and advantage to the *learned world*, that the most valuable discoveries, both as to *Antiquities and Etymologies*, are made by it; nay, farther, I will venture to say, that all words which are introduced to enrich and make a language copious, beautiful and harmonious, arise chiefly from this *Rule*. Let any man but consult *Bentley's Horace*, and he will see what useful discoveries that very learned Gentleman has made by the help of this *Rule*; or indeed *poor Horace* would have lain under the eternal reproach of making "a *Fox eat Oats*," had not the learned Doctor, with great judgement and penetration, found out *nitedula* to be a blunder of the Librarians for *vulpecula*; which *nitedula*, the Doctor says, signifies a *Grass-mouse*, and this clears up the whole matter, because it makes the story hang well together: for all the world knows, that *Weazles* have a most tender regard and affection to *Grass-mice*, whereas they hate *Foxes* as they do *Fire-brands*. In short, all *various lessons* are to be attributed to this *Rule*: so are all the *Greek dialects*; or *Homer* would have wanted the *sonorous* beauty of his *Oio's*. But the *greatest and best Masters* of this *Rule*, without dispute, were the *Dorians*, who made nothing of saying *tin* for *soi*, *tenos* for *ekenos*, *suriſdomes* for *suri-zomen*, &c. From this too we have our *quasi's* in

many political and other Pamphlets. On Mr. *Trenchard's* death, he married his widow; and some time after received a great addition to his fortune, by a very considerable bequest made to him by the will of a country physician, to whom he was only known by his writings. He was many years a writer in defence of the measures of Sir *Robert Walpole*, afterwards Lord *Orford*. To this Minister he dedicated his Translation of *Tacitus*, and was by him appointed one of the Commissioners of the Wine Licence Office; a place which he held at the time of his death, which happened *July 28, 1750*.

Lexicons.

Lexicons. Was it not by *Rule* the 34th, that the *Samaritan*, *Chaldee*, *Æthiopic*, *Syriac*, *Arabic*, and *Persian* languages, were formed from the original *Hebrew*? for which I appeal to the *Polyglott*. And among our modern languages, are not the *Italian*, *Spanish*, *Portuguese*, and *French*, derived and formed from the *Latin* by the same power? How much Poets have been obliged to it, we need no farther proof than the figures *prothesis*, *epenthesis*, *apocope*, *paragoge*, and *ellipsis*, trimming and fitting of words to make them more agreeable to our ears, *Dionysius Halicarnassensis* has taken notice of, in his Book *De compositione vocum*, where he pleasantly compares your *polite reformers* of words to *masons* with *hammers*, who break off the rugged corners of stones, that they may become more even and firm in their places.

But, after all, give me leave to lament, that I cannot have the honour of being the sole inventor of this *incomparable Rule*: though I solemnly protest, upon the word of an Author (if an Author may have credit), that I never had the least hint towards it, any more than the *Ladies letters*† and young Childrens pronunciation, till a year after I had proposed this *Rule* to Dr. ———, who was an excellent judge of the advantage it might be to the publick; when, to my great surprise, tumbling over the third tome of *Alstedius*, p. 71. right loth to believe my eyes, I met with the following passage: *Ambigua multum faciunt ad hanc rem, cujusmodi exempla plurima reperiuntur apud Plautum, qui in ambiguis crebro ludit. Foci captantur ex permutatione syllabarum & vocum, ut pro Decretum, Discretum; pro Medicus, Mendicus & Merdicus; pro Polycarpus, Polycopros. Item ex Syllabarum Ellipsi, ut ait Aithusius, cap. iii. civil. convers. pro Casimirus, Jrus.; pro*

† See Dr. *Sheridan's* banter on female orthography, in a fictitious Letter from Mrs. *Neville*, vol. XVII. p. 44.

Marcus, Arcus ; *pro* Vinofus, Ofus ; *pro* Sacerdotium, Otium. *Sic, additione literæ, pro* Urbanus, Turbanus. Which exactly corresponded to every branch and circumstance of my *Rule*. Then, indeed, I could not avoid breaking out into the following exclamations, and that after a most pathetic manner : “ Wretched “ *Tom Pun-fibi* ! Wretched indeed ! Are all thy “ nocturnal lucubrations come to this ? Must another, “ for being an hundred years before thee in the world, “ run away with the glory of thy own invention ? It “ is true, he must. Happy *Alfredius* ! who, I thought, “ would have stood me in *all-stead*, upon consulting thy “ method of joking ! *All’s tedious* to me now, since “ thou hast robbed me of that honour which would “ have set me above all Writers of the present age. “ And why not happy *Tom Pun-fibi* ? did we not jump “ together like true Wits ? But, alas ! thou art on the “ safest side of the bush ; my credit being liable to the “ suspicion of the world, because you wrote before me. “ Ill-natured Criticks, in spite of all my protestations, “ will condemn me, right or wrong, for a *plagiary*. “ Henceforward never write any thing of thy own ; “ but pillage and trespass upon all that ever wrote before thee ; search among dust and moths for things “ new to the learned. Farewell, Study ; from this “ moment I abandon thee : for, wherever I can get a “ paragraph upon any subject whatsoever ready done “ to my hand, my head shall have no farther trouble “ than to see it fairly transcribed ! ”—And this method, I hope, will help me to swell out the Second Part of this work.

A D V E R-

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE SECOND PART of this Work will be published with all convenient expedition : to which will be added, A small treatise of *Conundrums*, *Carry-whitchits*, and *Longe-Petites*, together with the *Winter-fire's* diversion; the Art of making *Rebuses* ; the Antiquity of *Hoop-petticoats*, proved from *Adam's* two daughters, *Calmana* and *Delbora*, &c.

E. C U R L L, to the Reader.

There has not, as yet, been any Second Part of this Work published, nor do I believe was ever intended. But my friend *Anthony Hammond*, Esq; upon reading it over, sent me examples to *three* more rules of his own making, viz.

RULE 35. *The RULE of Blunder* is, when any one under the notion of a *Mistake*, makes a *pun* which he may take notice of himself if the company do not ; *ex. gr.*

Captain J * * said to his kinsman, who was going to be married, " Oh, Cousin, I hear you are about " to HALTER your CONDITION." The Company not taking notice of it ; the Captain corrected himself, ALTER, says he, I should have said.

RULE 36. *The RULE of SOUND* is when the *Pun* consists in the *sound* of the words only, without any relation to the thing signified ; *ex. gr.*

He who translated that ingenious *Poësie* of a Wedding-Ring, "*Qui dedit, se dedit.*" When " he did " it, she did it."

Or,

Or, like that of the Country Parson, whom a Roundhead Colonel thought to puzzle by asking him whether he could rhyme to—“Hydrops, Nephthyscorax
“Thorax et Muscula Vervax.” He immediately answered, “Land-Tax, and Army-Tax, Excise, and
“General *Fairfax*.”

RULE 37. *The Rule of Equivocation* is the innocent Use of this *Jesuitical Art*; *ex. gr.*

As the famous *Daniel Purcell*, a Nonjuror, was dabbling along the streets in the dirt and rain, and a Friend of his passing by asked him why he did not take a Coach—“Alas,” says he, “this is not a REIGN for
“me to take a Coach in.”

Another time, one of *Daniel’s* friends telling him that when King George landed at *Greenwich*, he heard, he had a full view of him, for that he stood next to him at his coming ashore. Therefore, says he, you must know him. “Aye,” replied *Daniel*, “though I
“KNOW him very well, yet I can’t swear to him.”

Lastly, *Daniel* knocking on a 30th of *January*, at the Crown-Tavern door in the *Strand*, was answered by the Drawer, through the wicket, that he could not let him in, because it was FAST-day, and his Master and Mistress were gone to Church. “D——n your
“Master and Mistress,” says he, “can’t they be
“content to FAST themselves, but they must MAKE
“their Doors FAST?”

The learned Mr. *Charles Barnard*, Serjeant Surgeon to Queen *Anne*, being very severe upon *Parsons* having PLURALITIES: A Reverend and Worthy Divine heard him a good while with patience; but at length took him up with this question, “Why do you, Mr.
“Serjeant *Barnard*, rail thus at PLURALITIES, who
“have always so many SINE-CURES upon your own
“hands?”

Dr. LLOYD : Bishop of *Worcester*, so eminent for his *Prophecies*, when by his sollicitation and compliance at Court he got removed from a poor *Welsh* Bishoprick to a rich *English* one, a reverend Dean of the Church said, "That he found his Brother LLOYD "spelt Prophet with an *f*."

* See the Journal to *Stella*, July 1, 1712.—Dr. *William Lloyd*, successively bishop of *St. Asaph*, of *Coventry and Litchfield*, and of *Worcester*, was born Aug. 18, 1627; and died Aug. 30, 1717, in the 91st year of his age, "without losing the use of his understanding," says the writer of his Article in the "*Biographia Britannica*." From the above-cited passage of Dr. *Swift*, however, he does not appear to have had at that time the entire use of it.—Bp. *Burnet* tells us, "he was the most indefatigable in his industry, and the most judicious in his observations, of any he knew, and one of the greatest masters of style then living."

† Most of the Clergy follow this Spelling.



T H E
HISTORY OF POETRY.

I N

A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

S I R,

In obedience to your commands, I here send you the following short Essay towards a History of Poetry in *England and Ireland*. At first it was a science we only began to CHAW SIR. A hundred years after, we attempted to translate out of the Psalms, but could not our STERN-HOLD. In queen *Elizabeth's* reign, I think, there was but one DI-SPENSER of good verses; for his patron, though a great man, is HID NIGH by the length of time. Yet, a little before her death, we attempted to deal in tragedy, and began to SHAKE SPEARS; which was pursued under King *James* the First by three great poets, in one of them many a line so strong, that you might make a BEAM ONT; the second, indeed, gives us sometimes but FLAT CHEER, and the third is BEN-ding a little to stiffness.

In the reign of king *Charles* the First, there was a new succession of poets; one of them, though seldom read, I am very fond of; he has so much salt in his compositions, that you would think he had been used to SUCK-LING: as to his friend the author of *Gondibert*, I'D AVE AN AUNT write better. I say nothing

* This has been printed as the Dean's, and is likely to be genuine. See the letters to lord *Pembroke*, &c. vol. XVII. p. 33—39.

against your favourite, though some censure him for writing too COOLY; but he had a rival whose happier genius made him stand like a WALL OR a pillar against censure.

During the Usurpation, we fell into burlesque; and I think whoever reads *Hudibras*, cannot BUT LEER. I have GOT ONE more, who travestied *Virgil*, though not equal to the former.

After the Restoration, poets became very numerous: the chief, whose fame is louder than a MILL-TONE, must never be forgot. And here I must observe, that poets in those days loved retirement so much, that sometimes they lived in *dens*. One of them in a DRYDEN: another called his den his village, or DENHAM; and I am informed that the sorry fellow, who is now Laureat, affects to USE-DENS still: but, to return from this digression, we were then famous for tragedy and comedy; the author of *Venice Preserved* is seldom O'T AWAY; yet he who wrote the *Rival Queens*, before he lost his senses, sometimes talked MAD-LEE. Another, who was of this kingdom, went into *England*, because it is more SOUTHERN; and he wrote tolerably well. I say nothing of the Satirist, with his OLD-DAM' verses. As for comedy, the *Plain Dealer*, W'ICH EARLY came into credit, is allowed on all hands an excellent piece: he had a dull contemporary, who sometimes shewed humour; but his colouring was bad, and he could not SHADE-WELL. Sir George, in my opinion, out-did them all, and was sharp at EITHER-EDGE. The Duke is also excellent, who took a BOOK IN GAME, and turned into ridicule, under the name of *The Rebearfal*. It is, indeed, no wonder to find poetry thrive under the reign of that prince; when, by one of his great favourites, who was likewise an excellent poet, there was a DORE-SET open for all men of wit. Perhaps you WILL-MUTT'er, that I have left out the the earl of *Rochester*; but I never was one of his admirers.

Upon

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Upon

80 A PUNNING EPISTLE.

Upon the Revolution, poetry seemed to decline; however, I shall PRY O'R as many poets as I can remember. Mr. *Montague* affected to be a patron of wit, and his house was the poets HALL-I-FAX for several years, which one of them used to STEP-NIGH every day. Another of them, who was my old acquaintance, succeeded well in comedy, but failed when he began to CON GRAVE subjects. The rest came in a ROW.

The author of the *Dispensary* had written nothing else valuable, and therefore is too small in the GARTH. But may not a man be allowed to ADD IS OWN friend to the number? I mean, the author of *Cato*.

To mention those who are now alive, would be endless; I will therefore only venture to lay down one maxim, that a good poet, if he designs to TICKLE the world, must be GAY and YOUNG; but, if he proposes to give us rational pleasure, he must be as grave as a POPE.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

M I S C E L L A N I E S
 I N
 P R O S E.

P R E F A C E

TO THE THIRD PART OF

Sir W. TEMPLE'S MISCELLANEA^a.

THE two following Essays, *Of popular Discontents*, and *Of Health and long Life*, were written many years before the author's death. They were revised and corrected by himself; and were designed to have been part of a Third *Miscellanea*, to which some others were to have been added, if the latter part of his life had been attended with any sufficient degree of health.

For the third paper, relating to the controversy about *Ancient and Modern Learning*, I cannot well inform the reader upon what occasion it was written; having been at that time in another kingdom^b; but it appears never to have been finished by the Author.

^a Printed in the Collection of his Works, 8vo, 1760, vol. III. p. 32.

^b See *Abel Boyer's* remark on this passage above, p. 22.
 SUPPL. III. [XXVII.] G The

The two next papers contain the heads of two Essays intended to have been written upon the *Different Conditions of Life and Fortune*, and upon *Conversation*. I have directed they should be printed among the rest, because I believe there are few who will not be content to see even the first draught of any thing from this Author's hand^c.

At the end I have added a few translations from *Virgil*, *Horace*, and *Tibullus*, or rather Imitations, done by the Author above thirty years ago; whereof the first was printed, among other Eclogues of *Virgil*, in the year 1679, but without any mention of the Author. They were indeed not intended to have been made public, till I was informed of several copies that were got abroad, and those very imperfect and corrupt. Therefore the Reader finds them here, only to prevent him from finding them in other places very faulty, and perhaps accompanied with many spurious additions.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

^c This may with great justice be applied to such parts of *Swift's* own Works as may to *some* Readers appear exceptionable.

P R E F A C E

TO THE THIRD PART OF

Sir W. TEMPLE'S MEMOIRS^d.

IT was perfectly in compliance to some persons, for whose opinion I have great deference, that I so long withheld the publication of the following papers. They seem'd to think that the freedom of some passages in these Memoirs might give offence to several who were still alive; and whose part in those affairs which are here related could not be transmitted to posterity with any advantage to their reputation. But whether this objection be in itself of much weight, may perhaps be disputed; at least it should have little with me, who am under no restraint in that particular; since I am not of an age to remember those transactions, nor had any acquaintance with those persons whose counsels or proceedings are condemned, and who are all of them now dead.

But, as this Author is very free in exposing the weakness and corruptions of ill ministers; so he is as ready to commend the abilities and virtue of others, as may be observed from several passages of these Memoirs, particularly of the late earl of *Sunderland*^e,

^d Printed in his Works, vol. II. p. 483.

^e *Robert Spencer* (son of *Henry*, who was slain at the battle of *Newbury*), secretary of state to king *Charles II.* in 1679, and again in 1682. In 1685, he was continued as secretary, and made president of the council, by king *James II.* He retired from business in 1698; died *Sept.* 28, 1702; and was succeeded in his titles by his son *Charles Spencer*, of whom, see vol. XV. p. 53.

with whom the author continued in the most intimate friendship to his death; and who was father of that most learned and excellent lord, now secretary of state^f; as likewise, of the present earl of *Rocheſter*^g; and the earl of *Godolphin*^h, now lord treasurer, represented by this impartial author as a person at that time deservedly entrusted with so great a part in the prime-ministry; an office he now executes again with such universal applause, so much to the queen's honour and his own, and to the advantage of his country, as well as of the whole confederacy.

There are two objections I have sometimes heard to have been offered against those Memoirs that were printed in the Author's life-time, and which these now published may perhaps be equally liable to. First, as to the matter; that the Author speaks too much of himself: next, as to the style; that he affects the use of *French* words, as well as some turns of expression peculiar to that language.

I believe, those who make the former criticism do not well consider the nature of Memoirs: it is to the *French* (if I mistake not) we chiefly owe that manner of writing; and Sir *William Temple* is not only the first, but I think the only *Englishman* (at least of any consequence) who ever attempted it. The best *French* Memoirs are written by such persons as were the principal actors in those transactions they pretend to relate, whether of wars or negotiations. Those of Sir *William Temple* are of the same nature; and therefore, in my judgement, the publisher (who sent them into the world without the Author's privity) gave them a wrong title, when he called them *Memoirs of what passed in Christendom*, &c.; whereas it should rather have been, *Memoirs of the Treaty at Nimeguen*, which was plainly the sense of the Author, who, in the

^f See vol. XXV. p. 149.

^g Ibid. p. 18.

^h Ibid. p. 150.

Epistle, tells his son, that, "in compliance with his
 "desire, he will leave him some Memoirs of what
 "passed in his public employments abroad;" and in
 the book itself, when he deduces an account of the
 state of war in Christendom, he says, "It is only
 "to prepare the reader for a relation of that famous
 "treaty;" where he and Sir *Lionel Jenkins* were the
 only mediators that continued any considerable time:
 and as the Author was first in commission; so in point
 of abilities or credit, either abroad or at home, there
 was no sort of comparison between the two persons.
 Those Memoirs, therefore, are properly a relation of
 a general treaty of peace, wherein the Author had the
 principal as well as the most honourable part, in quality
 of mediator; so that the frequent mention of him-
 self seems not only excuseable, but necessary. The
 same may be offered in defence of the following papers;
 because, during the greatest part of the period they
 treat of, the Author was in chief confidence with the
 King his master. To which may be added, that, in
 the few preliminary lines at the head of the first page,
 the Author professes he writ those papers "for the
 "satisfaction of his friends hereafter, upon the
 "grounds of his retirement, and his resolution never
 "to meddle again with public affairsⁱ." As to the
 objection against the style of the former Memoirs,
 that it abounds in *French* words and turns of expression;
 it is to be considered, that, at the treaty of *Nime-*
guen, all business, either by writing or discourse, passed
 in the *French* tongue; and the Author having lived
 so many years abroad, in that and former embassies,
 where all business as well as conversation ran in that
 language, it was hardly possible for him to write upon
 public affairs without some tincture of it in his style,
 though in his other writings there be little or nothing

ⁱ Sir *W. Temple* says, "From this present *February*,
 "1680-1."

of it to be observed: and, as he has often assured me, it was a thing he never affected; so, upon the objections made to his former Memoirs, he blotted out some *French* words in these, and placed *English* in their stead, though perhaps not so significant.

There is one thing proper to inform the reader, why these Memoirs are called the *Third Part*; there having never been published but one part before, where, in the beginning, the Author mentions a former part, and in the conclusion promises a third. The subject of the first part was chiefly the Triple Alliance, during the negociation of which my lord *Arlington** was secretary of state and chief minister. Sir *William Temple* often assured me, he had burnt those Memoirs; and for that reason was content his letters during his embassies at *The Hague* and *Aix la Chapelle* should be printed after his death, in some manner to supply that loss.

What it was that moved Sir *William Temple* to burn those first Memoirs, may perhaps be conjectured from some passages in the second part, formerly printed: in one place, the Author has these words, "My lord *Arlington*, who made so great a figure in the former part of these Memoirs, was now grown out of all credit," &c. In other parts, he tells us, "That lord was of the ministry which broke the triple league; advised the *Dutch* war and *French* alliance; and, in short, was at the bottom of all those ruinous measures which the court of *England* was then taking." So that, as I have been told from a good hand, and as it seems very probable, he could not think that lord a person fit to be celebrated for his part in forwarding that famous league while he was secretary of state, who had made such counter-

* *James Bennet*, created baron *Arlington* of *Arlington*, March 14, 1664; viscount *Thetford*, and earl of *Arlington*, April 22, 1672; lord chamberlain of the household to king *Charles II*, 1674. He died in 1685.

paces to destroy it. At the end I have subjoined an Appendix, containing, besides one or two other particulars, a speech of Sir *William Temple's* in the house of commons, and an answer of the king's to an address of that house relating to the Bill of exclusion, both which are mentioned in these Memoirs.

I have only further to inform the reader, that, although these papers were corrected by the Author, yet he had once intended to insert some additions in several places, as appeared by certain hints or memorandums in the margin; but whether they were omitted out of forgetfulness, neglect, or want of health, I cannot determine; one passage relating to Sir *William Jones* he was pleased to tell me, and I have added it in the Appendix¹. The rest I know nothing of; but the thread of the story is entire without them.

¹ Sir *William Jones* was reputed one of the best speakers in the House, and was very zealous in his endeavours for promoting the Bill of Exclusion [in 1679]. He was a person of great piety and virtue; and, having taken an affection to Sir *William Temple*, was sorry to see him employed in the delivery of so unacceptable a message to the House. The substance of what he said to the author upon it was this: that, "for himself, he was old and infirm, "and expected to die soon: but you, said he, will in all "probability, live to see the whole kingdom lament the "consequences of this message you have now brought "us from the king." SWIFT, Append. to *Temple*, vol. II. p. 565.

DEDICATION

TO

Sir W. TEMPLE'S LETTERS^m.

TO His most Sacred Majesty *William III*, King of *England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, &c.* These Letters of Sir *William Temple* having been left to my care ; they are most humbly presented to your Majesty, by

Your Majesty's

Most dutiful

and obedient Subject,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

^m See Sir *W. Temple's Works*, vol. I. p. 221. "The dedication was neglected ; nor did his majesty take the least notice of him after Sir *William Temple's* death." ORRERY'S *Remarks*, p. 19. 3d edit.

P R E F A C E

TO THE FIRST PART OF

Sir W. TEMPLE'S LETTERSⁿ.

THE collection of the following letters is owing to the diligence of Mr. *Thomas Downton*, who was one of Sir *William Temple's* secretaries during the whole time wherein they bear date. And it has succeeded very fortunately for the publick, that there is contained in them an account of all the chief transactions and negociations which passed in Christendom during the seven years wherein they are dated; as the war from *Holland*, which began in 1665; the treaty between his majesty and the bishop of *Munster*, with the issue of it; the *French* invasion of *Flanders* in the year 1667; the peace concluded between *Spain* and *Portugal* by the king's mediation; the treaty at *Breda*; the *Triple Alliance*; the peace at *Aix-la-Chapelle*, in the first part: and, in the second part, the negociations in *Holland* in consequence of those alliances, with the steps and degrees by which they came to decay; the journey and death of *Madame*; the seizure of *Lorraine*, and his excellency's recalling, with the first unkindness between *England* and *Holland*, upon the yacht's transporting his lady and family; and the beginning of the second *Dutch* war in 1672. With these are intermixed several letters familiar and pleasant.

ⁿ See *Temple's Works*, 8vo. vol. II. p. 225.

I found

I found the book among Sir *William Temple's* papers, with many others; wherewith I had the opportunity of being long conversant, having passed several years in his family.

I pretend no other part, than the care that Mr. *Downton's* book should be correctly transcribed, and the letters placed in the order they were written. I have also made some literal amendments, especially in the *Latin*, *French*, and *Spanish*: these I took care should be translated, and printed in another column, for the use of such readers as may be unacquainted with the originals. Whatever fault there may be in the translation, I doubt, I must answer for the greater part; and must leave the rest to those friends who were pleased to assist me. I speak only of the *French* and *Latin*; for the few *Spanish* translations, I believe, need no apology.

It is generally believed that this Author has advanced our *English* tongue to as great a perfection as it can well bear^o; and yet how great a master he was of it, as I think, never appeared so much as it will in the following letters; wherein the style appears so very different, according to the difference of the persons to whom they were addressed; either men of business, or idle; of pleasure, or serious; of great or of less parts or abilities, in their several stations: so that one may discover the characters of most of those persons he writes to, from the style of his letters.

At the end of each volume is added a collection, copied by the same hand, of several letters to this ambassador, from the chief persons employed, either at home or abroad, in these transactions, and during

• How admirably the Dean followed, or rather improved upon, this excellent pattern, his own Works abundantly evince.—He appears indeed to have formed his style in the *Temple* school; and, whilst employed in translating, to have caught the true spirit of his master.

six years course of his negotiations^p; among which are many from the pensionary *John De Witt*, and all the writings of this kind, that I know of, which remain of that minister, so renowned in his time.

It has been justly complained of as a defect among us, that the *English* tongue has produced no letters of any value^q; to supply which, it has been the vein of late years to translate several out of other languages, though I think with little success; yet, among many advantages which might recommend this sort of writing, it is certain that nothing is so capable of giving a true account of story, as Letters are; which describe actions while they are breathing, whereas all other relations are of actions past and dead: so as it hath been observed, that the epistles of *Cicero* to *Atticus* give a better account of those times than is to be found in any other writer.

In the following Letters, the Reader will every where discover the force and spirit of this Author; but that which will most value them to the publick, both at home and abroad, is, first, that the matters contained in them were the ground and foundation whereon all the wars and invasions, as well as all the

^p “ Letters from Foreign Ministers to their Courts, and from their Courts to them, are, if genuine, the best and most authentic records you can read; as far as they go. Cardinal *D’Ossat’s*, President *Jeannin’s*, *D’Estrade’s*, and Sir *William Temple’s*, will not only inform your mind, but form your style; which, in letters of business, should be very plain and simple, but at the same time exceedingly clear, correct, and pure.” *Chesterfield*, Letter CCXLVIII.—In Letter CCXXXIV, his Lordship says, “ Cardinal *D’Ossat’s* Letters are the true Letters of business; those of Monsr. *D’Avaux* are excellent; Sir *W. Temple’s* are very pleasing, but, I fear, too affected.”

^q The Dean’s very extensive EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE may now be appealed to, as an ample answer to any such complaint.

nego-

negociations and treaties of peace in Christendom, have since been raised: and, next, that they are written by a person who had so great a share in all those transactions and negociations.

By residing in his family, I know the Author has had frequent instances from several great persons, both at home and abroad, to publish some Memoirs of those affairs and transactions which are the subject of the following papers; and particularly of the treaties of the *Triple Alliance*, and those of *Aix la Chapelle*. But his usual answer was, "That whatever Memoirs he had written of those times and negociations were burnt; however, that perhaps after his death some papers might come out, wherein there would be some account of them." By which, as he has often told me, he meant these Letters.

I had begun to fit them for the press during the Author's life, but never could prevail for leave to publish them; though he was pleased to be at the pains of reviewing, and to give me his directions for digesting them in order. It has since pleased God to take this great and good person to himself; and, he having done me the honour to leave and recommend to me the care of his writings, I thought I could not at present do a greater service to my country, or to the Author's memory, than by making these papers public.

By way of introduction, I need only take notice, that, after the peace of the *Pyrenees*, and his majesty's happy restoration in 1660, there was a general peace in Christendom (except only the remainder of a war between *Spain* and *Portugal*) until the year 1665, when that between *England* and *Holland* began, which produced a treaty between his majesty and the bishop of *Munster*. And this commences the following Letters.

P R E F A C E

T O

T H E S E C O N D P A R T ^r.

THE following Papers are the last of this, or indeed of any kind, about which the Author ever gave me his particular commands. They were corrected by himself, and fairly transcribed in his life-time. I have in all things followed his directions as strictly as I could; but accidents unforeseen having since intervened, I have thought convenient to lessen the bulk of *this Volume*. To which end, I have omitted several Letters addressed to persons with whom this Author corresponded without any particular confidence, further than upon account of their posts; because great numbers of such Letters, procured out of the office, or by other means (how justifiable I shall not examine), have been already printed; but, running wholly upon long dry subjects of business, have met no other reputation than merely what the reputation of the Author would give them. If I could have foreseen an end of this trade, I should, upon some considerations, have longer forbore sending these into the world. But I daily hear, that new discoveries of *original* Letters are hastening to the press: to stop the current of which, I am forced to an earlier publication than I designed. And therefore I take this occasion to inform the Reader, that these Letters, ending with the Author's revocation from his employments abroad (which in less than two years was

^r Printed in the 8vo Edition of *Sir W. Temple*, vol. IV. p. 1.

followed by his retirement from all public business³, are the last he ever intended for the press; having been selected by himself from great numbers yet lying among his papers.

If I could have been prevailed with by the rhetoric of Booksellers, or any other little regards, I might easily, instead of retrenching, have made very considerable *additions*; and by that means have perhaps taken the surest course to prevent the interloping of others. But, if the press must needs be loaded, I had rather it should not be by my means. And therefore I may hope to be allowed one word in the style of a Publisher (an office liable to much censure without the least pretensions to merit or to praise) that, if I have not been much deceived by others and myself, the Reader will hardly find one Letter in this Collection unworthy of the Author, or which does not contain something either of entertainment or of use⁴.

³ In February 1680-1.

⁴ The same may with great truth be asserted of Dean *Swift's* Correspondence; and, with very few exceptions, of this whole collection.—We will close the account of Sir *William Temple*, with his character by Bp. *Burnet*. “Lord *Arlington* had thrown him off, when he went into the *French* interest: and *Temple* was too proud to bear contempt, or forget such an injury soon. He was a vain man, much blown up in his own conceit, which he shewed too indecently on all occasions. He had a true judgement in affairs, and very good principles in relation to government, but in nothing else. He seemed to think things were as they are from all eternity: at least, he thought religion was fit only for the mob. He was a great admirer of the sect of *Confucius* in *China*, who were Atheists themselves, but left religion to the rabble. He was a corrupter of all that came near him. And he delivered himself up wholly to study, ease, and pleasure.” *History*, vol. I. p. 530.

A D E C R E E

FOR CONCLUDING

THE TREATY

B E T W E E N

Dr. SWIFT and Mrs. LONG^a.

WHEREAS it hath been signified to us, that there is now a treaty of acquaintance on foot, between Dr. *Swift* of *Leicester-fields* of the one part, and Mrs. *Long*^b of *Albemarle-street* on the other part:
And

^a This *jeu d'esprit* is so much in the manner of our witty Dean, that there can be little doubt of its originality, though preserved in a suspicious channel; having in 1718 been printed by *Curll*, in (the work alluded to by lady *Betty Germain*, vol. XVI. p. 234.) "Letters, Poems, and Tales, Amorous, Satirical, and Gallant, which passed between several Persons of distinction: Now first published, from their respective Originals, found in the Cabinet of that celebrated Toast Mrs. *Anne Long*, since her Decease."

^b This lady, sister to Sir *James Long*, seems to have figured high in the fashionable world.—She is thus described by *Oldisworth*, in "The British Court:"

"LONG is discover'd by her sweet regard,
With the same pleasure seen that she is heard;
Modest, but not precise; free, but not wild,
Neither affected, too reserv'd, nor mild."

Dr.

And whereas the said Dr. *Swift*, upon the score of his merit and extraordinary qualities, doth claim the sole and undoubted right, that all persons whatsoever shall make such advances to him as he pleases to demand: any law, claim, custom, privilege of sex, beauty, fortune, or quality, to the contrary notwithstanding: And whereas the said Mrs *Long*, humbly acknowledging and allowing the right of the said Doctor, doth yet insist upon certain privileges and exceptions, as a Lady of the TOAST^d, which privileges, she doth

Dr. *Swift's* acquaintance with her was but of short duration, having commenced, through the *Vanhomrigh* family, in 1709.—He tells us, in the Journal to *Stella*, Sept. 13, 1710, “I hear very unfortunate news of Mrs. *Long*. “She and her comrade have broke up house, and she is broke “for good and all, and is gone to the country; I should “be extremely sorry if this be true.” This was owing, as we learn Sept. 16, to pecuniary distresses. She retired to *Lynn* in *Norfolk*; where she maintained a correspondence with Dr. *Swift*; as appears by his Journal of Oct. 30, Nov. 12, and Dec. 10, 1710. The last letter she wrote to him, dated Nov. 18, 1711, describing her situation in the country, where she assumed the name of *Smyth*, is printed in vol. XXIII. p. 162. She died Dec. 22, 1711; and is lamented, with marks of the highest friendship, by Dr. *Swift*, who has exhibited some traits of her character in the Journal of Dec. 25.

^c “When I lived in *England*,” says the Dean to Miss *Hoadly*, June 4, 1734, “once every year I issued out an “Edict, commanding that all ladies of wit, sense, merit, “and quality, who had an ambition to be acquainted “with me, should make the first advances at their peril.”

^d The following verses were written by the Lord *Wharton* round one of the *Toasting-Glasses* of the *Kit-Cat Club*.

“Fill the glass; let the hautboys sound,
“Whilst bright *Longy's* health goes round:
“With eternal beauty blest,
“Ever blooming, still the best;
“Drink your glass, and think the rest.”

alledge,

alledge, are excepted out of the Doctor's general claim, and which she cannot betray, without injuring the whole body whereof she is a member; by which impediment, the said Treaty is not yet brought to a conclusion; to the great grievance and damage of Mrs. *Van Homrigh* and her fair daughter *Hessy*: And whereas the decision of this weighty cause is referred to us, in our judicial capacity: We, out of our tender regard to truth and justice, having heard and duly considered the allegations of both parties, do declare, adjudge, decree, and determine, That the said Mrs. *Long*, notwithstanding any privileges she may claim as aforesaid as a Lady of the *TOAST*, shall, without effoin or demur, in two hours after the publishing of this our DECREE, make all advances to the said Doctor that he shall demand: and that the said advances shall not be made to the said Doctor as *un homme sans consequence*, but purely upon account of his great merit. And we do hereby strictly forbid the said Mrs. *Van Homrigh* and her fair daughter *Hessy* to aid, abett, comfort, or encourage, her the said Mrs. *Long* in her disobedience for the future. And, in consideration of the said Mrs. *Long's* being a *TOAST*, we think it just and reasonable, that the said Doctor should permit her, in all companies, to give herself the reputation of being one of his acquaintance; which no other Lady shall presume to do, upon any pretence whatsoever, without his especial leave and license first had and obtained.

By especial command.

G. V. HOMRIGH^f.

^e The indignation he expresses against the countess of *Bellamont*, on her claiming acquaintance with him, is a striking instance of his peculiarity. See *Journal to Stella*, Apr. 24, 1711.

^f The signature of some relation of *Vanessa*; her sister's name was *Mary*.

SUPPL. III. [XXVII.]

H

THE

THE TATLER. N^o 258.To ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esquire^a.

S I R,

Nov. 22, 1710.

DINING yesterday with Mr. *South-British* and Mr. *William North-Britain*, two gentlemen, who, before you ordered it otherwise, were known by the names of Mr. *English* and Mr. *William Scot*: Among other things, the maid of the house, who in her time, I believe, may have been a *North-British* warming-pan, brought us up a dish of *North-British* collops. We liked our entertainment very well; only we observed the table-cloth, being not so fine as we could have wished, was *North-British* cloth. But the worst of it was, we were disturbed all dinner-time by the noise of the children, who were playing in the paved court at *North-British* hoppers; so we paid our *North-Briton* sooner than we designed, and took coach to *North-Britain* yard, about which place most of us

^a “ *Steele*, the rogue, has done the imprudentest thing
 “ in the world: he said something in a *Tatler*, that we
 “ ought to use the word *Great-Britain*, and not *England*,
 “ in common conversation, as, *The finest lady in Great-*
 “ *Britain*, &c. Upon this, *Rowe*, *Prior*, and I, sent
 “ him a letter, turning this into ridicule. He has to-
 “ day printed the letter, and signed it J. S. M. P. and N. R.
 “ the first letters of all our names.” *Journal to Stella*,
Dec. 2, 1710.—The Dean observes, in another place,
 “ The modern phrase *Great-Britain* is only to distinguish
 “ it from *Little-Britain*, where old cloaths and old books
 “ are to be bought and sold.” *Letter to Alderman*
Barber, Aug. 8, 1738.

live.

live. We had indeed gone a-foot; only we were under some apprehensions, lest a *North-British* mist should wet a *South-British* man to the skin.—We think this matter properly expressed, according to the accuracy of the new style, settled by you in one of your late papers. You will please to give your opinion upon it, to, Sir,

Your most humble servants,

J. S. M. P. N. R.



THE TATLER.

VOL. V^b. N^o 1.

Quis ergo sum saltem, si non sum Sofia? Te interrogo.
Plut. Amphytruo.

Saturday, January 13, 1710^c.

IT is impossible perhaps for the best and wisest among us, to keep so constant a guard upon our temper, but that we may at one time or other lie open to

^b Some account of the *fifth* volume of *Tatlers*, and of its editor Mr. *Harrison*, has been already given, vol. XXV. p. 112.—Dr. *Birch*, in a note on vol. XIX. p. 198. corrects *one* mistake of Mr. *Jacob*, in his “Lives of the Poets;” but hath fallen himself into another. Mr. *Jacob* very properly calls him *William*; Dr. *Birch* says, it should be *Thomas*; and accordingly *Thomas* stands at the head of the letter. But, unluckily for this correction, the poem on *Woodstock* was published in 1705, with the name of *William*; and the same name stands in the title page to the volume of *Tatlers*, and is also prefixed by Mr. *Steele* to some elegant little poems in his “Collection.” But, if this were not sufficient, the beautiful lines which close Dr. *Young’s* “Epistle to lord *Landdowne*, 1712,” would be decisive; where the Author expressly says, he “bewails

H 2

“that

to the strokes of fortune, and such incidents as we cannot foresee. With sentiments of this kind I came home to my lodgings last night, much fatigued with a long and sudden journey from the country, and full of the ungrateful occasion of it. It was natural for me to have immediate recourse to my pen and ink; but, before I would offer to make use of them, I resolved deliberately to tell over a hundred; and when I came to the end of that sum, I found it more advisable to defer drawing up my intended remonstrance, till I had slept soundly on my resentments. Without any other preface than this, I shall give the world a fair account of the treatment I have lately met with, and leave them to judge whether the uneasiness I have suffered be inconsistent with the character I have generally pretended to. About three weeks since, I received an invitation from a kinsman in *Staffordshire*, to spend my *Christmas* in those parts. Upon taking leave of Mr. *Morpheo*, I put as many papers into his hands as would serve till my return, and charged him, at parting, to be very punctual with the town. In what manner he and Mr. *Lillie* have been tampered with since, I cannot say; they have given me my revenge, if I desired any, by allowing their names to an idle paper, that, in all human probability, cannot live a fortnight to an end.

Myself, and the family I was with, were in the midst of gaiety, and a plentiful entertainment, when

“that most ingenious Gentleman Mr. *William Harrison*, “fellow of *New College, Oxford*.”—It appears, however, that there was a *Thomas Harrison*, of *Queen’s College*, who was a dramatic writer; but must have been older than *William*.

• In this number the judicious Reader will readily recognize the letter of *Humphry Wagstaff*; and though the whole paper is not the production of our Author, he may very fairly be allowed to have adopted it by his corrections.

I re-

I received a letter from my sister *Jenny*, who, after mentioning some little affairs I had intrusted to her, goes on thus: "The inclosed, I believe, will give you some surprize, as it has already astonish'd every body here: who *Mr. Steele* is, that subscribes it, I do not know any more than I can comprehend what could induce him to it. *Morphew* and *Lillie*, I am told, are both in the secret: I shall not presume to instruct you: but hope you will use some means to disappoint the ill-nature of those who are taking pains to deprive the world of one of its most reasonable entertainments. I am, &c."

I am to thank my sister for her compliment; but, be that as it will, I shall not easily be discouraged from my former undertaking. In pursuance of it, I was obliged upon this notice to take places in the coach for myself and my maid with the utmost expedition, lest I should, in a short time, be raillied out of my existence, as some people will needs fancy *Mr. Partridge* has been, and the real *Isaac Bickerstaff* have pass'd for a creature of *Mr. Steele's* imagination. This illusion might have hoped for some tolerable success, if I had not more than once produced my person in a crowded theatre; and such a person as *Mr. Steele*, if I am not misinformed in the gentleman, would hardly think it an advantage to own, though I should throw him in all the little honour I have gained by my *lucubrations*. I may be allowed, perhaps, to understand pleasantry as well as other men, and can (in the usual phrase) take a jest without being angry; but I appeal to the world, whether the gentleman has not carried it too far, and whether he ought not to make a public recantation, if the credulity of some unthinking people should force me to insist upon it. The following letter is just come to hand; and I think it not improper to be inserted in this paper.

“ To Isaac Bickerstaff, *Esq.*

“ SIR,

“ I AM extremely glad to hear you are come to
“ town; for in your absence we were all mightily
“ surprized with an unaccountable paper, signed
“ *Richard Steele*, who is esteemed by those that know
“ him to be a man of wit and honour: and there-
“ fore we took it either to be a counterfeit, or a per-
“ fect *Christmas* frolick of that ingenious gentleman.
“ But then, your paper ceasing immediately after, we
“ were at a loss what to think: if you were weary of
“ the work you had so long carried on, and had
“ given this Mr. *Steele* orders to signify so to the
“ publick, he should have said it in plain terms;
“ but, as that paper is worded, one would be apt to
“ judge that he had a mind to persuade the town
“ that there was some analogy between *Isaac Bicker-*
“ *staff* and him. Possibly there may be a secret in
“ this, which I cannot enter into: but I flatter myself
“ that you never had any thoughts of giving over
“ your labours for the benefit of mankind, when
“ you cannot but know how many subjects are yet
“ unexhausted, and how many others, as being less
“ obvious, are wholly untouched. I dare promise,
“ not only for myself, but many other abler friends,
“ that we shall still continue to furnish you with
“ hints on all proper occasions, which is all your
“ genius requires. I think, by the way, you cannot
“ in honour have any more to do with *Morpheus*
“ and *Lillie*; who have gone beyond the ordinary
“ pitch of assurance, and transgressed the very letter
“ of the proverb, by endeavouring to cheat you of
“ your Christian and surname too.

“ Wishing

“ Wishing you, Sir, long to live, for our instruction and diversion, and to the defeating of all impostors^d, I remain,

“ Your most obedient humble servant,

“ and affectionate kinsman,

“ *Humphry Wagstaff.*”



THE TATLER. N^o 2^e.

Alios viri reverentia, vultusque ad continendum populum mire formatus: alios etiam, quibus ipse interesse non potuit, vis scribendi tamen, & magni nominis autoritas, pervicere. Tull. Epist.

Tuesday, January 16, 1710.

I REMEMBER *Menage* tells a story of monsieur *Racan*, who had appointed a day and hour to meet a certain lady of great wit whom he had never seen, in order to make an acquaintance between them. “ Two
“ of *Racan*’s friends, who had heard of the appointment, resolved to play him a trick. The first went
“ to the lady two hours before the time, said his
“ name was *Racan*, and talked with her an hour;
“ they were both mightily pleased, began a great
“ friendship, and parted with much satisfaction. A

^d “ *Jan. 13.* To-day little *Harrison*’s new *Tatler* came out; there is not much in it, but I hope he will mend.” See vol. XXV. p. 119.

^e “ I have given *Harrison* hints for another *Tatler*, to-morrow.” Journal, *Jan. 15, 1710.*—If this number, therefore, was not written by Dr. *Swift*, it was confessedly produced from his suggestions.

“ few minutes after comes the second, and sends up
“ the same name. The lady wonders at the meaning,
“ and tells him, Mr. *Racan* had just left her. The
“ gentleman says, it was some rascally impostor, and
“ that he had been frequently used in that manner.
“ The lady is convinced, and they laugh at the odd-
“ ness of the adventure. She now calls to mind
“ several passages, which confirm her that the former
“ was a cheat. He appoints a second meeting, and takes
“ his leave. He was no sooner gone, but the true
“ *Racan* comes to the door, and desires, under that
“ name, to see the lady. She was out of all patience,
“ sends for him up, rates him for an impostor, and,
“ after a thousand injuries, flings a slipper at his
“ head. It was impossible to pacify or disabuse her;
“ he was forced to retire; and it was not without
“ some time, and the intervention of friends, that
“ they could come to an eclaircissement.” This, as
I take it, is exactly the case with Mr. *Steele*, the pre-
tended TATLER from *Morpheus*, and myself; only (I
presume) the world will be sooner undeceived than
the lady in *Menage*. The very day my last paper
came out, my printer brought me another of the
same date, called The TATLER, by *Isaac Bickerstaff*,
esq. and, which was still more pleasant, with an
advertisement at the end, calling me the *Female*
TATLER: it is not enough to rob me of my name, but
now they must impose a sex on me, when my years
have long since determined me to be of none at all.
There is only one thing wanting in the operation,
that they would renew my age, and then I will
heartily forgive them all the rest. In the mean time,
whatever uneasiness I have suffered from the little malice
of these men, and my retirement in the country, the
pleasures I have received from the same occasion will
fairly balance the account. On the one hand, I have
been highly delighted to see my name and character
assumed by the scribblers of the age, in order to re-
commend

commend themselves to it; and, on the other, to observe the good taste of the town, in distinguishing and exploding them through every disguise, and sacrificing their trifles to the supposed *manes* of *Isaac Bickerstaff*, esquire. But the greatest merit of my journey into *Staffordshire* is, that it has opened to me a new fund of unreprieved follies and errors, that have hitherto lain out of my view, and, by their situation, escaped my censure: for, as I have lived generally in town, the images I had of the country were such only as my senses received very early, and my memory has since preserved with all the advantages they first appeared in.

Hence it was that I thought our parish-church the noblest structure in *England*, and the 'squire's place-house, as we called it, a most magnificent palace. I had the same opinion of the alms-house in the church-yard, and of a bridge over the brook that parts our parish from the next. It was the common vogue of our school, That the master was the best scholar in *Europe*, and the usher the second. Not happening to correct these notions by comparing them with what I saw when I came into the world; upon returning back, I began to resume my former imaginations, and expected all things should appear in the same view as I left them when I was a boy: but, to my utter disappointment, I found them wonderfully shrunk, and lessened almost out of my knowledge. I looked with contempt on the tribes painted on the church walls, which I once so much admired^f, and on the carved chimney-piece in the squire's hall. I found my old master to be a poor ignorant pedant; and, in short, the whole scene seemed to be extremely changed for the worse. This I could not help mentioning, because though it be of no consequence in itself, yet it is certain, that most prejudices are contracted and retained by this narrow way of thinking, which in matters of the greatest moment are hardly shook off;

^f See the same thought in "*Baucis and Philemon*."

and

and which we only think true, because we were made to believe so before we were capable to distinguish between truth and falsehood. But there was one prepossession, which I confess to have parted with much to my regret: I mean, the opinion of that native honesty and simplicity of manners, which I had always imagined to be inherent in country people. I soon observed it was with them as with us; as they say of animals, that every species at land has one to resemble it at sea; for it was easy to discover the seeds and principles of every vice and folly that one meets with in the more known world, though shooting up in different forms. I took a fancy, out of the several inhabitants round, to furnish the camp, the bar, and the exchange, and some certain chocolate and coffee-houses, with exact parallels to what, in many instances, they already produce. There was a drunken quarrelsome smith^f, whom I have a hundred times fancied at the head of a troop of dragoons. A weaver, within two doors of my kinsman, was perpetually setting neighbours together by the ears. I lamented to see how his talents were misplaced, and imagined what a figure he might make in *Westminster-hall*. Goodman Crop, of *Compton-farm*, wants nothing but a plumb and a gold-chain, to qualify him for the government of the city. My kinsman's stable-boy was a gibing companion, that would always have his jest. He would often put cow-itch in the maid's bed, pull stools from under folks, and lay a coal upon their shoes when they were asleep. He was at last turned off for some notable piece of roguery; and, when I came away, was loitering among the ale-houses. Bless me! thought I, what a prodigious wit would this have been with us! I could have matched all the sharpers, between *St. James's* and *Covent-garden*, with a notable

^f "Some *Cromwell* guiltless of his country's blood—" as it is happily expressed in Mr. Gray's fine Elegy.

fellow

fellow in the same neighbourhood (since hanged for picking pockets at fairs), could he have had the advantages of their education. So nearly are the corruptions of the country allied to those of the town, with no further difference than what is made by another turn of thought and method of living^g.



THE TATLER. N^o 24^h.

*O Lycida, vivi pervenimus, advena nostri
(Quod nunquam veriti sumus) ut possessor agelli
Diceret, Hæc mea sunt, veteres migrate coloni. VIRG.*

Thursday, March 15, 1710.

From my own Apartment in *Channel-Row*, March 14.

THE dignity and distinction of men of wit is seldom enough considered, either by themselves or others; their own behaviour, and the usage they meet with, being generally very much of a piece. I have at this time in my hands an alphabetical list of the *beaux esprits* about this town, four or five of whom have made the proper use of their genius, by gaining the esteem of the best and greatest men, and by turning it to their own advantage in some establishment of their fortunes, however unequal to their merit; others satisfying themselves with the honour of having access to great tables, and of being subject to the call of every man of quality, who upon occasion wants one to say witty things for the diversion of the company. This treatment never moves my indignation so much

^g The remainder of this number, being on matters of little consequence, is omitted.

ⁿ " Little *Harrison* came to me, and begged me to dictate a paper to him; which I was forced in charity to do." Journal to *Stella*, March 14.

as when it is practised by a person, who though he owes his own rise purely to the reputation of his parts, yet appears to be as much ashamed of it, as a rich city knight to be denominated from the trade he was first apprenticed to; and affects the air of a man born to his titles, and consequently above the character of a wit, or a scholar. If those who possess great endowments of the mind would set a just value upon themselves, they would think no man's acquaintance whatsoever a condescension, nor accept it from the greatest upon unworthy or ignominious terms. I know a certain lord, that has often invited a set of people, and proposed for their diversion a buffoon-player, and an eminent poet, to be of the party; and, which was yet worse, thought them both sufficiently recompensed by the dinner, and the honour of his company. This kind of insolence is risen to such a height, that I myself was the other day sent to by a man with a title, whom I had never seen, desiring the favour that I would dine with him and half a dozen of his select friends. I found afterwards, the footman had told my maid below stairs, that my lord, having a mind to be merry, had resolved right or wrong to send for honest *Isaac*. I was sufficiently provoked with the message; however, I gave the fellow no other answer, than that "I believed he had mistaken the person, for I did not remember that his lord had ever been introduced to me." I have reason to apprehend that this abuse hath been owing rather to a meanness of spirit in men of parts, than to the natural pride or ignorance of their patrons. Young students, coming up to town from the places of their education, are dazzled with the grandeur they every where meet; and making too much haste to distinguish their parts, instead of waiting to be desired and caressed, are ready to pay their court at any rate to a great man, whose name they have seen in a public paper, or the frontispiece of a dedication. It has not always been thus; wit in polite ages

has

has ever begot either esteem or fear: the hopes of being celebrated, or the dread of being fligmatized, procured an universal respect and awe for the persons of such as were allowed to have the power of distributing fame or infamy where they pleased. *Aretime* had all the princes of *Europe* his tributaries: and, when any of them had committed a folly that laid them open to his censure, they were forced by some present extraordinary to compound for his silence; of which there is a famous instance on record. When *Charles* the Fifth had miscarried in his *African* expedition, which was looked upon as the weakest undertaking of that great emperor, he sent *Aretime* a gold chain, who made some difficulty of accepting it, saying, "It was too small a present in all reason for so great a folly." For my own part, in this point I differ from him; and never could be prevailed upon, by any valuable consideration, to conceal a fault or a folly since I first took the censorship upon me.

THE TATLER. N^o 28ⁱ.

*Morte carent animæ; semperque priore relicta
Sede, novis domibus vivunt habitantque receptæ.
Ipse ego (nam memini) Trojani tempore belli
Pantboides Euphorbus eram———* OVID, Met.

Saturday, March 24, 1710.

From my own Apartment, March 22.

MY other correspondents will excuse me, if I give the precedency to a lady, whose letter, amongst many more, is just come to hand.

" Dear

! The merit of this *Tatler* is our only authority for ascribing it to Dr. *Swift*; though it must be owned, that reason is of the less weight, as Mr. *Harrison* was certainly assisted

" Dear *Isaac*,

" I burn with impatience to know what and who you are. The curiosity of my whole sex is fallen upon me, and has kept me waking these three nights. I have dreamed often of you within this fortnight, and every time you appeared in a different form. As you value my repose, tell me in which of them I am to be

" Your admirer,

" *Sylvia*."

It is natural for a man who receives a favour of this kind from an unknown fair, to frame immediately some idea of her person, which, being suited to the opinion we have of our own merit, is commonly as beautiful and perfect as the most lavish imagination can furnish out. Strongly possessed with these notions, I have read over *Sylvia's* billet; and, notwithstanding the reserve I have had upon this matter, am resolved to go a much greater length than I yet ever did, in making myself known to the world, and in particular

assisted in this undertaking by the accomplished *St. John*, and the witty *Henley*.—The other numbers which we have selected, with three before inserted in vol. XI, are the acknowledged productions of our Author, and are all that can with certainty be ascribed to him; though there is no doubt but he furnished hints for many others, both to *Steele* and *Harrison*. *Dr. Hawkeſworth* particularly mentions as his, N^o 66, 67. 74. 81. But those are claimed by *Mr. Addison*.—Two very elegant poems, which first made their appearance in that paper, are printed in vol. VI. "The Description of a City Shower," p. 38; and "A Description of the Morning," p. 41. And, at the end of *this volume*, shall be inserted a *jeu d'esprit* from *Mr. Harrison's Tatlers*, which seems to have been the united product of a knot of wits. *Feb. 11*, he says, "When I came home this evening, I expected that little jackanapes *Harrison* would have come to get help about his *Tatler* for *Tuesday*: I have fixed two evenings in the week, which I allow him to come."

to my charming correspondent. In order to it I must premise, That the person produced as mine in the play-house last winter did in no wise appertain to me. It was such a one however as agreed well with the impression my writings had made, and served the purpose I intended it for; which was to continue the awe and reverence due to the character I was vested with, and at the same time to let my enemies see how much I was the delight and favourite of this town. This innocent imposture, which I have all along taken care to carry on, as it then was of some use, has since been of singular service to me, and, by being mentioned in one of my papers, effectually recovered my *egoisty* out of the hands of some gentlemen who endeavoured to wrest it from me. This is saying in short what I am not: what I am, and have been for many years, is next to be explained. Here it will not be improper to remind *Sylvia*, that there was formerly such a philosopher as *Pythagoras*, who, amongst other doctrines, taught the transmigration of souls; which if she sincerely believes, she will not be much startled at the following relation.

I will not trouble her, nor my other readers, with the particulars of all the lives I have successively passed through since my first entrance into mortal being, which is now many centuries ago. It is enough that I have in every one of them opposed myself with the utmost resolution to the follies and vices of the several ages I have been acquainted with; that I have often raillied the world into good-manners, and kept the greatest princes in awe of my satire. There is one circumstance which I shall not omit, though it may seem to reflect on my character; I mean, that infinite love of change which has ever appeared in the disposal of my exillence. Since the days of the emperor *Trajan*, I have not been confined to the same person for twenty years together; but have passed from one abode to another much quicker than
the

the *Pythagorean* system generally allows. By this means I have seldom had a body to myself, but have lodged up and down wherever I found a genius suitable to my own. In this manner I continued some time with the top wit of *France*; at another with that of *Italy*, who had a statue erected to his memory in *Rome*. Towards the end of the seventeenth century I set out for *England*; but the gentleman I came over in dying as soon as he got to shore, I was obliged to look out again for a new habitation. It was not long before I met with one to my mind; for, having mixed myself invisibly with the *litterati* of this kingdom, I found it was unanimously agreed amongst them, That nobody was endowed with greater talents than *Hiereus*^k; or, consequently, would be better pleased with my company. I slipped down his throat one night as he was fast asleep; and the next morning, as soon as he awaked, he fell to writing a treatise that was received with great applause, though he had the modesty not to set his name to that nor to any other of our productions. Some time after, he published a paper of predictions, which were translated into several languages, and alarmed some of the greatest princes in *Europe*. To these he prefixed the name^l of *Isaac Bickerstaff*, esq. which I have been extremely fond of ever since, and have taken care that most of the writings I have been concerned in should be distinguished by it; though I must observe, that there have been many counterfeits imposed upon the publick by this means. This extraordinary man being called out of the kingdom by affairs of his own, I resolved however to continue somewhat longer in a country where my works had been so well received, and accordingly bestowed myself with *Hilario*^m. His natural wit, his lively turn of humour, and great penetration

* Dr. *Swift*. ^l See Vol. XIX. p. 119. ■ Mr. *Steele*.
into

into human nature, easily determined me to this choice, the effects of which were soon after produced in this paper, called *The Tatler*. I know not how it happened, but in less than two years time *Hilario* grew weary of my company, and gave me warning to be gone. In the height of my resentment, I cast my eyes on a young fellow, of no extraordinary qualificationsⁿ, whom for that very reason I had the more pride in taking under my direction, and enabling him by some means or other to carry on the work I was before engaged in. Lest he should grow too vain upon this encouragement, I to this day keep him under due mortification. I seldom reside with him when any of his friends are at leisure to receive me, by whose hands however he is duly supplied. As I have passed through many scenes of life, and a long series of years, I choose to be considered in the character of an old fellow, and take care that those under my influence should speak consonantly to it. This account, I presume, will give no small consolation to *Sylvia*, who may rest assured, That *Isaac Bickerstaff* is to be seen in more forms than she dreamt of; out of which variety she may choose what is most agreeable to her fancy. On *Tuesdays*, he is sometimes a black proper young gentleman, with a mole on his left cheek^o. On *Thursdays*, a decent well-looking man, of a middle stature, long flaxen hair, and a florid complexion^p. On *Saturdays*, he is somewhat of the shortest, and may be known from others of that size by talking in a low voice, and passing through the streets without much precipitation^q.

† Having copied those *Tatlers* which could properly be ascribed to the Dean; it is but justice to mention **FOUR**,

ⁿ Mr. *Harrison*.

^o Probably Dr. *Swift*, the *Hierius* of the two preceding pages.

^p Perhaps Mr. *Henley*.

^q Mr. *Harrison* seems to be here described.

SUPPL. III. [XXVII.]

I

which

which (having been said to be his) he has thus disclaimed. —“The *Tatler* [237] upon *Milton's Spear* is not mine.” *Journal*, Nov. 1, 1710. —“The *Tatler* of the *Shilling* [249] “was not mine, more than the hints and two or three “general heads for it. I have much more important business on my hands.” Nov. 8. —“You are mistaken in “your guesses about *Tatlers*: I did neither write that on “*Nofes* [260], nor *Religion* [257]; nor do I send him of “late any hints at all.” Jan. 1.

THE SPECTATOR. N^o 50^r.

Friday, April 27, 1711.

Nunquam aliud Natura, aliud Sapientia dixit.

JUV. Sat. XIV. 321.

Good sense and nature always speak the same.

WHEN the four *Indian Kings* were in this country about a twelvemonth ago, I often mixed with the rabble, and followed them a whole day together, being wonderfully struck with the sight of every thing that is new or uncommon. I have, since

“The *Spectator* is written by *Steele*, with *Addison's* help: it is often very pretty. Yesterday it was made of a “noble hint, I gave him long ago for his *Tatlers*, about “an *Indian* supposed to write his *Travels* into *England*. “I repent he ever had it. I intended to have written a “book on that subject. I believe he has spent it all in “one paper; and all the under-hints there are nine too: “but I never see him or *Addison*.” *Journal* to *Stella*, April 28, 1711. —There cannot be a doubt but *The Spectator* was indebted to Dr. *Swift*, for more papers than this which we have selected. But the Dean's reservedness in these points has prevented their being at this distance of time ascertained. Many particular papers have been ascribed to him; but none with more probability than the ambassador of *Bantam's* letter, N^o 557.

their

their departure, employed a friend to make many inquiries of their landlord the upholsterer, relating to their manners and conversation, as also concerning the remarks which they made in this country: for, next to forming a right notion of such strangers, I should be desirous of learning what ideas they have conceived of us.

The upholsterer, finding my friend very inquisitive about these his lodgers, brought him some time since a little bundle of papers, which he assured him were written by King *Sa Ga Yean Qua Rash Tozv*, and, as he supposes, left behind by some mistake. These papers are now translated, and contain abundance of very odd observations, which I find this little fraternity of Kings made during their stay in the isle of *Great-Britain*. I shall present my reader with a short specimen of them in this paper, and may perhaps communicate more to him hereafter. In the article of *London*, are the following words, which without doubt are meant of the church of *St. Paul*.

“ On the most rising part of the town there stands a huge house, big enough to contain the whole nation of which I am King. Our good brother *E Tow O Koam*, king of the *Rivers*, is of opinion, it was made by the hands of that great God to whom it is consecrated. The kings of *Granajah* and of the *Six Nations* believe that it was created with the earth, and produced on the same day with the sun and moon. But for my own part, by the best information that I could get of this matter, I am apt to think that this prodigious pile was fashioned into the shape it now bears by several tools and instruments, of which they have a wonderful variety in this country. It was probably at first an huge mis-shapen rock that grew upon the top of the hill, which the natives of the country (after having cut it into a kind of regular figure) bored and hollowed with incredible pains and industry, till they had wrought it into all those beautiful vaults and ca-

verns into which it is divided at this day. As soon as this rock was thus curiously scooped to their liking, a prodigious number of hands must have been employed in chipping the outside of it, which is now as smooth as polished marble; and is in several places hewn out into pillars that stand like the trunks of so many trees bound about the top with garlands of leaves. It is probable that when this great work was begun, which must have been many hundred years ago, there was some religion among this people; for they give it the name of a temple, and have a tradition that it was designed for men to pay their devotion in. And indeed there are several reasons which make us think that the natives of this country had formerly among them some sort of worship; for they set apart every seventh day as sacred: but, upon my going into one of these holy houses on that day, I could not observe any circumstance of devotion in their behaviour. There was indeed a man in black, who was mounted above the rest, and seemed to utter something with a great deal of vehemence; but as for those underneath him, instead of paying their worship to the deity of the place, they were most of them bowing and courtesying to one another, and a considerable number of them fast asleep.

“ The queen of the country appointed two men to attend us, that had enough of our language to make themselves understood in some few particulars. But we soon perceived these two were great enemies to one another, and did not always agree in the same story. We could make shift to gather out of one of them, that this island was very much infested with a monstrous kind of animals, in the shape of men, called *Whigs*; and he often told us, that he hoped we should meet with none of them in our way, for that, if we did, they would be apt to knock us down, for being kings.

“ Our other interpreter used to talk very much of a kind of animal called a *Tory*, that was as great a monster

ster as the *Whig*, and would treat us ill for being foreigners. These two creatures, it seems, are born with a secret antipathy to one another, and engage when they meet as naturally as the elephant and the rhinoceros. But, as we saw none of either of these species, we are apt to think that our guide deceived us with misrepresentations and fictions, and amused us with an account of such monsters as are not really in their country. These particulars we made a shift to pick out from the discourse of our interpreters; which we put together as well as we could, being able to understand but here and there a word of what they said, and afterwards making up the meaning of it among ourselves. The men of the country are very cunning and ingenious in handicraft works; but withal so very idle, that we often saw young lusty raw-boned fellows carried up and down the streets in little covered rooms by a couple of porters, who are hired for that service. Their dress is likewise very barbarous; for they almost strangle themselves about the neck, and bind their bodies with many ligatures, that we are apt to think are the occasion of several distempers among them, which our country is entirely free from. Instead of those beautiful feathers with which we adorn our heads, they often buy up a monstrous bush of hair, which covers their heads, and falls down in a large fleece below the middle of their backs; with which they walk up and down the streets, and are as proud of it as if it was of their own growth.

“ We were invited to one of their public diversions, where we hoped to have seen the great men of their country running down a stag, or pitching a bar, that we might have discovered who were the persons of the greatest abilities among them; but, instead of that, they conveyed us into an huge room lighted up with abundance of candles, where this lazy people sat still above three hours, to see several feats of ingenuity performed by others, who it seems were paid for it.

“ As for the women of the country, not being able to talk with them, we could only make our remarks upon them at a distance. They let the hair of their heads grow to a great length ; but, as the men make a great shew with heads of hair that are none of their own, the women, who they say have very fine heads of hair, tie it up in a knot, and cover it from being seen. The women look like angels ; and would be more beautiful than the sun, were it not for little black spots that are apt to break-out in their faces, and sometimes rise in very odd figures. I have observed that those little blemishes wear off very soon ; but, when they disappear in one part of the face, they are very apt to break-out in another, insomuch that I have seen a spot upon the forehead in the afternoon, which was upon the chin in the morning.”

The author then proceeds to shew the absurdity of breeches and petticoats ; with many other curious observations, which I shall reserve for another occasion. I cannot however conclude this paper without taking notice, That amidst these wild remarks there now and then appears something very reasonable. I cannot likewise forbear observing, that we are all guilty in some measure of the same narrow way of thinking, which we meet with in this abstract of the *Indian* journal, when we fancy the customs, dresses, and manners of other countries are ridiculous and extravagant, if they do not resemble those of our own.

THE EXAMINER. N^o 46^a.

Thursday, June 14, 1711.

Melius non tangere clamo.

WHEN a general has conquered an army, and reduced a country to obedience, he often finds it necessary to send out small bodies, in order to take in petty castles and forts, and beat little straggling parties, which are otherwise apt to make head, and infest the neighbourhood. This case exactly resembles mine.

^a We are told by Dr. *Swift* himself, in the *Journal to Stella*, Nov. 3. 1711, "The first thirteen *Examiners* were written by several hands, some good, some bad; the next three and thirty were all by one hand; that makes forty-six: then the author, whoever he was, laid it down, on purpose to confound gueffers: and the last six were written by a woman."—In a note on this passage, Mr. *Deane Swift* has observed, "that the Doctor's memory failed him a little; and that he should have said, the first twelve were written by several hands, and the next thirty-two by one person."—The Dean, however, was right. The original volume of *Examiners* consists of *fifty-one* numbers. It appears above, the last six were written by a woman [*Mrs. Manley*]; consequently Dr. *Swift* ended with N^o 45. Our author, in the *Journal* of July 17, says, "I do not like any thing in the *Examiner* after the 45th, except the first part of the 46th." And on the 22d of June (the day after N^o 47 was published) he says, "Yesterday's was a sad *Examiner*; and last week's was very indifferent, though some scraps of the old spirit, as if he had given hints."—But, as that paper will best speak for itself, we shall not apologize for having copied the first part of N^o 46, to complete those which have been inserted in the eighth volume of this collection.

I count the main body of the *Whigs* entirely subdued; at least, till they appear with new reinforcements, I shall reckon them as such; and therefore do now find myself at leisure to *examine* inferior abuses. The business I have left is, to fall on those wretches that will be still keeping the war on foot, when they have no country to defend, no forces to bring into the field, nor any thing remaining, but their bare good-will towards *faction* and *mischief*: I mean the present sett of writers, whom I have suffered, without molestation, so long to infest the town. Were there not a concurrence from prejudice, party, weak understanding, and misrepresentation, I should think them too inconsiderable in themselves to deserve correction. But, as my endeavour hath been to expose the gross impositions of the *fallen party*, I will give a taste, in the following petition, of the sincerity of these their *factots*, to shew how little those writers for the *Whigs* were guided by conscience or honour, their business being only to gratify a prevailing interest.

“ To the Right Honourable the present Ministry; the
 “ humble Petition of the Party-writers to the late
 “ Ministry,

“ Humbly sheweth,

“ THAT your petitioners have served their time
 “ to the trade of writing *pamphlets* and *weekly papers*,
 “ in defence of the *Whigs*, against the church of *Eng-*
 “ *land*, and the Christian religion, and her majesty's
 “ prerogative, and her title to the crown: That, since
 “ the late change of ministry, and meeting of this
 “ parliament, the said trade is mightily fallen-off, and
 “ the call for the said pamphlets and papers much
 “ less than formerly; and it is feared, to our fur-
 “ ther prejudice, that *The Examiner* may discontinue
 “ writing, whereby some of your petitioners will be
 “ brought to utter distress, forasmuch as, through
 “ false

“ false quotations, noted absurdities, and other legal
 “ abuses, many of your petitioners, to their great
 “ comfort and support, were enabled to pick up a
 “ weekly subsistence out of the said *Examiner*.

“ That your said poor petitioners did humbly offer
 “ your honours to write in defence of the late change
 “ of ministry and parliament, much cheaper than they
 “ did for your predecessors ; which your honours were
 “ pleased to refuse.

“ Notwithstanding which offer, your petitioners
 “ are under daily apprehension, that your honours
 “ will forbid them to follow the said trade any longer ;
 “ by which your petitioners, to the number of four-
 “ score, with their wives and families, will inevi-
 “ tably starve, having been bound to no other calling.

“ Your petitioners desire your honours will ten-
 “ derly consider the premisses, and suffer your said
 “ petitioners to continue their trade (those who set
 “ them at work being still willing to employ them,
 “ though at lower rates) ; and your said petitioners
 “ will give security to make use of the *same stuff*, and
 “ dress in the *same manner*, as they always did, and
 “ no other.

“ *And your petitioners, &c.*

A N E S S A Y

O N

ENGLISH BUBBLES,

By THOMAS HOPE, Esq.

PREFIXED TO THE LONDON EDITION of
THE SWEARER'S BANK, 1720.

To the Right Reverend, Right Honourable, and Right
Worshipful, and to the Reverend, Honourable, and
Worshipful, &c. Company of STOCK-JOBBERs;
whether Honest or Dishonest, Pious or Impious,
Wife or Otherwise, Male or Female, Young or
Old, One with Another, who have suffered De-
predation by the late BUBBLES: Greeting.

HAVING received the following scheme from
Dublin, I give you the earliest notice how you
may retrieve the DECUS ET TUTAMEN^t, which you
have sacrificed by *permits* in Bubbles. This project is
founded on a parliamentary security; besides, the
Devil is in it if it can *fail*, since a Dignitary of the
Church^u is at the head of it. Therefore you who
have subscribed to the *stocking-insurance*, and are out
at the heels, may soon appear tight about the leg; you

^t The motto round a Crown-piece, which was the usual
price of permits.

^u The Dean of *St. Patrick's*.

who

who encourage the *hemp-manufacture* may leave the halter to rogues, and prevent the odium of *felo de se*. Medicinal virtues are to be had without the expence and hazard of a Dispensary: you may sleep without dreaming of *bottles* at your tail, and a *looking-glass* shall not affright you: and, since the *glass-bubble* proved as brittle as its ware, and *broke*, together with itself, the hopes of its proprietors, they may make themselves *whole* by subscribing to our new fund.

Here indeed may be made three very grave objections, by incredulous interested Priests, ambitious Citizens, and scrupulous Statesmen. 1. The *stocking-manufactory-gentlemen* do not know how *swearing* can bring them to any probability of covering their legs anew, unless it be by the means of a pair of stocks. 2. That the *hemp-snared* men apprehend, that such an encouragement for *oaths* can tend to no other advancement, promotion, and exaltation, of their persons, than that of the gallows; the late old Ordinary *Paul* having grown grey in the habit of making this accurate observation in every month's Sessions-paper, "That *Swearing* had as great a hand in the *suspension* " of every living soul under his cure, as *Sabbath-breaking* itself." And, 3. That the *glass-bubble-men* cannot, for their lives, with the best pair of spectacles (which is the only thing left *neat* and *whole* out of all their ware), see how they shall make any thing out of this his *Oath-project*, supposing he should even confirm *by one* its goodness; an *oath* being, as they say, as brittle as *glass*, and only made to be *broken*.

But those incredulous Priests shall not go without an answer, that will, I am sure, induce them to place a great confidence in the benefit arising from Christians, who damn themselves every hour of the day: for, while they speak of the vainness and fickleness of *oaths*, as an objection against our project, they little consider that this fickleness and vainness is the common practice among all the people of this *sublunary* world;

world; and that, consequently, instead of being an objection against the project, is a concluding argument of the constancy and solidity of their sure gain by it; a never-failing argument, as he tells us, among the brethren of his cloth.

The ambitious Citizens, who, from being *plunged deep* in the wealthy *whirlpool* of the *South Sea*, are in hopes of *rising* to such seats of fortune and dignity as would best suit with their mounting and aspiring hopes, may imagine that this new fund, in the Sisser-nation, may prove a rival to theirs; and, by drawing off a multitude of subscribers, will, if it makes a *flood* in *Ireland*, cause an *ebb* in *England*. But it may be answered, That though our Author avers "that this "Fund will *vie* with the *South Sea*," yet it will not *clash* with it. On the contrary, the subscribers to this must with the increase of the *South Sea* (so far from being its rival), because the multitude of people raised by it, who were *plain-speakers*, as they were *plain-dealers* before, must learn to *swear*, in order to become their cloaths, and to be Gentlemen *à la mode*; while those who are ruined, I mean *Jóbed* by it, will dismiss the patience of their old pattern, swear at their condition, and curse their Maker in their distress: and so the *increase* of that *English* fund will be demonstratively an ample *augmentation* of the *Irish* one, so far will it be from being rivaled by it; so that each of them may subscribe to a fund they have *their own* security for augmenting.

The scrupulous Statesmen (for we know that Statesmen are usually *very scrupulous*) may object against having this project secured by votes in parliament; by reason, as they may deem it in their great wisdom, of its being an impious project, and that therefore so illustrious an Assembly as the *Irish* Parliament ought by no means, according to the opinion of a Christian Statesman, to be concerned in supporting an impious thing in the world. The way that some may take to
prove

prove it impious is, because it will tend highly to the *interest* of *Swearing*. But this I take to be plain downright sophistry, and playing upon words: if this be called the *Swearing-project*, or the *Oath-act*, the *increase* of *Swearing* will be very much for the benefit and interest of *Swearing*; *i. e.* to the subscribers in the fund to be raised by this fruitful *Swearing-act*, if it should be so called; but not to the *Swearers* themselves, who are to pay for it: so that it will be, according to this distinction, piously indeed an act for a *benefit* to mankind *from* swearing, not *impiously* a benefit *in* *swearing*: so that I think that argument entirely answered and defeated. Far be it from the Dean to have entered into so unchristian a project as this had been, *so* considered. But then these politicians (being generally, as the world knows, mighty tender of conscience) may raise these new doubts, fears, and scruples, *viz.* That it will, however, cause the subscribers to wish, in their minds, for many *oaths* to fly about, which is a heinous crime; and to lay stratagems to try the patience of men of all sorts, to put them upon the *swearing-strain*, in order to bring grist to their own mill, which is a crime still more enormous; and that therefore, for fear of these evil consequences, the passing of such an act is not consistent with the *really extraordinary* and *tender conscience* of a true modern politician. But, in answer to this, I think, I can plead the strongest plea in nature, and that is called *precedent*, I think; which I take thus from the *South Sea*: one man, by the very nature of that subscription, must naturally pray for the temporal *damnation* of another man in his fortune, in order for gaining his own *salvation* in it; yea, even though he knows the other man's *temporal* damnation would be the cause of his *eternal*, by his *swearing* and despairing. Neither do I think this in casuistry any sin, because the *swearing* undone man is a *free agent*, and can chuse whether he will *swear* or no, any body's wishes

wishes *whatsoever to the contrary* notwithstanding. And in politicks, I am sure, it is even a *Machiavilian* holy maxim, "That *some men* should be ruined for the good of others." Thus, I think, I have answered all the objections that can be brought against this project's coming to perfection; and proved it to be convenient for the State, of interest to the Protestant Church, and consonant with Christianity; nay, with the very scruples of *modern squeamish* Statesmen.

To conclude: The laudable Author of this project squares the measures of it so much according to the Scripture-rule, that it may reasonably be presumed all good Christians in *England* will come as fast into the subscriptions for his encouragement, as they have already done throughout the kingdom of *Ireland*: for what greater proof could this Author give of his Christianity, than, for bringing about this *Swearing-act*, charitably to part with his coat, and sit starving in a very thin waistcoat in his garret^w, to do the corporal virtues of feeding and cloathing the poor, and raising them from the cottage to the palace, by punishing the vices of the rich? What more could have been done even in the primitive times?

THOMAS HOPE.

From my House in *St. Faith's* Parish, *London*,
Aug. 10, 1720.

P. S. For the benefit of the Author, application may be made to me at the *Tilt-Yard Coffee-House*, *Whitehall*.

^w See p. 128.

T H E

T H E
S W E A R E R ' S - B A N K :

O R

Parliamentary Security for establishing a new
Bank in *Ireland*;

Wherein the Medicinal Use of Oaths is considered *.

Si populus vult decipi, decipiatur.

TO believe every thing that is said by a certain set of men, and to doubt of nothing they relate, though ever so improbable, is a maxim that has contributed as much, for the time, to the support of *Irish Banks*, as it ever did to the *Papish Religion*: and they are not only beholden to the latter for their foundation, but they have the happiness to have the same patron-saint; for Ignorance, the reputed mother of the devotion of the one, seems to bear the same affectionate relation to the credit of the other.

To subscribe to Banks, without knowing the scheme or design of them, is not unlike to some gentlemen signing addresses without knowing the contents of them: To engage in a Bank that has neither act of parliament, charter, nor lands, to support it, is like sending a ship to sea without bottom; to expect a coach and six by the former, would be as ridiculous as to hope a return by the latter.

It was well known some time ago, that our Banks would be included in the Bubble-bill; and it was be-

* See *A Letter to the King at Arms*, vol. XVII. p. 40.

lieved

lieved those chimeras would necessarily vanish with the first Easterly wind that should inform the town of the royal assent.

It was very mortifying to several gentlemen, who dreamt of nothing but easy chariots, on the arrival of the fatal packet, to slip out of them into their walking shoes. But should those Banks, as it is vainly imagined, be so fortunate as to obtain a charter, and purchase lands; yet, on any run on them in a time of invasion, there would be so many starving proprietors, reviving their old pretensions to land and a belly-full, that the subscribers would be unwilling, upon any call, to part with their money, not knowing what might happen; so that, in a rebellion, where the success was doubtful, the Bank would infallibly break.

Since so many gentlemen of this town have had the courage, without any security, to appear in the same paper with a million or two; it is hoped, when they are made sensible of their safety, that they will be prevailed to trust themselves in a neat skin of parchment with a single one.

To encourage them, the undertaker proposes the erecting a Bank on parliamentary security, and such security as no revolution or change of times can affect.

To take away all jealousy of any private view of the undertaker, he assures the world, that he is now in a garret, in a very thin waistcoat, studying the public good; having given an undeniable pledge of his love to his country, by pawning his coat, in order to defray the expence of the press.

It is very well known, that, by an act of parliament to prevent prophane swearing, the person so offending, on oath made before a magistrate, forfeits a shilling, which may be levied with little difficulty.

It is almost unnecessary to mention, that this is become a pet-vice *y* among us; and, though age ren-

y i. e. *A favourite vice.*

ders us unfit for other vices, yet this, where it takes hold, never leaves us but with our speech.

So vast a revenue might be raised by the execution of this act, that I have often wondered, in such a scarcity of funds, that methods have not been taken to make it serviceable to the publick.

I dare venture to say, if this act was well executed in *England*, the revenue of it, applied to the navy, would make the *English* fleet a terror to all *Europe*.

It is computed by geographers, that there are two millions in this kingdom (of *Ireland*); of which number there may be said to be a million of swearing souls.

It is thought there may be five thousand gentlemen; every gentleman, taking one with another, may afford to swear an oath every day, which will yearly produce one million eight hundred twenty-five thousand oaths; which number of shillings makes the yearly sum of ninety-one thousand two hundred and fifty pounds.

The farmers of this kingdom, who are computed to be ten thousand, are able to spend yearly five hundred thousand oaths, which gives twenty-five thousand pounds; and it is conjectured that, from the bulk of the people, twenty or five-and-twenty thousand pounds may be yearly collected.

These computations are very modest; since it is evident that there is a much greater consumption of oaths in this kingdom, and consequently a much greater sum might be yearly raised.

That it may be collected with ease and regularity, it is proposed to settle informers in great towns in proportion to the number of inhabitants, and to have riding-officers in the country: and, since nothing brings a greater contempt on any profession than poverty, it is determined to settle very handsome salaries on the gentlemen that are employed by the Bank, that they may, by a generosity of living, reconcile

men to an office that has lain under so much scandal of late, as to be undertaken by none but curates, clerks of meeting-houses, and broken tradesmen.

It is resolved; that none shall be preferred to those employments, but persons that are notorious for being constant churchmen, and frequent communicants; whose piety will be a sufficient security for their honest and industrious execution of their office.

It is very probable that twenty thousand pounds will be necessary, to defray all expences of servants, salaries, &c. However, there will be the clear yearly sum of one hundred thousand pounds, which may very justly claim a million subscription.

It is determined to lay out the remaining unapplied profits, which will be very considerable, towards the erecting and maintaining of charity-schools. A design so beneficial to the publick, and especially to the Protestant interest of this kingdom, has met with so much encouragement from several great patriots in *England*, that they have engaged to procure an act to secure the sole benefit of informing, on this Swearing-act, to the agents and servants of this new Bank. Several of my friends pretend to demonstrate, that this Bank will in time vie with the *South Sea* company: they insist, that the army dispend as many oaths yearly as will produce one hundred thousand pounds nett.

There are computed to be one hundred pretty fellows in this town, that swear fifty oaths a head daily; some of them would think it hard to be stinted to an hundred: this very branch would produce a vast sum yearly.

The FAIRS of this kingdom will bring-in a vast revenue; the oaths of a little *Connaught* one, as well as they could be numbered by two persons, amounted to three thousand. It is true, that it would be impossible to turn all of them into ready-money; for a shilling is so great a duty on swearing, that, if it was carefully exacted, the common people might as well pretend to drink

drink wine as to swear; and an oath would be as rare among them as a clean shirt.

A servant, that I employed to accompany the militia their last muster-day, had scored down, in the compass of eight hours, three hundred oaths; but, as the putting of the act in execution on those days would only fill the stocks with porters, and pawnshops with muskets and swords; and as it would be matter of great joy to Papists and disaffected persons, to see our militia swear themselves out of their guns and swords; it is resolved that no advantage shall be taken of any militia-man's swearing while he is under arms: nor shall any advantage be taken of any man's swearing in the Four Courts, provided he is at hearing in the Exchequer, or has just paid-off an attorney's bill.

The Medicinal use of oaths is what the undertaker would by no means discourage, especially where it is necessary to help the lungs to throw-off any distilling humour. On certificate of a course of swearing prescribed by any physician, a permit will be given to the patient, by the proper officer of the Bank, paying no more than six-pence. It is expected, that a scheme of so much advantage to the publick will meet with more encouragement than their chimerical Banks; and the undertaker hopes, that, as he has spent a considerable fortune in bringing this scheme to bear, he may have the satisfaction to see it take place, for the public good, though he should have the fate of most projectors—to be undone.

It is resolved, that no compositions shall be made, nor licenses granted, for swearing, under a notion of applying the money to pious uses; a practice so scandalous as is fit only for the see of *Rome*, where the money arising from whoring-licenses is applied *ad propagandam fidem*: and, to the shame of *Smock-Alley*, and of all Protestant whores (especially those who live under the light of the Gospel-ministry), be it spoken,

a whore in *Rome* never lies down, but she hopes it will be the means of converting some poor Heathen or Heretick.

The swearing-revenues of the town of *Cork* will be given for ever, by the Bank, to the support of poor clergymens' widows; and those of *Ringend* will be allowed to the maintenance of sailors' bastards.

The undertaker designs, in a few days, to appoint time and place for taking subscriptions; the subscribers must come prepared to pay down one fourth on subscribing.

P O S T S C R I P T.

THE *Jews* of *Rotterdam* have offered to farm the revenues of *Dublin* at twenty thousand pounds *per annum*. Several eminent *Quakers* are also willing to take them at that rent. But the undertaker has rejected the proposals, being resolved to deal with none but *Christians*.

Application may be made to him about them, any day, at *Pat's* Coffee-house, where attendance will be given.

T H E
D R A P I E R
D E M O L I S H E D,
A N D

Set out in his own proper Colours.

Being a full Confutation of all his Arguments against
Mr. Wood's Half-pence. By William Wood, Esq.^a

Ye good People of IRELAND,

I MAKE not the least doubt, when ye have impartially weighed and considered what I shall offer upon the present occasion in my own defence, and against your *Drapier*; when ye shall make an exact *assay* of the arguments on both sides between him and me; and, lastly, when ye shall observe, as I shall point it out, the abusive and reproachful language with which he has treated me; I say (as I said before) I make not the least doubt but ye will all to a man reject him, and embrace me with open arms.

In his First Letter, to “ the Tradesmen, Shop-keepers, Farmers, and Country-people in general, “ of the Kingdom of *Ireland*^b,” he begins with the wheedling preamble of “ Brethren, Friends, Country-

^a Written in the year 1724, before the publication of the *Drapier's* Second Letter; it is ascribed to the Dean in Mr. *Faulkner's* edition, and is probably a genuine piece.

^b Printed in the Tenth Volume of Dr. *Swift's* Works.

“men, and Fellow-subjects.” A loving beginning indeed! But I wonder which of us two loves you best, he that is getting you no money at all, or I who am at this present providing more money for you than you shall know what to do with. O sad! O sad! I am really concerned for the poor *Drapier*.—Soon after, he proceeds; and says, “It is a great fault among you, that, when a person writes with no other intention than to do you good, you will not be at the pains to read his advices,” p. 22. Artful enough indeed! this he did to draw you in, like so many gudgeons, to swallow his false arguments; and you see he has accomplished his end at last: for, had ye not read his Letters, ye might have had the benefit of my half-pence these five or six months past.

P. 24. “Now you must know, that the half-pence and farthings in *England* pass for very little more than they are worth: and, if you should beat them to pieces, and sell them to the brazier, you would not lose much above a penny in a shilling. But Mr. *Wood* made his half-pence of such base metal, and so much smaller than the *English* ones, that the brazier would hardly give you above a penny of good money for a shilling of his.” Aye, he would give *three-pence*.—But one may see his malice here with half an eye. He does not tell you of the vast expence and trouble I am at in coining; the number of clerks I keep in pay; how much I was out of pocket in getting my *patent*; the great expence I shall be at in shipping them to *Ireland*, which must, in the nature of things, be a vast drawback to the profit which I ought to have for my trouble; and therefore it cannot be supposed I can either put as much or as good copper in the half-pence for *Ireland*, as those for *England*. But, good Lord! is not a half-penny a half-penny, when once it is called so? and, if it passes for a half-penny, can you expect any more? Good people, never mind one word he
says,

says, though he tells you, "a dozen hats, at five shillings apiece, which is three pounds, is but five shillings in my money." This is perfect *transubstantiation*, to juggle you out of your senses.—Three pounds are but five shillings! Well; if this be his computation, I have done.

P. 25. "This same Mr. *Wood* was able to attend constantly for his own interest;" (and why should not I?) "He is an *Englishman*, and had great friends;" (God be thanked for that!) "and, it seems, knew very well where to give money to those that would speak to others, that could speak to the king, and could tell a fair story." I grant that; and what would he infer? Then he proceeds; if his majesty the king saw that it would utterly ruin the kingdom of *Ireland*, "he would shew his displeasure to somebody or other. But a word to the wise is enough." We know his meaning by his mumping; he had as well spoken what he thought, like an honest man.

In the next page, you will read, "Most of you must have heard with what anger our honourable house of commons received an account of this *Wood's* patent. There were several fine speeches made upon it, and plain proofs that it was all a wicked cheat from the bottom to the top; and several smart votes were printed, which that same *Wood* had the assurance to answer likewise in print; and in so confident a way, as if he were a better man than our whole parliament put together."—The parliament was angry—made speeches—found me to be a wicked cheat—and I answered as if I had been a better man than the whole parliament!—Well, I find this *Drapier* will say any thing; but I am very glad all the kingdom of *Ireland* knows to the contrary. Let the *Drapier* answer me only these three questions: Where did this parliament sit? and where are the speeches? and where is my answer?

P. 27. "The common soldier, when he goes to "the market or ale-house, will offer this money" (meaning my half-pence); "and, if it be refused, "perhaps he will swagger and hector, and threaten to "beat the butcher or ale-wife" (threaten indeed! he will do it in earnest); "or take the goods by force, "and throw them the bad half-pence." (Why should he not? is it any robbery, if he pays them?) "In "this and the like cases, the shopkeeper, or victualer, "or any other tradesman, has no more to do than to "demand ten times the price of his goods, if it is to "be paid in *Wood's* money; for example, twenty-pence of that money for a quart of ale."—The Devil is in his conscience. TWENTY-PENCE FOR A QUART OF ALE! I believe such another proposal was never since *Adam*.—To consider all other things in proportion, what mischief would this occasion! that is, fifteen shillings a bottle for *claret* at eighteen-pence a bottle; for a flask of *burgundy*, five and forty shillings; fifty shillings a day for a coach; ten shillings a dinner at a twelvepenny ordinary; thirty shillings a day for a chair; ten pence a fresh egg; five pence a half penny roll; two pence half-penny for a pint of small beer. In short, by his advice, *victualers*, *vintners*, and *tradesfolks*, would soon get all the money of the kingdom into their own hands, should they all follow the *pot-of-ale* example. And now, to consider the *poor*: they would be undone by the *Drapier's* advice; the butcher would have eighteen-pence for a sheep's head; the baker ten shillings for a twelve-penny loaf; and thus would it be in proportion as to all their other exigences. No, no, rather take my advice—*Two-pence a quart, and my blessing*.

P. 28. He denies that my half-pence are lawful money of *England* or *Ireland*. I suppose then, he would have them lawful money of *Scotland* or *Wales*; for they must be lawful somewhere. For does he think, under the scarcity of money we find at present, that

that we can afford to let fourscore and ten thousand pounds lie dead? I need no other argument, to shew what a friend he is to the *publick*.

P. 29. "They say 'squire *Conolly*^c has sixteen thousand pounds a year; now, if he sends for his rent to town, as it is likely he does, he must have two hundred and forty horses to bring up his half-year's rent."—Suppose he must: where is the great hardship? If a man of sixteen thousand a year cannot afford two hundred and forty horses to draw his money, he deserves to want it. I will engage his under-tenants will lay it down at his door, and it shall not cost him a farthing for the carriage.

P. 31. "These half-pence, if they once pass, will soon be counterfeit, because it may be cheaply done, the stuff is so base. The *Dutch* likewise will probably do the same thing, and send them over to us to pay for our goods."—The stuff is good stuff, let him say what he will; and the half-pence are good half-pence, and I will stand by it. If I made them of silver, it would be the same thing to this grumbler. As for their being counterfeit, sure they counterfeit gold and silver; and can one help that? for there ever have been rogues of coiners in the world, and will be to the end of it. As for the *Dutch*, it is time enough to complain when they do coin. I am certain they have not coined one half-penny as yet; and, if they should, I shall take care to stock you so well, that you shall have no occasion for theirs; so that they may carry them home again, if they please.

P. 32. "It would be very hard, if all *Ireland* should be put into one scale, and this sorry fellow

^c *William*, speaker of the house of commons. He was one of the lords justices at nine different periods between 1716 and 1728; and was also a commissioner of the revenue in *Ireland*. He died Oct. 30, 1729.

"*Woca*

“ *Wood* into the other, that *Mr. Wood* and his half-pence should weigh down this whole kingdom, by which *England* gets above a million of good money every year clear into their pockets; and that is more than the *English* do by all the world beside.”
 —*Parturiant montes*—but I beg pardon, for talking to him in a language he does not understand.

P. 34. “ A famous *Law-book*, called *The Mirror of Justice*, discoursing of the charters (or laws) ordained by our *ancient kings*, declares the *law* to be as follows: It was ordained, That no *king* of this realm should *change* or *impair the money*, or make any other *money* than of *gold* or *silver*, without the assent of all the counties; that is, as my lord *Coke* says, without the assent of *parliament*.”—Then he concludes, according to custom, with his fine flattering speeches.

P. 39. “ I will now, my dear friends, to save you the trouble, set before you in short what the law obliges you to do, and what it does not oblige you to.” (This *Drapier* is an excellent lawyer; I wonder he is not made a Lord Chancellor!)—“ First, you are obliged to take all money in payments, which is coined by the king, and is of the *English* standard or weight, provided it be of gold or silver.—Secondly, you are not obliged to take any money which is not of gold or silver.—Thirdly, much less are you obliged to take those vile half-pence of that same *Wood*. Therefore, my friends, stand to it one and all: refuse this filthy trash; it is no treason to rebel against *Mr. Wood*. His majesty, in his patent, obliges nobody to take these half-pence.”—So then, at this rate, they were coined for nobody by somebody; and somebody is to get nothing by nobody! I have made a fine hand of my patent and coinage. Ye see, Gentlemen, the force of that argument which the *Drapier* offers; but I find Logick is not his talent. Thus have I with great patience gone through this injurious piece of satire upon myself contained in this First Letter. But, knowing

knowing that the best undertakers have always met with enemies and detractors, I comfort myself that I have so far defeated this malicious Author, that you are all convinced I am now for all your goods; and, though a perfect stranger to the country of *Ireland*, yet a little time will shew what industry and pains it has cost me to make you a flourishing and happy people. It is my inclination to preserve a good understanding between me and you, however wicked people may endeavour to interpose.

Before I conclude, I have one complaint more: I am told, that *pitiful, malicious, insidious, undermining, scribbling Drapier* set-on a parcel of *tattered, filthy, Irish, butter-milk, potatoe scoundrels* to carry my effigies in *wood*, and afterwards hang it at *Stephen's-green*^d; for which I hope, when the parliament sits, to have ample satisfaction. I am glad that none of the gentry of *Ireland* were concerned in that abominable procession.

I am, your best friend,

W. W.

* See an account of the procession to the Gallows, vol. X. p. 206; and see the remarks on that account, above, p. 67.

O B-

O B S E R V A T I O N S

O N

HEYLIN'S History of the PRESBYTERANS 2.

Written by the DEAN, in the Beginning of the Book,
on one of the blank Leaves.

THIS book, by some errors and neglects in the style, seems not to have received the author's last correction. It is written with some vehemence, very pardonable in one who had been an observer and a sufferer, in *England*, under that diabolical fanatic sect which then destroyed church and state. But, by comparing in my memory what I have read in other histories, he neither aggravates nor falsifies any facts. His partiality appears chiefly in setting the actions of the *Calvinists* in the strongest light, without equally dwell-

² *Peter Heylin*, born Nov. 29, 1600, was much in favour with bishop *Laud*. His "*History of St. George*," published in 1631, recommended him to *Charles I*, who preferred him to a prebend in *Westminster*, and to the rectory of *Houghton* in the bishoprick of *Durham*; from both of which he was ejected during the Civil War, and reduced to great straits. He supported himself by his pen; and the number and bulk of his writings are very great, as he even continued to publish when he could no longer see to write; and retained an amanuensis to the day of his death, May 8, 1662. The generality of his writings are in no great esteem at present: but his "*Help to History*" (lately re-printed with considerable improvements by *Paul Wright*, B. D. F. S. A.), which is a work of great utility, deserves particular commendation. Some of the best of his pieces are in the collection of "*Historical and Miscellaneous Tracts*," 1681, fol. See *Granger*, III. 279.

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ing on those of the other side; which, however, to say the truth, was not his proper business. And yet he might have spent some more words on the inhuman massacre of *Paris* and other parts of *France*, which no provocation (and yet the king had the greatest possible) could excuse, or much extenuate. The author, according to the current opinion of the age he lived in, had too high notions of regal power; led by the common mistake of the term *supreme magistrate*, and not rightly distinguishing between the *legislature* and *administration*: into which mistake the clergy fell, or continued, in the reign of *Charles II*, as I have shewn and explained in a treatise^b, &c.

March 6, 1727-8.

J. SWIFT.

^b "The Sentiments of a Church-of-England-Man," &c. vol. III. p. 86. The note upon this treatise by Dr. *Hawkesworth*, at p. 66. of vol. III. does by no means explain the whole drift of it, as it surely contains in it "those candid salutary principles, with respect to religion and government, which, if rightly comprehended, and vigorously pursued, might certainly preserve the whole constitution, both of church and state, for ten thousand generations." See *Swift's Essay*, p. 174.

A M O D E S T
D E F E N C E
O F

THE LADY'S DRESSING-ROOM.

A POEM, or Pamphlet, published in this kingdom without a name, will not long want one, if the paper maketh any noise.

There is a certain person of distinction among us, who is conjectured to have written many things, both in prose and verse, for the service of the nation, which undoubtedly were published with his own consent. It is also believed, that he hath composed others occasionally, for the amusement of himself and a few intimate friends; which, by the indiscretion of others, were, from stolen and uncorrected copies, *dragged into light*.

But I hold it for certain, that a much greater number have, by the boldness of Printers, and the want of judgement in Readers, been charged upon that Author, wherein he never had the smallest finger, as I am assured he hath often declared; and, which is remarkable, was as free in disowning some writings charged upon him, of which he had no reason to be ashamed, as he could be of the meanest productions of *Hibernian Grubstreet*.

As to those *fatal Verses*, called the Lady's Dressing-Room, which have so highly inflamed the whole sex
(except

(except a very few of better judgement), as I can by no means justify the vulgar opinion, that seemeth to fix it upon a person so well known for works of a very different nature; so I cannot but lament the prevailing ill-taste among us, which is not able to discover that useful satire running through every line, and the matter as decently wrapped-up as it is possible the subject could bear.

Cleanliness hath, in all polite ages and nations, been esteemed the chief corporal perfection in Women; as it is well known to those who are conversant with the ancient Poets. And so it is still among the young people of judgement and sobriety, when they are disposed to marry. And I do not doubt but that there is a great number of young ladies in this town and kingdom, who, in reading that Poem, find great complacency in their own minds, from a consciousness, that the satirical part in the Lady's Dressing-Room doth not in the least affect them.

Wherefore it is manifest, that no Poem was ever written with a better design for the service of the *sex*: wherein our Author hath observed, to a tittle, the precepts of his Master *Horace*: or, indeed, rather hath gone very far beyond him in the article of *decency*.

That great poet, instructing us what actions are fittest to be produced only upon the Scene, and which are most proper to be only related to the Audience, goeth many lengths beyond the Author of the Lady's Dressing-Room; for at the same instant when he sayeth some actions should not appear as done upon the stage, he allows they may be *recited* with pleasure and *elegance*; and yet, when he cometh to particulars, his recital is extremely gross, and so are his very *precepts* which forbid the actions: that, if our infinitely more modest Author had imitated his Master's *style*, the whole world might, with great appearance of Reason, have been up in arms against him.

There-

144 MODEST DEFENCE OF THE

Therefore, to set these two Poets in a true light, I have ventured, for the satisfaction of both sexes, to translate, as literally as I could, ten lines in *Horace*, upon the very subject, which our Author hath handled with a decency so far superior to his *Roman* Master.

To justify the truth of my translation, I desire all fine Gentlemen and Ladies will appeal from me to the information of the Learned, that I may be wholly clear from the least censure of misrepresenting so great an authority; for, indeed, if I have been guilty of any fault, it is in palliating the gross expressions in the original, and softening them very much to the *politeness* of the *present age*.

The *Latin* is word for word as follows :

“ Aut agitur res in scenis, aut acta refertur.
 “ Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
 “ Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, & quæ
 “ Ipse sibi tradit spectator. Non tamen intus
 “ Digna geri, promes in scenam ; multaue tolles
 “ Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia præsens.
 “ Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet ;
 “ Aut humana palàm coquat extra nefarius Atreus ;
 “ Aut in avem Progne vertatur, Cadmus in anguem.
 “ Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.”

The literal translation whereof is thus :

SOME Ladies *do their need* before your face ;
 Some only tell the *action* and the *place*.
 Our mind is less provok'd by what it hears,
 Than what the fact before our eyes appears.
 In closet dark, your *cedar-box* be hid :
 Not in a parlour shown without the lid.
 Some *actions* must be always out of sight,
 Yet *elegantly told* may give delight.

Nurse

Nurse must not hold the child, and cry Eee Hee!
 When madam and her friends are o'er their tea.
Atrous, with ladies by, mistake his wit,
 In new-born t—s to run a red-hot spit.
 Miss *Progne* must not cry, a Bird, a Bird!
 Before good company, and shew a t—d.
Cadmus, who voids-out worms of monstrous size,
 In mere good-manners should deceive our eyes;
 Must do his dirty work behind the scene,
 And, ere he shews the *vermin*, wipe them clean.
 To bring such odious objects full in view,
 Though *fools* may laugh, will make a *wise man* spew.

I desire the Reader will compare the most exceptionable lines in the *Lady's Dressing-Room* with the least offensive of those in *Horace*; although purged by me as much as could consist with preserving the true sense of the original. Yet this was the great master of politeness in the *Roman Empire*, at the time it flourished most in arts and arms.

Horace, you see, maketh use of the plain slovenly words, which our decent *Irish* Poet industriously avoideth, and skippeth over a hundred dirty places without fouling his shoes. *Horace*, on the contrary, plainly calleth a *spade*, a *spade*, when there was not the least necessity; and when, with equal ease, as well as significancy, he might have expressed his meaning in homely terms, fit for the nicest ears of a queen or a dutchess.

I do, therefore, positively decide in favour of our *Hibernian* bard, upon the article of *decency*; and am ready to defend my proposition against all mankind; that in the ten lines of *Horace*, here faithfully and favourably translated, there are ten times more *slovenly expressions*, than in the whole poem called the *Lady's Dressing-Room*; and for the truth of this proposition, I am ready to appeal to all the young ladies of the kingdom, or to such a *committee* as my very adversaries shall appoint.

P R E F A C E

T O T H E

BEASTS' CONFESSION^a.

I Have been long of opinion, that there is not a more general and greater mistake, or of worse consequences, through the commerce of mankind, than the wrong judgements they are apt to entertain of their own talents. I knew a stuttering Alderman in *London*, a great frequenter of coffee-houses; who, when a fresh news-paper was brought-in, constantly seized it first, and read it aloud to his brother-citizens, but in a manner as little intelligible to the standers-by as to himself. How many pretenders to learning expose themselves, by chusing to discourse on those very parts of science wherewith they are least acquainted! It is the same case in every other qualification. By the multitude of those who deal in rhymes, from half a sheet to twenty, which come out every minute, there must be at least five hundred Poets in the city and suburbs of *London*; half as many Coffee-house Orators, exclusive of the Clergy; forty thousand Politicians; and four thousand five hundred profound Scholars: not to mention the Wits, the Railliers, the smart Fellows, and Criticks; all as illiterate and impudent as a suburb-whore. What are we to think of the fine-dressed sparks, proud of their own personal deformities, which appear the more

^a A poem, written in 1732, printed in vol. VII. p. 297.

hideous

hideous by the *contrast* of wearing scarlet and gold, with what they call *toupees*^b on their heads; and all the frippery of a modern beau, to make a figure before women; some of them with hump-backs, others hardly five feet high, and every feature of their faces distorted? I have seen many of these insipid pretenders entering into conversation with persons of learning, constantly making the grossest blunders in every sentence, without conveying one single idea fit for a rational creature to spend a thought on; perpetually confounding all chronology and geography even of present times. I compute, that *London* hath eleven native fools of the beau and puppy kind, for one among us in *Dublin*; besides two thirds of ours transplanted thither, who are now naturalized; whereby that overgrown capital exceedeth ours in the article of *dunces* by forty to one; and, what is more to our further mortification, there is not one distinguished fool of *Irish* birth or education, who maketh any noise in that famous metropolis, unless the *London* prints be very partial or defective: whereas *London* is seldom without a dozen of their own educating, who engross the vogue for half a winter together, and are never heard-of more, but give place to a new sett. This hath been the constant progress for at least thirty years past, only allowing for the change of breed and fashion.

The following Poem is grounded upon the universal folly in mankind of mistaking their talents; by which the Author doth a great honour to his own species, almost equaling them with certain brutes; wherein, indeed, he is too partial, as he freely confesseth: and yet he hath gone as low as he well could, by specifying four animals; the Wolf, the Ass, the Swine, and the Ape; all equally mischievous, except the last, who outdoes them in the article of cunning: so great is the pride of man!

^b Wigs with long black tails, at that time much in fashion. It was very common also to call the wearers of them by the same name.

A NEW
P R O P O S A L
F O R

The better REGULATION and IMPROVEMENT
of QUADRILLE^a, 1735.

———*Ridiculum acri*
Fortius & melius, &c. HOR. Sat. I. x. 14.

WHEREAS the noble game of *Quadrille* hath
been found, by experience, to be of great
use and benefit to the commonwealth; particularly as
it

^a Dr. *Josiah Hort*, the author of this Proposal, was made
bishop of *Leighlin* and *Ferns*, Feb. 10, 1721; *Kilmore*,
July 27, 1727; and translated to *Tuam*, Jan. 27, 1741.
In the preface to "Seventeen Sermons on Practical Sub-
jects, 1738," we learn from himself that it was then many
years since he had been disabled from preaching, by an
overstrain of his voice in the pulpit at a time when he had
a cold and hoarseness. After he was archbishop, he pub-
lished a little tract, called "Instructions to the Clergy of
"Tuam." He married *Elizabeth* daughter of *William* Earl of
Kerry, Feb. 19, 1725; and died in 1752.—That he was the au-
thor, and Dr. *Swift* the editor, of this little treatise, is plain
from their respective Letters, vol. XVII. p. 240, and vol.
XXIV.

it helps to kill *time*, that lies heavy on our hands; and to pass away life, which seems too long while we have it, and too short when we come to part with it; as it suppresses all wit in conversation, which is apt to turn into scandal; all politicks, which are offensive to Ministries and Governments; and all reading, which is injurious to the eyes, especially by candle-light; as it destroys pride effectually, by bringing the noble and ignoble, the learned and the ignorant, the prude and the coquette, wives, widows, and maids, to one common level; giving preference of the best place and warmest corner, not according to the fantastical distinctions of birth, quality, and station, but by equal lot; as it is a sovereign cure for animosities, making people good friends for the time being, who heartily hate one another; as it prevents the squabbles, so frequent among other dealers, about the weight of gold, and gives the lightest the same value and currency with the heaviest, which is no small advantage to the publick at this juncture, when change is grown so scarce; and, to name no more, as it enables the butler to go as fine as his master, without an increase of wages:

And whereas, for want of true taste and relish of the said noble game, divers ladies are tardy, and come late to the rendezvous, being detained by the paltry cares of a family, or a nap after dinner, or by hooking-in a few street-visits at doors where they expect to be

XXIV. p. 81. It having given umbrage to Serjeant *Bettesworth*, a member of parliament, he preferred a complaint to the house of commons, then sitting, who voted *Faulkner*, the printer, into close confinement for not discovering the Author, then universally supposed to be *Dr. Swift*, against whom some sharp invectives were consequently thrown-out by *Bettesworth* and other members; which provoked the Dean to retaliate, by "The Legion Club," and some other verses in this collection.

denied, and are sometimes cruelly bit; while the true *professors* and *adepts*, who consider the shortness of human life and the value of precious time, are impatiently waiting for such loiterers, and curse innocent clocks and watches that are forced to *lie* in justification of their tardiness:

Now, in order to cut-off those frivolous pretences, and prevent those ill-bred and injurious practices for the future; and to the intent that every lady may have due notice of the appointed hour; it is hereby proposed, that a subscription be set on foot, for erecting a square tower in the middle of *St. Stephen's-green*; and that a bell be hung in the same, large enough to be heard distinctly over the parishes of *St. Anne*, *St. Andrew*, and *St. Peter*; and, in calm evenings, as far as the parish of *St. Mary*, for the benefit of the graduates dwelling there; that the said bell, for greater solemnity, shall be christened ^h, according to the rites and ceremonies of the *Roman* church; and that the godfathers shall be *K. C.* and *M. J.* and the godmothers *L. M.* and *R. E.* who shall call it *The Great Tom of Quadrille*: that the said bell shall be tolled by the butlers of *St. Stephen's-green* and *Dawson-street*, in their turns, beginning exactly a quarter before six in the evening, and ending precisely at six. In the meantime, all the little church-bells shall cease their babblings, to the end *Tom* may be more distinctly heard.

And if, upon such legal notice, any lady of the party shall not be ready on the spot, to draw for her place before the last stroke of *Tom*, she shall lay-down five shillings on the table, by way of fine, for the use of the poor of the parish, being Protestants; or, on failure thereof, she shall not handle a card that night, but *Dummy* shall be substituted in her room.

And, that parties may not be disappointed, by excuses of a cold or other slight indispositions, when it is too late to beat-up for a new recruit; it is proposed, that no such excuse shall be admitted, unless

^h The bells are christened by the Papists.

the same be certified under the hand of some graduate physician, Dr. *Richard T*—— always excepted; and, for want of such certificate, the defaulters to be amerced, as aforesaid, at the next meeting. And it is further proposed, that the said great *Tom* shall be tolled a quarter before eleven precisely; after which no pool shall be made, to the intent that the ladies may have a quarter of an hour for adjusting their play-purses, and saying their prayers: and, in the absence of the butler who is to be the bell-hour for the night, it may be lawful for a footman to snuff the candles over the ladies' shoulders; provided he be a handsome well-dressed young fellow, with a clean shirt and ruffles.

N. B. That *Tom* is not to toll on *Sundays*, without special license from the parish-minister; and this not till divine-service is over.

And whereas frequent disputes and altercations arise in play between ladies of distinction, insomuch that a by-stander may plainly perceive that they pull coifs in their hearts, and part with such animosity that nothing but the sovereign reconciler *Quadrille* could bring them to meet again in one house; it is humbly proposed, for the benefit of trade, that, when a question cannot be decided by the company, the same shall be immediately set-down in writing by the lady who can write the best *English*; and that the case, being thereby stated, and attested by both parties, shall, together with the fee of one fish *ad valorem*, be laid before the renowned Mr. Serjeant *Bettesworth*, who shall be appointed Arbitrator-general in all disputes of this kind; and shall, moreover, have sufficient power and authority to give damages for all opprobrious languages; and especially for all hints, squints, innuendos, leers, and shrugs, or other muscular motions of evil signification, by which the reputation of a lady may be affected, on account of any slip or miscarriage that may have happened within twenty years last past.

And, if any lady should find herself aggrieved by the decision of the said *Mr. Bettefworth*, it shall be lawful for her to remove her cause, by appeal, before the *Upright Man* in *Effex-street*, who, having never given a corrupt judgement, may be called, next after his Holiness at *Rome*, the only *infallible judge* upon earth; and the said *Upright Man's* determination shall be final and conclusive to all parties.

And forasmuch as it appears, by experience, that this beneficial branch of commerce cannot well be carried-on without entries to be made in writing, which, by their great number, might occasion over-fights and mistakes, without some prudent restriction; it is humbly proposed, that all appointments, made for any longer time than three months to come, shall be declared utterly null and void: and, in case a lady should happen, upon the day prefixed within that term, to be in labour, or to be no longer than one week brought-to-bed; or if, for the unseasonable hours, her husband should with-hold her pin-money, or chain her by the leg to the bed-post; she shall incur no penalty for her non-appearance, there being no doubt of her good inclination.

But no plea of a husband newly buried, or of weeds delayed by a manteau-maker, or any other matter of mere fashion or ceremony, shall be in any wise admitted.

And, to the intent that no breach of faith may pass unpunished, it is proposed, that the lady making default shall, at the next party-meeting, take the chair nearest the door, or against a cracked pannel in the wainscot, and have no skreen at her back, unless she shall give her honour that her memorandum-paper was casually left in her Folio Common-prayer-book at church, and that she only perused it there during the collect: in which case her punishment shall be respited till the next meeting, where she shall produce the same, and vouch it to be the true original.

And,

And, lastly, because it sometimes happens that a party is broken, and a hand wanting, by *misnomer*, and other blunders of servants carrying messages; it is proposed, that the servant so offending, if it be a *valet de chambre*, shall wait in a common livery for the space of one month; and, if he be a footman, the booby shall be tossed in a blanket in the middle of *Stephen's-green*.

C E R T I F I C A T E

T O

A D I S C A R D E D S E R V A N T.

WHEREAS the bearer served me the space of one year, during which time he was an *idler* and a *drunkard*; I then discharged him as such; but how

* The history of this short though singular certificate is thus related by Mrs. *Pilkington*, vol. III. p. 78: “Dean *Swift* discharged a servant, only for rejecting the petition of a poor old woman: she was very ancient, and, on a cold morning, sat at the Deanry-steps a considerable time; during which the Dean saw her through a window, and no doubt commiserated her desolate condition. His footman happened to come to the door; and the poor creature besought him, in a piteous tone, to give that paper to his Reverence. The servant read it; and told her, with infinite scorn, “His master “had something else to mind than her petition.”—“What “is that you say, fellow?” said the Dean, looking out at the window. “Come up here.” The man tremblingly obeyed him.—He also desired the poor woman to come before him, made her sit down, and ordered her some bread and wine. After which, he turned to the man, and said, “At what time, Sir, did I order you to open a paper directed to me, or to refuse a letter from any one? Hark “ye, firrah, you have been admonished by me, for drunkenness, idling, and other faults; but, since I have discovered your inhuman disposition, I must dismiss you “from my service: so pull off my cloaths, take your “wages, and let me hear no more of you.”—The fellow did so; and, having vainly solicited a discharge, was compelled to go to sea, where he continued five years; at the end of which time, finding that life far different from the ease and luxury of his former occupation, he returned, and, humbly

how far his having been five years at sea may have mended his manners, I leave to the penetration of those who may hereafter chuse to employ him.

Deanry House,

Jan. 9, 1739.

J. S W I F T.

humbly confessing in a petition to the Dean his former manifold crimes, assured him of his sincere reformation, which the dangers he had undergone at sea had happily wrought; and begged the Dean would give him some sort of discharge, since the honour of having lived with him would certainly procure him a place. Accordingly the Dean called for pen, ink, and paper; and gave him a dismissal; with which, and no other fortune, he set out for *London*. Among others, he applied to me, who had known him at his late master's; and produced his certificate, which, for its singularity, I transcribed. I advised him to go to Mr. *Pope*; who, on seeing the Dean's hand-writing, which he well knew, told the man, "If he could produce any credible person, who could attest that he was the servant the Dean meant, he would hire him." On this occasion he applied to me; and I gave him a letter to Mr. *Pope*, assuring him, that I knew the man to have been footman to the Dean. Upon this, Mr. *Pope* took him into his service; in which he continued till the death of his master."

T H E

DRAPIER'S LETTER*

T O

THE GOOD PEOPLE OF IRELAND, 1745.

My dear Countrymen,

IT is now some considerable time since I troubled you with my advice; and, as I am growing old and infirm, I was in good hopes to have been quietly laid in my grave, before any occasion offered of ad-

* It is very manifest that this letter was not written by the Dean; but, as it was at the time intended to be considered as his, and on that supposition had actually a good effect, it is here preserved as a curiosity. The reader may see its history in the following extract from *Dr. Maty's Memoirs of Lord Chesterfield*. "Dean *Swift* was still alive, when lord *Chesterfield* arrived*; but reduced to a state of total dotage and insensibility, which one month after ended in his death. This short interval was laid hold of, to publish under his name a new letter of a "*Drapier* to the good people of *Ireland*, and particularly to the poor Papists. It was so much in the Dean's style, and was so greedily received, that it went through a variety of editions in a month's time. Indeed the many strokes of wit and humour that it contained, would induce me to suspect that his lordship had some share in it."

* In *Ireland*, in the character of lord lieutenant.

dressing

dressing you again: but my affection for you, which does not decay, though my poor body does, obligeth me once more to put you in mind of your true interest, that you may not unwarily run yourselves into danger and distress for want of understanding, or seriously considering it.

I have many reasons to believe, that there are not few among you, who secretly rejoice at the rebellion which is now raised in *Scotland*; and perhaps conceive hopes of some alteration for the better, in their circumstances and condition, if it should succeed. It is those mistaken people whom I design to talk to in this letter, and I desire no more of them than to give me a fair hearing; examining coolly with themselves, whether what I shall say be true.

It is no objection to my speaking to them, that they are generally Papists. I do not know how other people are disposed; but, for my part, I hate no man for his religion; I look upon a Papist as my countryman and neighbour, though I happened myself to be a Protestant. And, if I know what advice is good for him, I can see no reason why I should not give it him, or why he should not take it.

A Papist has sense, I suppose, like other men, to see his interest and advantage; and the same natural desire to embrace it, where he finds it; and, if I can shew him where it lies, he will not, I believe, kick it from him, barely to spite me as a Protestant.

I have nothing to say to the Popish gentry of this kingdom. They would hardly take such a plain man's advice; and, besides, they have so many ways of coming-off safe themselves, though the poor people were undone, that I need not be concerned for them.

My care is for the common people, the Labourers, Farmers, Artificers, and Tradesmen, of this nation; who are in danger of being deluded by their betters, and made tools of to serve their purposes, without any advantage to themselves. It is possible, that, among
the

the Lords and Squires, one perhaps of a hundred would get something by a change: places and employments will be promised them, no doubt; and a few of those promises, perhaps, the *French* and *Scotch* friends of the Pretender might give him leave to keep. But what are the poorer sort the better all this while? Will the Labourer get one farthing a day more? Will the Farmer's rent be lowered? Will the Artificer be more employed, or better paid? Will the Tradesman get more customers, or have fewer scores upon his books?

I have been bred in a careful way of life; and never ventured upon any project, without consulting my pillow first how much I should be a gainer in the upshot. I wish my good Countrymen would do so too; and, before they grow fond of change, ask themselves this sober question, Whether it would better their condition if it were really brought-about? If it would not, to what purpose do we wish it? If the poor Labourer, when all is over, is to be a Labourer still, and earn his groat a day as hardly as he did before; I cannot find why he should think it worth his while to venture a leg or an arm, and the gallows too into the bargain, to be just where he set out. If he must dig and delve when the Pretender is settled on the throne, he had as good stick to it now, for any difference I can see.

I believe my Countrymen are not so mad as to imagine that the Pretender can, or will, give every one of them estates; and I am sure, if he does not, they can be only where they were. If a Farmer must pay his rent, I see no reason that he should be much concerned whether he pays it to one man or to another. His Popish landlord will, I suppose, demand it as soon and as strictly as a Protestant; and, if he does not pay it, pound his cattle, or distrain his goods, as readily, at least.

I have

I have not observed that tenants to Popish landlords wear tighter cloaths, ride better cattle, or spend more money at markets and fairs, than the tenants on Protestant estates; therefore I cannot believe they are better used: on the contrary, I know, from long experience, that there is more money taken in my shop from the latter than the former; and therefore I suppose that, generally speaking, they are in better circumstances. I could wish all of them had better bargains; but, since they will not be mended by the best success that their own hearts could wish to the Pretender, they may as well be quiet, and make the best of such as they have already.

There is not a more foolish trade than fighting for nothing; and I hope my good countrymen will be too wise to be persuaded into it. Fine speeches and fair promises will not be wanting, to delude them; but let them remember the warning I now give them, that, when all is over, the very best that can befall them is, to have their labour for their pains.

I doubt not but you are told, "that you will all be made;" and I do not expect that you should take my word to the contrary. I desire only, that you would trust the understanding God has given you, and not be fooled out of your senses. Will the Manufacturer be made, by an entire stop to business? or the Tradesman, by being obliged to shut up shop? And yet you all must know, that, in a civil war, no work can be carried-on, nor any trade go forwards. I hope you are not yet so stupid as to think, that people will build houses, buy rich furniture, or make up fine cloaths, when we are all together by the ears, and nobody can tell to whose share they will fall at last. And if there be no buyers, you can have no employers. Merchants will not stock themselves with goods when there is no demand for them, to have their shops rifled, and their store-houses

houses broken open and plundered, by one side or the other.

Indeed, my good Friends and Countrymen, let designing people say what they please, you will all be ruined in the struggle, let it end which way it will; and it well deserves your thoughts, whether it is worth your while to beggar yourselves and families, that the man's name upon the throne may be *James* instead of *George*. You will probably see neither of them while you live, nor be one penny the richer for the one or for the other; and, if you take my advice, you will accordingly not trouble your heads about them.

You may think it a fine thing, when you get drunk over your ale, to throw up your caps, and cry, "Long live King *James*;" but it would be a wiser thing, to think how you will live yourselves, after you are beggared in his cause. Will he make good your losses? pay one man for the plundering of his warehouse, and another for the rifling of his shop? Will he give you money, think ye, to release your own and your wives' cloaths, which you must pawn for bread, because no work is stirring? Will he buy new looms and tackles for you, because yours have been burnt and destroyed? If you fancy so, you are strangely imposed upon indeed. He will have other things to do with his money; or, if he had any to spare, there will be hungry *Frenchmen* enough about him to snap it up before it comes to you.

I will not say any thing to you about the dangers you must run in the course of a civil war, though they are very dreadful, and more horrid than you can possibly imagine, because I cannot think that there is any need of it. I have shewn you very plainly, that, if you should be deluded to take arms,
you

THE DRAPIER'S LETTER. 161

you fight for less than nothing, for the undoing of yourselves and families; and if this argument will not prevail upon you to be quiet, I can only pray for you, that God will be pleased to restore you to the right use of your understandings.

I am,

Your old and faithful Friend,

P O E M S

BY

D R. S W I F T,

AND

H I S F R I E N D S.

M 2

A TRIP

A TRIP TO DUNKIRK;

Or,

A Hue-and-Cry after the pretended Prince of *Wales*.Being a Panegyrick on the Descent^a.

WHY, hark ye me, Sirs—if this rumour holds true,
 We are like here, egad, to have somewhat to do:
 The *French*, as they say, (he'll believe it that sees it)
 Are coming, gadsookers! to pay us a visit;
 With such a vast fleet—(Lord have mercy upon 's,
 And keep us from popery, swords, and great guns!)
 That, as I'm alive—though I ne'er was afraid yet,
 It almost had frighten'd me—first when I heard it.
 Nay, more than all this, it is certainly said
 There's a little *Welsh monarch* to come at their head;
 And he (shame the Devil, and let us speak truth)
 Ye know in your hearts, is a very smart youth;
 And doubtless will prove, when he's pleas'd to bestir him,
 As valiant as e'er was his father before him,
 Who, bent on some great expedition in view,
 Now glitters in arms with an equipage too;
 Which, positively, you may swear is all new. }
 For, as I have heard (if some people speak right)
 He ne'er march'd before—unless 't were to sh—te:
 But now, at the head of ten thousand brave fellows
 (That is, as accounts thence are pleas'd for to tell us),
 He's going on some strange adventure or other }
 (Perhaps 'tis to seek out his father or mother),
 In *Ireland*, or *Scotland*, or some land or another;
 I can't tell you where, but to some place no doubt,
 Which you'll hear time enough, if he e'er does set out,
 With an army of *French*, Popish bridles and knives,
 To cut all our throats, and to ride all our wives:

^a First printed in 1708; and re-printed in the "Harleian Miscellany," vol. I. p. 205.

Then stand to your arms, all good people, I'd wish you,
 Ye loyal train'd-bands, and ye valiant militia;
 Brush up your buff doublets, and *Scotch* basket-hilt,
 (By which, to your honour, no blood was e'er spilt);
 The nation will now your assistance want fore,
 Which, as I remember, they ne'er had before,
 Nor will———

I hope in kind heaven, e'er want any more:
 Although, for your zeal it is not to be question'd,
 You've always been ready, when aught has occasion'd:
 At every rejoicing you've made a fine show
 (And that is one part of a soldier, we know);
 Been drunk, and done all that became you to do.
 And as for your valour, we cannot deny it,
 It is known you can fight—though you'd rather be quiet.
 Nor has the *French* threats, or their menaces, scar'd us,
 Because we knew well we'd a hero to guard us.
 Then, since they're so hot on't, 'gad, e'en let them come,
 I'll warrant they'll be maul'd—though I don't say by
 whom:

We've rods here in pifs that will firk off their tails,
 For all their brave alls—and their monarch of *Wales*.
 Adsheart! the young hero had best take a care,
 That he ben't in conclusion drawn into a snare;
 For, as it is said, his old godfire intends
 (Or at least would be glad as the matter now stands)
 To get shut of him handsomely off of his hands;
 And therefore e'en tells him in words very plain,
 "That he hopes (which is true) ne'er to see him again."
 So, e'en sink or swim, fleet, forces, and all,
 He'll venture this cast, though it cost him a fall.

To *Ireland* some think this *Welsh* hero is bound,
 But that this is a jest, one may venture five pound;
 For there's an old debt still on *Lewis's* score:
 He was bit in assisting his father before;
 And therefore he'll hardly come there any more.

No, *Scotland's* the place, they say, he's design'd to,
 Where 'tis thought——
 He 'as a great many friends—which, perhaps, he'll scarce
 find so.

But let him take care what may follow hereafter,
 If he trust to the *Scots*, he may chance catch a *Tartar*:

And, if he should fall in our clutches, ye know,
 He'd be damnably mump'd, I can tell him but so.
 Were I in his case, I'd not trust my own brother:
 They sold us one king; should they sell us another?
 For our *Jacks* here at home—as brave fellows as may be,
 They prick up their ears at the news on't already;
 And, out of their zeal, they expect him at least
 To be here, *French* and all, when the wind's next at East:
 But some are more cautious, and question it much,
 And doubt the invasion's design'd on the *Dutch*;
 For the noise of his landing, they swear, 'tis a bite all,
 They'll trust to't no more—till they see him at *White-hall*.
 But this is but talk all, and so let it rest,
 Some are still of opinion 'twill all prove a jest:
 This hero at *Dunkirk* will make his campaign,
 And so gallop back to *St. Germain's* again.

The Famous Speech-maker of *England*, or
 Baron (alias Barren) *Lovel's* Charge, at the
 Affizes at *Exon*, April 5, 1710^b.

—*Risum teneatis?*—

FROM London to Exon,
 By special direction,
 Came down the world's wonder;
 Salathiel Blunder;
 With a quoif on his head
 As heavy as lead,
 And thus open'd and said:

}

^b The Charge itself, together with the Poetical Paraphrase, is preserved in "The Entertainer," a monthly publication in 1745, N^o I. p. 55. It was printed, in 8vo. under the title of "Mr. Baron *Lovel's* Charge to the Grand Jury for the County of *Devon*, the 5th of April, 1710, at the Castle of *Exon*, 1710," 8vo.—Sir *Salathiel Lovel*, who had been recorder of London till 1708, died May 3, 1713.

Gentlemen of the Grand Inquest,

HER Majesty, mark it,
 Appointed this circuit,
 For me and my brother,
 Before any other;
 'To execute laws,
 As you may suppose,
 Upon such as offenders have been :
 So then, not to scatter
 More words on the matter,
 We're beginning just now to begin.
 But hold—first and foremost I must enter a clause,
 As touching and concerning our excellent laws;
 Which, here I aver,
 Are far better by far
 Than them all put together abroad and beyond sea :
 For I ne'er read the like, nor e'er shall, I fancy.
 The laws of our land
 Don't abet, but withstand,
 Inquisition and thrall,
 And whate'er may gall
 And fire withal—
 And sword that devours
 Wherever it scowers.
 They preserve liberty and property, for which men pull
 and hale so,
 And they are made for the support of good government
 also.
 Her Majesty, knowing
 The best way of going
 To work for the weal of the nation,
 Builds on that rock,
 Which all storms will mock,
 Since Religion is made the foundation.
 And, I tell you to boot, she
 Resolves absolutely,
 No promotion to give
 To the best man alive,
 In church or in state
 (I'm an instance of that),

But

But only to such of a good reputation
For temper, morality, and moderation.

Fire! fire! a wild-fire,
Which greatly disturbs the peace,
Lies running about; and, if you don't put it out,
(That's positive) will increase:
And any may see,
With half of an eye,
That it comes from our Priests and Papistical fry.
Ye have one of these fellows,
With fiery bellows,
Come hither to blow and to puff here;
Who having been tofs'd
From pillar to post,

At last vents his rascally stuff here:
Which to such as are honest must sound very oddly,
When they ought to preach nothing but what's very
godly;

As here from this place we charge you to do,
As ye'll answer to man, besides ye know who.

Ye have a Diocesan —
But I don't know the man —
They tell me however,
The man's a good liver,
And fiery never!
Now, ye under-pullers,
That wear such black colours,
How well would it look,
If his measures ye took!
Thus for head and for rump
Together to jump;
For there's none deserve places,
I speak 't to their faces,
But men of such graces;

And I hope he will never prefer any asses:

* Dr. *Offspring Blackall*, born in 1654, was made bishop of *Exeter* in 1707, and died in 1716. He preached a course of sermons at *Boyle's* lectures in 1700, which were published that year. He was then D. D. rector of *St. Mary, Aldermary*, and king's chaplain. He published a volume of *Sermons* in 8vo, 1707; reprinted, with his other works, in 2 vols. folio, 1723. Dr. *Felton* observes, "that Bp. *Fleetwood's* softness and Bp. *Blackall's* plainness are their characteristics: excellent Writers both!

Espe.

Especially when I'm so confident on't,
For reasons of state, that her Majesty won't.

Know, I myself I
Was present and by

At the great trial, where there was a great company,
Of a turbulent preacher, who, curfedly hot,
Turn'd the fifth of *November*, even the gun-powder plot!
Into impudent railing, and the Devil knows what.
Exclaiming like fury—it was at *Paul's, London*—
How church was in danger, and like to be undone,
And so gave the lye to the gracious *Queen Anne*;
And, which is far worse, to our parliament-men:

And then printed a book,
Into which men did look.
True, he made a good text;
But what follow'd next

Was nought but a dunghill of sordid abuses,
Instead of sound doctrine, with proofs to't, and uses.

It was high time of day,
That such inflamma-

tion should be extinguish'd without more delay:
But there was no engine could possibly do't,
Till the Commons play'd theirs, and so quite put it out.

So the man was tried for't
Before highest court;
Now it's plain to be seen,
It's his principles I mean,

Where they suffer'd this Noisy and his lawyers to bellow:

Which over, the blade
A poor punishment had
For that racket he made.
By which ye may know
They thought as I do,

That he is but at best an inconsiderable fellow.

Upon this I find here,
And every where,

That the country rides rusty, and is all out of gear.

And for what,
May I not
In opinion vary,
And think the contrary,
But it must create
Unfriendly debate,
And disunion straight;

When

When no reason in nature
 Can be given of the matter,
 Any more than for shapes or for different stature? }
 If you love your dear selves, your Religion, or Queen,
 Ye ought in good-manners to be peaceable men :
 For nothing disgusts her
 Like making a bluster;
 And your making this riot,
 Is what she could cry at, }
 Since all her concern's for our welfare and quiet.
 I would ask any man
 Of them all that maintain
 Their *Passive Obedience*
 With such mighty vehemence,
 That damn'd doctrine, I trow ! }
 What he means by it, ho',
 To trump it up now ?
 Or to tell me, in short,
 What need there is fort 't ?
 Ye may say I am hot ; }
 I say I am not,
 Only warm as the subject on which I am got. }
 There are those alive yet,
 If they do not forget, }
 May remember what mischiefs it did church and state;
 Or at least must have heard
 The deplorable calamities
 It drew upon families,
 About sixty years ago, and upward.
 And now, do ye see,
 Whoever they be,
 That make such an oration
 In our Protestant nation,
 As though Church was all on a fire,
 With whatever cloak
 They may cover their talk,
 And wheedle the folk,
 That the oaths they have took,
 As our Governors strictly require.
 I say they are men—and I'm a Judge ye all know— }
 That would our most excellent laws overthrow;
 For the greater part of them to church never go. }
 Or,

Or, what's much the same, it by very great chance is
If e'er they partake of her wise ordinances.

 Their aim is, no doubt,
 Were they made to speak out,
To pluck down the Queen, that they make all this rout. }
 And to set up moreover
 A bastardly brother ;

Or at least to prevent the House of *Hanover*.

 Ye Gentlemen of the Jury,
 What means all this fury,
 Of which I'm inform'd by good hands, I assure you;
This insulting of persons by blows and rude speeches,
And breaking of windows, which, you know, maketh
 breaches ?

 Ye ought to resent it,
 And in duty present it,
 For the law is against it :
Not only the actors engag'd in this jobb,
But those that encourage and set on the mob.
The mob, a paw word, and which I ne'er mention,
But must in this place for the sake of distinction.
I hear that some bailiffs and some justices,
Have strove what they could all this rage to suppress :

 And I hope many more
 Will exert the like power,
 Since none will, depend on't,
 Get a jot of preferment,
But men of this kidney, as I told you before.
I'll tell you a story—Once upon a time
Some hot-headed fellows must needs take a whim,
 And so were so weak—
 'Twas a mighty mistake—
 To pull down and abuse,
 Bawdy-houses and stews ;

Who, tried by the laws of the realm for high-treason,
Were hang'd, drawn, and quarter'd, for that very reason.
 When the time came about
 For us all to set out,
We went to take leave of the Queen ;
 Where were great men of worth,
 Great heads, and so forth,
The greatest that ever were seen :

And

And she gave us a large
 And particular charge—
 Good part on't indeed
 Is quite out of my head—
 But I remember she said,

We should recommend peace and good neighbourhood
 where-

soever we came; and so I do here;
 For that every one, not only men and their wives,
 Should do all that they can to lead peaceable lives;
 And told us withal, that she fully expected
 A special account how ye all stood affected;
 And one of these days, either sooner or later,
 When we've been at St. *James's*, you'll hear of the
 matter.

Again then I charge you,
 Ye Men of the Clergy,
 That ye follow the track all
 Of your own Bishop *Black-all*,
 And preach, as ye should,
 What's savoury and good;
 And together all cling,
 As it were in a string:

Not falling out about quareling one with another,
 Now we're treating with Monsieur—that Son of his
 Mother.

*Then proceeded on the common matters of the Law; and
 concluded,*

Once more, and no more, since few words are best,
 I charge you all present, by way of request,

If ye honour as I do,
 Our dear Royal Widow,
 Or have any compassion
 For church or the nation;
 And would live a long while
 In continual smile,
 And eat roast and boil,
 And not be forgotten,

}

When ye are dead and rotten;
 That ye would be quiet and peaceably dwell,
 And never fall out, but pifs all in a quill.

HORACE,

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE I. PARAPHRASED^d.

Addressed to RICHARD STEELE, Esq. 1714.

"En qui promittit cives, urbem sibi curæ,
 "Imperium fore, & Italiam, & delubra deorum."

HOR. 1 Sat. vi. 34.

DICK, thou 't resolv'd, as I am told,
 Some strange *arcana* to unfold,
 And, with the help of *Bulkeley's* * pen,
 To vamp the good *old cause* again,
 Which thou (such *Burnet's* shrewd advice is) 5
 Must furbish up, and nickname *Crisis* f.
 Thou pompously wilt let us know
 What all the world knew long ago,
 (E'er since Sir *William Gore* was mayor g,
 And *Harley* fill'd the Commons' chair) 10
 That we a *German* Prince must own
 When *Anne* for heaven resigns her throne.
 But, more than that, thou 'lt keep a rout
 With—who is *in*—and who is *out*,

(1) *Motum ex Metello consule Civicum.*

^d This Ode is not given positively as *Swift's*; yet, from the similitude of some parts of it to "The Importance of the Guardian considered," it is very likely to be his; its merit is a sufficient excuse for our having preserved it in this collection. A translation and paraphrase of the motto, and some of the following lines of *Horace*, are printed in vol. XIV. p. 250.

* *Samuel Bulkeley*, the person who printed and published "The Crisis." He is represented in "The Tatler," N^o 18, in his character of a News-writer, as a literary *Drawcansir*, "who spares neither friend nor foe, but usually kills as many of his own side as the enemy's." He was the Editor of a fine edition of *Thuanus*; and died Sept. 8, 1741.

f Mr. *Steele*, *Swift* says, "either affects, or is commanded, of late, to copy after the bishop of *Sarum*." See vol. IX. p. 11.

g Sir *William* served that office in 1702.

Thou 'lt

Thou 'lt rail devoutly at the *peace*,
 And all its secret *causes* trace,
 The *bucket-play* 'twixt Whigs and Tories,
 Their ups and downs, with fifty stories
 Of *tricks* the Lord of *Oxford* knows,
 And *errors* of our *Plenipoes*.
 Thou 'lt tell of *leagues* among the great
 Portending ruin to our state,
 And of that dreadful *coup d'eclat*^h,
 Which has afforded thee much chat;
 The *Queen* (*forsooth, despotic*) gave
 Twelve *coronets*, without *thy* leave!
 A breach of liberty, 'tis own'd,
 For which no heads have *yet* aton'd!
 Believe me, what thou 'lt undertaken
 May bring in jeopardy thy bacon;
 For madmen, children, wits, and fools,
 Should never meddle with edg'd tools.
 But, since thou 'rt got into the fire,
 And canst not easily retire,
 Thou must no longer deal in *farce*,
 Nor pump to cobble wicked verse;

(15) *Bellicue causas & vitia & modos*

(17) *Ludumque fortunæ,—*

————(21) *gravesque*

Principum amicitias,

————(25) *Et arma*

Nondum expiatis uncta cruoribus.

(29) *Periculosa plenum opus aleæ*

Tractas & incedis per ignes

Suppositos cineri doloso.

(36) *Paulum severa musa tragædiæ*

Desit Theatris,—

^h Alluding to the 36th number of "The Englishman;" which, under colour of vindicating the duke of *Marlborough* from the charge of "making a *coup d'eclat* for placing himself at "the head of a Stratocracy," (or governing by an army,) as alleged against him by The Examiner of Dec. 21, 1713, contains a laboured panegyric on that illustrious general, and an artful compliment on the *ingenuity* and *modesty* of Mr. Steele.

Until thou shalt have eas'd thy conscience,
Of spleen, of politicks, and nonsense,
And, when thou 'st bid adieu to cares,
And settled *Europe's grand* affairs,
'Twill then, perhaps, be worth thy while
For *Drury-Lane* to shape thy style :

" To make a pair of jolly fellows,
" The son and father, join to tells us,
" How sons may safely disobey,
" And fathers never should say nay ;
" By which wise conduct they grow friends
" At last—and so the story endsⁱ."

When first I knew thee, *Dick* ^k, thou wert,
Renown'd for skill in *Faustus'* art,
Which made thy closet much frequented
By buxom lasses—Some repented
Their luckless choice of husbands—others,
Impatient to be like their mothers,
Receiv'd from thee profound directions
How best to settle their affections ;
Thus thou, a friend to the distress'd,
Didst in thy calling do thy best.

But now the Senate (if things *hit*,
And thou at *Stockbridge* wert not *bit*)
Must feel thy eloquence and fire,
Approve thy schemes, thy wit admire,
Thee with *immortal honours* crown,
Whilst, *Patriot-like*, thou'lt strut and frown.

—(39) *Mox ubi publicas*
Res ordinariis, grande munus
Cecropio repetes Cothurno
(57) *Insigne mæstis præsidium reis,*
(60) *Et consulenti, Pollio, Curia,*
(63) *Cui laurus æternos honores*
Dalmatico peperit triumpho.

ⁱ This is said to be the plot of a comedy with which Mr. *Steele* has long threatened the town. SWIFT.—In some particulars it would apply to "The Conscious Lovers."

^k There were some reasons for this reflection. Mr. *Steele* had actually a laboratory at *Poplar*. See vol. XXV. p. 111. "I am an adept in astrological speculations." *Tatler*, N^o 2 ; and see N^o 124.

What

What though by enemies 'tis said,
The *laurel*, which adorns thy head,
Must one day come in competition,
By virtue of some fly *petition* :
Yet *mum* for that; hope still the best,
Nor let such cares disturb thy rest.

63

Methinks I hear thee loud as trumpet,
As bagpipe shrill, or oyster-strumpet,
Methinks I see thee, spruce and fine,
With coat embroider'd richly shine,
And dazzle all the *idol-faces*

70

As through the *hall* thy worship paces
(Though this I speak but at a venture,
Supposing thou hast *tick* with *Hunter*) ;
Methinks I see a *black-guard rout*

75

Attend thy coach, and hear them shout
In approbation of thy tongue,
Which (in their style) is *purely hung*,
Now, now you carry all before you,
Nor dares one *Jacobite* or *Tory*
Pretend to answer one syl—lable,

80

Except the matchless hero *Abel* :
What though her *highness* and her *spouse*
In *Antwerp*¹ keep a frugal house ;
Yet, not forgetful of a friend,
They'll soon enable thee to spend,

85

90

(71) *Jam nunc minaci murmure cornuum*
Perstringis aures, jam litui strepunt,

(73) *Jam fulgor armorum——*
Terret——equitumque vultus

(79) *Audire magnos jam videor duces*
Non indecoro pulvere Sordidos,

(84) *Et cuncta terrarum subacta*
Præter atrocem animum Catonis.

(87) *Juno & deorum quisquis amicior*
Atris —————

¹ The duke and duchess of *Marlborough* then resided there.

If to *Maccartney* thou wilt toast,
 And to his *pious patron's* ghost^m,
 Now manfully thou 'lt run a tilt
 " On *popes*, for all the blood they 've spilt,
 " For massacres, and racks, and flames,
 " For lands enrich'd by crimson streams,
 " For inquisitions taught by *Spain*,
 " Of which the Christian world complain."

95

Dick, we agree — all's true thou 'st said,
 As that my Muse is yet a maid;
 But, if I may with freedom talk,
 All this is foreign to thy walk:
 Thy *genius* has perhaps a knack
 At trudging in a beaten track,
 But is for *state-affairs* as fit
 As mine for politicks and wit.
 Then let us both in time grow wise,
 Nor higher than our talents rise,
 To some snug cellar let's repair
 From duns and debts, and drown our care;
 Now quaff of honest ale a quart,
 Now venture at a pint of port,
 With which inspir'd we'll club each night
 Some tender sonnet to indite,

100

105

110

(92) — *Victorum nepotes*
Rettulit inferias Jugurthæ.

(93) *Qui non Latino sanguine pinguior*
Campus? &c.

— *Quæ flumina lugubris*
Ignara belli?

Quæ caret ora cruore nostro?

(101) *Sed ne relictis Musa procax Jocis, &c.*

(109) *Mecum Dionæo sub antro,*

(113) *Quære modos leviori plectro.*

* Lord Mobun. See an account of this tragic event, in the *Journal to Stella*, Nov. 15, 1712. General *Maccartney* was tried, at the king's bench bar, for the murder of duke *Hamilton*, June 13, 1716; and the jury found him guilty of manslaughter.

And

DENNIS'S INVITATION TO STEELE. 179

And with Tom D'Urfey, Philipsⁿ, Dennis,
Immortalize our Dolls and Jenneys.

HORACE, BOOK I. EP. V.°

John Dennis^p the sheltering Poet's Invitation to Richard Steele, the secluded Party-writer, and Member; to come and live with him in *The Mint*. 1714. Fit to bound up with *The Criffs*.

IF thou canst lay aside a spendthrift's air,
And condescend to feed on homely fare;

Ver. 1. *Si potes Archaicis convivâ recumbere lectis,
Nec modicâ cœnare times olus omne patella.*

ⁿ Ambrose Philips, descended from an ancient family in Leicestershire, was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge. On his coming to London, he soon ranked among the wits at Button's. The great reputation he gained by his Pastorals was the occasion of Mr. Pope's writing the 40th number of the Guardian, on the merits of Philips and himself; where he represented himself as the best Versifier, and Philips as the better Arcadian. The enemies of Pope exulted, to see him placed below Philips in a species of poetry upon which he was supposed to value himself; but were much mortified to find that Pope himself was the real author of that paper, and that the whole criticism was irony. On the accession of king George I, he was made a justice of the peace, and a commissioner of the lottery; and when Doctor Boulter was advanced to the primacy, Mr. Philips went to Ireland with him, where he had considerable preferments, and represented the county of Armagh in parliament. Purchasing, some time after, an annuity of 400*l.* he returned to England in 1748; but did not live long to enjoy it. He was author of "The Life of Archbishop Williams;" was concerned with Dr. Boulter and others in "The Free thinker;" and wrote three Tragedies, "The Distressed Mother," 1711; "The Briton," 1721; and "Humphrey duke of Gloucester," the same year. But his greatest reputation is owing to a beautiful winter piece of his in The Tatler, dated Copenhagen, May 9, 1709; which Steele calls "as fine a piece as we ever had from any of the schools of the most learned painters."

^o This, and the Ode printed above, p. 174, have been collated with copies of the first editions in the Lambeth Library, K. 1, 2. 29, 30. 4to.

180 DENNIS'S INVITATION TO STEELE.

Such as we Minters, with ragouts unstor'd,
 Will, in defiance of the law, afford :
 Quit thy patrols with *Toby's* Christmas-box,
 And come to me at *The Two Fighting Cocks*;
 Since printing by subscription now is grown
 The stalest, idlest cheat about the town;
 And ev'n *Charles Gildon*, who, a Papist bred,
 Has an *alarm* against that worship spread,
 Is practising those beaten paths of cruising,
 And for new levies on Proposals musing.
 'Tis true, that *Bloomsbury-square*'s a noble place;
 But what are lofty buildings in thy case?
 What's a fine house embellish'd to profusion,
 Where shoulder-dabbers are in *execution*?
 Or whence its timorous tenant seldom fallies,
 But apprehensive of insulting bailiffs?
 This once be mindful of a friend's advice,
 And cease to be improvidently nice;
 Exchange the prospects that delude thy sight,
 From *Highgate's* steep ascent and *Hampstead's* height,

P *John Dennis*, born in 1657, was admitted of *Caius College*, *Cambridge*, in 1675, where he took a bachelor's degree; and afterwards travelling through *France* and *Italy*, set up at his return for a wit and a fine gentleman. He was author of several poems, particularly of two on the battles of *Blenheim* and *Ramillies*; for the first of which, he had a present of an hundred pounds from the duke of *Marlborough*; and soon after a linecure in the customs, of about an hundred and twenty pounds a year. His favourite tragedy, "*Liberty asserted*," came out in 1704; in which there were so many severe strokes upon the *French* nation, that, thinking they could never be forgiven, he is said to have waited on his patron the duke of *Marlborough*, when the congress was held at *Utrecht*, to desire "that no article might be stipulated for giving him up to *France*." He published a tragedy called "*Appius*" and "*Virginia*," in 1709, which met with no success; and for which he invented a new kind of thunder. He wrote against Mr. *Pope's* "*Essay on Criticism*" in 1712; and against Mr. *Addison's* "*Cato*" in 1713; which occasioned the Narrative of his Frenzy, in the Fifth Volume of *Swift's Works*; and laid the foundation of that quarrel which induced Mr. *Pope* to write the *Dunciad*. He wrote many other pieces; in all which he shew'd that he had better talents for judging of the performances of others, than for producing any thing of himself. He died in 1733.

With

DENNIS'S INVITATION TO STEELE. 181

With verdant scenes, that, from *St. George's Field*,
More durable and safe enjoyments yield.

Here I, ev'n I, that ne'er till now could find 25

Ease to my troubled and suspicious mind,
But ever was with jealousies possess'd,

Am in a state of indolence and rest;

Fearful no more of *Frenchmen* in disguise,

Nor looking upon strangers as on spies, 30

But, quite divested of my former spleen,

Am unprovok'd without, and calm within :

And here I'll wait thy coming, till the sun

Shall its diurnal course compleatly run.

Think not that thou of sturdy bub shalt fail, 35

My landlord's cellar 's stock'd with beer and ale,

With ev'ry sort of malt that is in use,

And every county's generous produce.

The *ready* (for here Christian faith is sick,

Which makes us seldom trespass upon tick) 40

Instantly brings the choicest liquors out,

Whether we ask for home-brew'd or for stout,

For mead or cyder, or, with dainties fed,

Ring for a flask or two of white or red,

Such as the drawer will not fail to swear 45

Was drunk by *Pilkington*⁹ when third time mayor.

That name, methinks, so popularly known

For opposition to the church and crown,

Might make the *Lusitanian* grape to pass,

And almost give a sanction to the glass; 50

Especially with thee, whose hasty zeal

Against the late rejected *commerce-bill*,

Made thee *rise up*, like an audacious elf,

To do the Speaker honour, not thyself.

But, if thou soar'st above the common prices, 55

By virtue of subscriptions to thy *Crisis*,

And nothing can go down with thee, but wines

Press'd from *Burgundian* and *Campanian* vines,

(33) *Supremo te sole domi, Torquate, manebo.*

(55) *Sin melius quid habes —*

⁹ Sir Thomas Pilkington was lord mayor of London, in 1689, 1690, and 1691.

182 DENNIS'S INVITATION TO STEELE.

Bid them be brought; for, though I hate the *French*,
I love their liquors, as thou lov'st a wench;
Else thou must humble thy expensive taste,
And, with us, hold contentment for a feast. 60

The fire's already lighted; and the maid
Has a clean cloth upon the table laid;
Who never on a *Saturday* had struck,
But for thy entertainment, up a buck. 65
Think of this *act of grace*, which by your leave
Susan would not have done on *Easter eve*,
Had she not been inform'd over and over,
'Twas for th' ingenious Author of *The Lover*. 70

Cease therefore to beguile thyself with hopes,
Which is no more than making sandy-ropes;
And quit the vain pursuit of loud applause,
That must bewilder thee in faction's cause.
Pr'ythee, what is 't to thee who guides the state?
Why *Dunkirk's* demolition is so late? 75
Or why her majesty thinks fit to cease
The din of war, and hush the world to peace?
The clergy too, without thy aid, can tell
What text to chuse, and on what topicks dwell; 80
And, uninstructed by thy babbling, teach
Their flocks celestial happiness to reach.
Rather let such poor souls as you and I
Joy that the holidays are drawing nigh,
And that to-morrow's sun begins the week, 85
Which will abound with store of ale and cake,
With hams of bacon, and with powder'd beef,
Stuff'd, to give field-itinerants relief.

Then I, who have within these precincts kept,
And ne'er beyond the chimney-sweeper's step, 90

(59) — *arcesse* —

(61) — *vel imperium fer.*

(63) *Jamdudum splendet focus & tibi munda supellex.*

(71) *Mitte leves spes, & certamina divitiarum,
Et Moschi causam* —

(85) — *Cras nato Cesare festus
Dat veniam somnumque dies, impune licebit
Æstivam sermone benigno tendere noctem.*

Will

DENNIS'S INVITATION TO STEELE. 183

Will take a loose, and venture to be seen,
 Since 'twill be *Sunday*, upon *Shanks's* green ;
 There, with erected looks and phrase sublime,
 To talk of unity of place and time,
 And, with much malice, mix'd with little satire, 95
 Explode the wits on t'other side o'th' water.
 Whv has my lord *Godolphin's* special grace
 Invested me with a queen's-waiter's place ;
 If I, debarr'd of festival delights,
 Am not allow'd to spend the perquisites ? 100
 He 's but a short remove from being mad,
 Who at a time of jubilee is sad,
 And, like a griping usurer, does spare
 His money, to be squander'd by his heir,
 Flutter'd away in liveries and in coaches, 105
 And washy sorts of feminine debauches.
 As for my part, whate'er the world may think,
 I'll bid adieu to gravity, and drink ;
 And, though I can't put off a woeful mien,
 Will be all mirth and chearfulness within : 110
 As, in despight of a censorious race,
 I most incontinently suck my face,
 What mighty projects does not he design,
 Whose stomach flows, and brain turns round with wine ?
 Wine, powerful wine, can thaw the frozen cit, 115
 And fashion him to humour and to wit ;
 Makes even S—— to disclose his art,
 By racking every secret from his heart,
 As he flings off the statesman's sly disguise,
 To name the cuckold's wife with whom he lies. 120
 Ev'n *Sarum*, when he quaffs it 'stead of tea,
 Fancies himself in *Canterbury's* see ;

(97) *Quo mihi fortunas, si non conceditur uti ?
 Parcus ob haredis curam, nimiumque severus
 Affidet insano. Potare, & spargere flores.
 Incipiam : patriarque vel inconsultus haberi.
 Quid non ebrietas designat ? operta recludit ;
 (121) Spes jubet esse ratas ; in praelia trudit iner-*
mem :

*Sollicitis animis onus eximit ; addocet artes.
 Fœcundi calices quem non fecere disertum ?
 Contracta quem non in paupertate solutum ?*

184 DENNIS'S INVITATION TO STEELE.

And S——, when he carousing reels,
 Imagines that he has regain'd the seals :
 W——, by virtue of its juice, can fight, 125
 And Stanhope of commissioners make light;
 Wine gives lord William aptitude of parts,
 And swells him with his family's deserts :
 Whom can it not make eloquent of speech ?
 Whom in extremest poverty not rich ? 130
 Since, by the means of the prevailing grape,
 Th—n can Lechmere's warmth not only ape,
 But, half-seas o'er, by its inspiring bounties,
 Can qualify himself in several counties !
 What I have promis'd, thou may'st rest assur'd, 135
 Shall faithfully and gladly be procur'd.
 Nay, I'm already better than my word;
 New plates and knives adorn the jovial board :
 And, lest thou at their sight shouldst make wry faces,
 The girl has scower'd the pots, and wash'd the glasses,
 Ta'en care so excellently well to clean 'em,
 That thou may'st see thine own dear picture in' em.
 Moreover, due provision has been made,
 That conversation may not be betray'd;
 I have no company but what is proper 145
 To fit with the most flagrant Whig at supper.
 There's not a man among them but must please,
 Since they're as like each other as are peas.
 Toland and Hare have jointly sent me word
 They'll come ; and Kennet thinks to make a third, 150
 Provided he's no other invitation
 From men of greater quality and station.

(135) *Hæc ego procurare & idoneus imperor, & non
 Invitus : ne turpe toral, ne sordida mappa
 Corruget nares ; ne non & cantharus & lanx
 Ostendat tibi te : ne fidos inter amicos
 Sit qui dicta foras eliminat — ;*

(148) — *ut coeat par,
 Jungaturque pari. Brutum tibi Septimiumque,
 Et nisi cæna prior potiôrque puella Sabinum
 Detinet, assumam, locus est & plurimus umbris :
 Sed nimis arcta premunt olidæ convivio capræ.
 Tu quotus esse velis, rescribe.*

Room

DENNIS'S INVITATION TO STEELE. 185

Room will for *Oldmixon* and *J—s* be left;
 But their discourses smell so much of theft,
 There would be no abiding in the room 155
 Should two such ignorant pretenders come.
 However, by this trusty bearer write,
 If I should any other scabs invite;
 Though, if I may my serious judgement give,
 I'm wholly for king *Charles's* number *five*; 160
 That was the stint on which that monarch fix'd,
 Who would not be with noisiness perplex'd;
 And that, if thou 'lt agree to think it best,
 Shall be our tale of heads, without one other guest.
 I've nothing more, now this is said, to say, 165
 But to request thou 'lt instantly away,
 And leave the duties of thy present post,
 To some well-skill'd retainer to a host;
 Doubtless he'll carefully thy place supply,
 And o'er his grace's horses have an eye. 170
 While thou, who 'st slunk through postern more than
 once,
 Dost by that means avoid a crowd of duns,
 And, crossing o'er *The Thames* at *Temple-stairs*,
 Leav'st *Philips* with good words to cheat their ears.

— et rebus omisſis
Atria ſerventem poſtico falle clientem.

THE

THE
SWAN TRIPE-CLUB IN DUBLIN^r.

A SATIRE on the High Flyers in 1705.

Dedicated to all those who are Friends to her present Majesty and her Government, to the Church of *England*, and the Succession as by Law established; and who gratefully acknowledge the Preservation of their Religion, Rights, and Liberties, due to the late King *William* of ever-glorious and immortal Memory.

Printed from the original *Dublin* Edition.

Difficile est Satyram non scribere.

“ Imaginary dangers they create,
“ And loath th’ elixir that preserv’d the state.”

GARTH’S *Dispensary*.

HOW this fantastic world is chang’d of late !
Sure some Full Moon has work’d upon the state !
Time was, when it was question’d much in story,
Which was the worst, the Devil or the Tory ?
But now, alas ! those happy times are o’er,
The ram; ant things are couchant now no more,
But trump up Tories, who were Whigs before †.

5 }

There

† Re-printed at *London* by Mr. *Tonson* in 1706, and by him ascribed to the Author of “ The Tale of a Tub.” The judicious Reader, we apprehend, will acknowledge it reflects no discredit to the Dean; though very possibly Mr. *Tonson* may have been mistaken. If not by Dr. *Swift*, it is likely to have been the production of Dr. *King*.

‡ The Letter from a Member of the House of Commons in *Ireland* to a Member of the House of Commons in *England*, concerning the Sacramental Test, in the *third* volume, will best explain

THE SWAN TRIPE-CLUB: A SATIRE. 187

There was a time when fair <i>Hibernia</i> lay	}
Dissolv'd in ease, and with a gentle sway	
Enjoy'd the blessings of a halcyon day.	
Pleas'd with the bliss their friendly union made,	10 }
Beneath her bending fig-tree's peaceful shade,	}
Careless and free her happy sons were laid.	
No feuds, no groundless jealousies, appear,	
To rouse their rage, or wake them into fear ;	15
With pity they beheld <i>Britannia's</i> state,	
Tost by the tempest of a stormy fate ;	
Wild Frenzy through her blasted borders past,	
Whilst noisy Faction drove the furious blast ;	
Calm and serene we heard the tempest roar,	20
And fearless view'd the danger from the shore.	
Thus blest, we slumber'd in a downy trance,	
Happy, like <i>Eden</i> , in mild ignorance ;	
Till Discord, like the wily serpent, found	
Th' unguarded path to the forbidden ground ;	25
Shew'd us the tree, the tempting tree, which stood	
The fairest, but most fatal, of the wood ;	
And where (as hanging on the golden bough)	
The glittering fruit look'd smiling to the view.	
" Taste, and be wise," the sly provoker said,	30
And see the platform of your ruin laid :	
Rouse from the dulness ye too long have shown,	
And view your Church's danger, and your own.	
Thus at superior wit we catch'd in haste,	
Which mock'd th' approach of our deluded taste.	35
And now——	
Imaginary schemes we seem to spy,	
And search for dangers with a curious eye ;	
From thought to thought we roll, and rack our sense,	
To obviate mischiefs in the future tense ;	40
Strange plots in <i>embryo</i> from the Lords we fear,	
And dream of mighty ills, the Lords knows where !	
Wretchedly wise, we curse our present store,	
But bless the witless age we knew before.	

plain Dr. *Swift's* real opinion of the terms *Whig* and *Tory*, as used in several of his writings. He there delineates satisfactorily his own political principles, from which, we are assured, he never swerved throughout his own life. See Mr. *Deane Swift's* Essay, p. 130.

Near

188 THE SWAN TRIPE-CLUB: A SATIRE.

Near that fam'd place ^t where slender wights resort, 45
 And gay *Pulvilio* keeps his scented court;
 Where *exil'd* wit ne'er shews its hated face,
 But happier Nonsense fills the thoughtless place;
 Where *sucking* beaux, our *future hopes*, are bred, 50 }
 The *sharping* Gamester, and the Bully red,
 O'er-stock'd with fame, but indigent of bread;
 There stands a modern Dome ^u of vast renown
 For a plump cook and plumper reckonings known;
 Rais'd high, the fair inviting *bird* you see,
 In all his milky plumes, and feather'd lechery; 55
 In whose soft down immortal Jove was drest,
 When the fair nymph the *wily god* possest;
 Still in which shape he stands to mortal view,
 Patron of Whoring, and of Topping too.
 Here gravely meet the worthy Sons of Zeal, 60
 To wet their pious clay, and decently to rail;
 Immortal courage from the claret springs,
 To censure heroes, and the acts of kings;
 Young Doctors of the Gown here shrewdly show,
 How *grace divine* can ebb, and *spleen* can flow; 65
 The pious Red-coat most devoutly swears,
 Drinks to the Church, but ticks on his *arrears*;
 The gentle Beau too joins in wise debate,
 Adjusts his cravat, and reforms the state.
 As when the sun, on a returning flood, 70
 Warms into life the animated mud;
 Strange wondrous insects on the shore remain,
 And a new race of virmin fills the plain:
 So from the excrement of zeal we find,
 A slimy race, but of the modish kind, 75
 Crawl from the filth, and kindle into man,
 Make up the members of the sage Divan.
 Of these the fam'd *Borachio* is the chief,
 A son of Pudding and eternal Beef;
 The jovial god, with all-inspiring grace, 80
 Sits on the scarlet honours of his face;
 His happy face, from rigid wisdom free,
 Securely smiles in thoughtless majesty,
 His own *tithe-geese* not half so plump as he; }

^t Lucas's Coffee-house,

^u The Swan Tavern.

THE SWAN TRIPE-CLUB: A SATIRE. 129

Wild notions flow from his immoderate head, 85
 And statutes quoted—moderately read ;
 Whole floods of words his moderate wit reveal,
 Yet the good man's immoderate in his zeal.
 How can his fluent tongue and thought keep touch,
 Who thinks too little, but who talks too much ? 90
 When *peaceful tars* with *Gallic navies* meet,
 And lose their honour to preserve the fleet ;
 This wondrous man alone shall conquest boast,
 And win the battles which the heroes lost.
 When just esteem he would of *William* raise, 95
 He damns the glories which he means to praise ;
 The poor *encomium*, so thinly spread,
 Lampoons the injur'd ashes of the dead ;
 Though, for the orator, 'tis said withal,
 He meant to praise him, if he meant at all. 100

Egregious *Magpye* charms the listening throng,
 Whilst inoffensive Satire tips his tongue ;
 Grey Politicks adorn the beardless chit,
 Of foreign manners, but of native wit ;
 Scarce wean'd from *diddy* of his *Alma Mater*, 105
 The cocking *thing* steps forth the Church's *Erra Pater* ;
 High-flying thoughts his moderate size supply,
 And wing the towering *puppet* to the sky ;
 On brazen wings, beat out from native stock,
 He mounts, and rides upon the weather-cock ; 110
 From whence the dull *Hibernian* isle he views ;
 The dull *Hibernia* isle he sees, and spews ;
 He mourns the talent of his wisdom, lost
 On such a dry inhospitable coast.
 Thus Daws, when perch'd upon a steeple's top, 115
 With *Oxford* strut, and pride superior, hop ;
 And, whilst on earth their haughty glances throw,
 Take humble Curates but for Daws below.

Firedrake, a Senator of aukward grace,
 But fam'd for matchless modesty and face, 120
 With Christian clamour fills the deafen'd room,
 And prophecies of wondrous ills to come ;
 Heaven in a hurry seems t' have form'd his paste,
 Fill'd up his spleen, but left his head-piece waste,
 He thinks, he argues, nay, he plays in haste. 125 }
 When in soil'd sheets the dirty wight is spread,
 And high-flown schemes for curtains grace the bed ;
 Wild

190 THE SWAN TRIPE-CLUB: A SATIRE.

Wild freakish Fancy, with her airy train,
 Whirls through the empty region of his brain;
 Shews him the Church, just tottering on his head, 130
 And all her mangled fons around her spread;
 Paints out himself, of all his hopes beguil'd,
 And his domestic *Sicorax* defil'd;
 Then, kindling at the sight, he flies about,
 And puts Dissenting Squadrons to the rout; 135
 Brim full of wrath, he plunges into strife,
 And thumps the *passive carcase* of his wife;
 He routs the flying foe, he scours the plain,
 And boldly fights the visionary scene.
 Th' *Apollo* of the cause old *Grimbeard* stands, 140
 And all th' inferiour fry of wit commands;
 Nurs'd up in faction, and a foe to peace,
 He robs his bones of necessary ease;
 Drunk with inveterate spleen, he scorns his age,
 And Nature's lowest ebb supplies with sprightly rage. 145
 Cold driveling Time has all his nerves unstrung,
 But left untouch'd his lechery of tongue;
 His lechery of tongue, which still remains,
 And adds a friendly aid to want of brains:
 He blames the dulness of his party's sloth, 150
 And chides the fears of their unactive youth;
 Tells them, the time, the happy time, is come,
 When *moderation* shall behold its doom;
 When sniveling mercy shall no more beguile,
 But Christian force and pious rage shall smile; 155
 Warns them against those dangers to provide,
 Those dangers which his spectacles have spied,
 Dark and unknown to all the world beside!
 Hail, venerable man, design'd by Fate
 The saving genius of a sinking state! 160
 Lo, prostrate at thy feet we trembling fall,
 Thou great twin-idol of the thundering *Baal*!
 How shall thy votaries thy wrath assuage,
 Unbend thy frowns, and deprecate thy rage?
 Millions of victims shall thy altars foil, 165
 Heroes shall bleed, and Treasurers shall broil;
 Thy peerless worth shall in our lays be sung:
 O bend thy stubborn *rage*, and sheathe thy dreadful *tongue*!
Nut-brain, a daggie gown of large renown,
 For weak support to needy client known; 170
 With

With painted dangers keeps his mob in awe,
 And shrewdly construes Faction into Law.
 When *Albion's* Senate wav'd its fatal wand,
 And with their hungry locusts curst the land;
 Our fruitful *Ægypt*, with the load oppress'd, 175
 Beheld, with grief, its happy fields laid waste;
 With watery eyes, and with a mother's pain,
 She heard the nation groan, but heard in vain,
 Till, gorg'd with prey, they took the favourite wind,
 And left this straggling vermin here behind: 180
 Too well he lik'd our fruitful *Ægypt's* plain,
 To trot to hungry *Westminster* again.
 Say, blind *Hibernia*, for what charms unknown
 Y' adopt a man, whom ye should blush to own;
 Beggar'd and spoil'd of all your wealthy store, 185
 Yet hug the *viper*, whom ye curs'd before.
 Is this the pious champion of your cause,
 Who robs your offspring, to protect your laws;
 Silly distills his venom to the root,
 And blasts the tree from whence he plucks the fruit; 190
 Who sees your ruin, which he smiles to see,
 Whose gain's his heaven, and whose god's a fee?
 In the first rank fam'd *Sooterkin* is seen,
 Of happy visage, and enchanting mien,
 A lazy modish son of melancholy spleen: 195
 Whose every feature flourishes in print,
 And early pride first taught the youth to squint.
 What niggard father would begrudge his brags,
 When travel'd son doth home-bred boy surpass;
 Went out a fopling, and return'd an ass; 200
 Of thought so dark, that no erroneous hit
 E'er shew'd the lucid beauties of his wit?
 When scanty fee expects a healing pill,
 With careless yawn he nods upon the bill,
 Secure to hit—who never fails to kill. 205
 When costive punk, in penitential case,
 Sits squeezing out her soul in vile grimace,
 To ease his patient, he prescribes—his face!
 Well may the wretch a Providence disown,
 Who thinks no wisdom brighter than his own; 210
 Long since he left Religion in the lurch,
 Who yet would raise the glories of the church,
 And stickles for its rites, who ne'er comes near the porch!
 Immortal

192 THE SWAN TRIPE-CLUB: A SATIRE.

Immortal *Crab* stands firmly to the truth,
 And with sage nod commands the listening youth; 215
 In whom rank spleen has all its vigour shewn,
 And blended all its curses into one;
 O'er-flowing gall has chang'd the crimson flood,
 And turn'd to vinegar the wretch's blood.
 Nightly on bended knees the musty Put 220
 Still faints the spigot, and adores the butt;
 With fervent zeal the flowing liquor plies,
 But damns the moderate bottle for its size.
 His liquid vows cut swiftly through the air,
 When glorious *red* has whetted him to prayer; 225
 Thrifty of time, and frugal of his ways,
 Tippling he rails, and as he rails he prays.
 In the sage list, great *Moon-calf* is enroll'd,
 Fam'd as the *Delphic* Oracle of old.
 Propitious Dulness, and a senseless joy, 230
 Shone at his birth, and blest the hopeful boy;
 Who utters wonders without sense of pain,
 And scorns the crabbed labour of his brain.
 Fleeting as air, his words out-strip the wind,
 Whilst the sage tardy *meaning* lags behind. 235
 No saucy foresight dares his will controul,
 Or stop th' impetuous motion of his soul;
 His soul, which struggles in her dark abode,
 Crush'd, and o'erlay'd with the unwieldy load:
 Prevailing Dulness did his sense betray, 240
 And cramp'd his reason, to extend his clay;
 His wit contracted to a narrow span,
 A yard of *idiot* to an inch of *man*.
 Hail, mighty Dunce! thou largest of thy kind!
 How well thy mien is suited to thy mind! 245
 What if the Lords and Commons can't agree,
 Thou dear, dull, happy thing! what is't to thee?
 Sit down contented with thy present store,
 Heaven ne'er design'd thee to be wise and poor;
 Trust to thy fate, whatever parties join; 250
 Thy want of wit obstructs thy want of coin.
 As when imperial *Rome* beheld her state
 Grown faint, and struggling with impending fate;
 When barbarous nations on her ruins trod,
 And no kind *Jove* appear'd her guardian god; 255
 A sacred

A sacred Goose could all her fears disperse,
 And save the Mistrefs of the Universe;
 Of equal fame the great example be,
 Our Church's safety we expect from thee:
 In thee, great man, the saving brood remains, 260
 Of equal piety, and equal brains:
 In this we differ but in point of name:
 Unlike the *Romans* we; but thou, our Goose, the same!
 And now with solemn grace the Council fate,
 And the third flask had rais'd a warm debate; 265
 When Faction, entering, walk'd the *giddy-maze*,
 Sworn foe and noted enemy to Peace;
 And, taking *Grimbeard's* shape, the silence broke,
 And in shrill voice the eager Fury spoke:
 "Be witnesses, Heaven, how much I'm pleas'd to find
 "Such gallant friends, and of so brave a mind;
 "Souls fit to rule the world, and proudly fit
 "The noblest Sons of Piety and Wit.
 "Uncommon vigour in your looks I spy,
 "Resolv'd the utmost of your force to try; 275
 "Bravely to stickle for your Church's laws,
 "And shed a generous influence on her cause.
 "See how with grief she hangs her pensive head,
 "Whilst trickling tears, upon her garments shed,
 "Mourn all her lustre, and her beauty fled: 280
 "In hair dishevel'd, and with bosom bare,
 "With melancholy sounds she fills the air.
 "Would ye, my friends, the weighty business know,
 "And learn the cruel reason of her woe?
 "The cause she has to grieve, the world believes, 285
 "Is this—*hem—hem*—why, 'tis enough, she grieves:
 "What Sons from tears their flinty souls can keep,
 "And with dry eyes behold their Mother weep?
 "Ah! stop the deluge of her watery store,
 "And let her taste those joys she felt before! 290
 "When *William* (curse upon that hated name,
 "For ever blotted and unknown to Fame!)
 "When *William* in imperial glory shone,
 "And, to our grief, possess'd *Britannia's* throne;
 "Mark with what malice he our Church debas'd, 295
 "Her sons neglected, and her rites defac'd;
 "To canting zeal design'd her form a slave,
 "And meant to ruin what he came to save.

194 THE SWAN TRIPE-CLUB: A SATIRE.

" What though the world be fill'd with his alarms,
 " And fainting *Gallia* trembled at his arms; 300
 " Yet still the doubty Hero did no more
 " Than *Julius* once, and *Ammon* did before.
 " Is this the idol of the people's love,
 " The poor mock-puppet of a ruling *Jove*?
 " *Sorrel*, we owe his hasty fate ^t to thee, 305 }
 " Thou lucky horse; oh! may thy memory be
 " Fragrant to all, as it is sweet to me! }
 " Too far, I fear, the vile infection's spread,
 " Since *ANNA* courts the party which he led,
 " And treads the hated footsteps of the dead. 310 }
 " If so, what now can we expect to hear,
 " But black effects of those damn'd ills we fear?
 " Your fat endowments shall be torn away,
 " And to *Geneva* zeal become an easy prey;
 " Cold *element* shall give your guts the gripes, 315
 " And, ah! no more you shall indulge in *tripes*.
 " No *Sunday pudding* shall adorn the board,
 " Or burn the chops of its too eager lord:
 " No gentle *Abigail* shall *caudles* make,
 " Nor cook the *jellies* for the Chaplain's back; 320
 " Long-winded *Schismatics* shall rule the roast,
 " And Father *Christmas* mourn his revels lost.
 " Rouze then, my friends, and all your forces join,
 " And act with vigour in our great design;
 " What though our danger is not really great, 325
 " 'Tis brave t'oppose a government we hate:
 " Poison the nation with your jealous fears,
 " And set the fools together by the ears;
 " Whilst with malicious joy we calmly sit,
 " And smile to see the triumphs of our wit: 230
 " Sound well the College; and with nicest skill
 " Inflame the beardless boys, and bend them to your will.
 " What though unmov'd her learned sons have stood,
 " Nor sacrific'd to spleen their country's good:

^t King *William*, who was a fox-hunter, fell from his horse in riding from *Kensington* to *Hampton-court*, and broke his collar-bone, Feb. 21, 1700-1; he died on the 8th of *March*. The inquisitive Reader may be gratified by some epigrams on this occasion in the "State Poems" of that period.

" Yet

" Yet search the tree, and sure there may be found 335
 " Some branches tainted, though the trunk be found :
 " Shew them the lure which never fails to hit ;
 " Approve their briskness, and admire their wit.
 " Youth against flattery has no defence,
 " Fools still are cheated with the bait of sense : 340
 " Glean e'en the schools from lechery and birch,
 " And teach the youngsters to defend the church.
 " 'Tis fools we want, and of the largest size ;
 " 'Twould spoil our cause to practise on the wise :
 " The wise are eagles of the sharpest ken, 345
 " And calmly weigh the merits and the men ;
 " Pierce through the cobweb veil of erring sense,
 " And know the truth of zeal from the pretence :
 " Whilst fools, like game-cocks, are the slaves of show,
 " And never ask a cause, but fly upon the foe. 350
 " Chance only guides them wandering in the night,
 " When in an age they stumble on the right :
 " God never gave a fool the gift of sight." }
 He said—with joy the pleas'd assembly rose ;
 " Well mov'd!" they cried: and murmur'd their applause;
 When, lo, before the Board, confess'd in fight,
 Stept forth a heavenly guest serenely bright ;
 No mortal beauty could with hers compare,
 Or Poet's fancy form a maid so fair ;
 Around her head immortal glories shine, 360
 And her mild air confess'd the Nymph divine :
 Whilst thus she spake—
 " Ask not, my frightened sons, from whence I came,
 " But mark me well; RELIGION is my name;
 " An Angel once, but now a Fury grown, 365
 " Too often talk'd-of, but too little known :
 " Is it for me, my sons, that ye engage,
 " And spend the fury of your idle rage ?
 " 'Tis false; unmanly spleen your bosoms warms,
 " And a *pretended* zeal your fancy charms. 370
 " Where have I taught you, in the sacred page,
 " To construe *moderation* into rage ;
 " T'affront the power from whence your safety springs,
 " And poorly blast the memory of kings ?
 " Branded with infamy, ye shun the light, 375
 " But court, like birds obscene, the covert of the night.

196 THE SWAN TRIPE-CLUB: A SATIRE.

" Is then unlawful riot fit to be
 " The great supporter of my Church and Me?
 " Think ye, weak men, she's of her foes afraid,
 " Or wants th' assistance of your feeble aid? 380
 " When round her throne seraphic Warriors stand,
 " And form upon her side a heavenly band:
 " When, fix'd as Fate, her deep foundation lies,
 " And spreads where-e'er my ANNA's glory flies:
 " Think on th' intended ruins of the day, 385
 " When to proud *Rome* ye were design'd a prey.
 " With wonder read those fatal times again,
 " And call to mind the melancholy scene;
 " When down its rapid stream the torrent bore
 " Your country's laws, and safety was no more; 390
 " Torn from your altars ye were forc'd to roam
 " In needy exile from your native home.
 " 'Twas then, my sons, your mighty *William* rose,
 " And bravely fell like lightning on your foes:
 " With royal pity he deplor'd your fate, 395
 " And stood the *Atlas* of your sinking state.
 " When sacrifice on idol altars slain
 " Polluted all the isle, and dyed the plain;
 " *Rome's* mob of Saints did all your temples fill,
 " And consecrated groves crown'd every hill: 400
 " 'Twas then, *Josiah* like, that he defac'd
 " Their Pagan rites, and laid their altars waste;
 " Drove out their idols from their lov'd abodes,
 " And pounded into dust their molten gods:
 " *Israel's* true Lord was to his rule restor'd, 405
 " Again his name was heard, and was again ador'd.
 " Wondering, ye saw your great deliverer come,
 " But, while he warr'd abroad, ye rail'd at home;
 " Dreadfully gay in arms, but scorn'd in peace,
 " The useless buckler of inglorious ease: 410
 " Oh poor and short-liv'd glory and renown!
 " Oh false unenvied pleasures of a crown!
 " So soon are all thy shining honours fled,
 " Traduc'd while living, and defam'd when dead.
 " Strange fate of Heroes, who like comets blaze, 415
 " And with a sudden light the world amaze:
 " But when with fading beams they quit the skies,
 " No more to shine the wonder of our eyes;
 " Their

THE SWAN TRIPE-CLUB: A SATIRE. 197

" Their glories spent, and all their fiery store;
 " We scorn the *omens* which we fear'd before ! 420
 " My Royal ANNE, whom every virtue crowns,
 " Feels your ill-govern'd rage, nor 'scapes your frowns ;
 " Your want of duty ye supply with spight,
 " Traduce her *councils*, and her *heroes* flight;
 " Lampoon the mildness of her easy sway, 425
 " And sicken at the light of her superior day ;
 " Poison her sweets of life with groundless fears,
 " And fill her royal breast with anxious cares.
 " What ! such a Queen, where Art and Nature join
 " To hit the copy of a form divine ! 430
 " Unerring Wisdom purg'd the dross away,
 " And form'd your ANNA of a nobler clay :
 " Breathing a soul, in which in glory shone
 " Goodness innate, and virtue like its own ;
 " She knows how far engaging sweetness charms, 435
 " And conquers more by mildness than by arms ;
 " Like *Sampson's* riddle in the sacred song,
 " A springing *sweet* still flowing from the *strong* ;
 " Like hasty sparks her slow resentment dies,
 " Her rigour lagging, but her mercy flies. 440
 " Hail, pious Princess ! mightiest of thy name,
 " Though last begotten, yet the first in fame ;
 " Those glorious Heroines we in story see
 " Were but the fainter types of greater Thee ;
 " Let others take a lustre from the throne, 445 }
 " You shine with brighter glories of your own,
 " Add worth to worth, and dignify a Crown.
 " Oft' have I mark'd with what a studious care,
 " My words you ponder, and my laws revere :
 " To thee, great Queen, what Elogies are due, 450
 " Who both protect the *flock*, and feed the *shepherds* too !
 " For which I still preside o'er thy alarms,
 " And add a shining lustre to thy arms :
 " I form'd the battle, and I gave the word,
 " And rode with conquest on thy *Ormond's* sword ; 455
 " When *Anjou's* fleet yielded its *Indian* store,
 " And at thy *sacred feet* depos'd the *silver ore* ;

v Alluding to her grants to the Clergy.

O 3

" I sent

" I sent the Goddess when *Victoria* came,
 " And rais'd thy *Churchill* to immortal fame,
 " And *Hochstet*'s bloody field advanc'd the Hero's name. }
 " Nor shall thy glories or thy triumphs cease,
 " But thy rough wars shall soften into peace.
 " *Charles* * shall from thee his Diadem receive,
 " And shining pomp which you alone can give ;
 " The *Gallick* Lion, listening at his shore, 465 }
 " Shall fear to tempt the *British* dangers more,
 " But sculk in deserts, where he us'd to roar :
 " Admiring worlds before thy throne shall stand,
 " And willing nations bend to thy command.
 " For you, ye inveterate enemies to peace, 470
 " Whom Kings can ne'er oblige, nor Heaven can please ;
 " Who blindly zealous into faction run,
 " And *make* those dangers you'd be thought to shun ;
 " For shame, the transports of your rage give o'er,
 " And let your civil feuds be heard no more ; 475
 " To the wise conduct of my *ANNA* trust ;
 " Know your own good, and to yourselves be just.
 " And, when with grief you see your brother stray,
 " Or in a night of error lose his way, }
 " Direct his wandering, and restore the day. 480 }
 " To guide his steps, afford your kindest aid,
 " And gently pity whom ye can't persuade ;
 " Leave to avenging Heaven his stubborn will,
 " For, O, remember, he 's your brother still :
 " Let healing mercy through your actions shine, 585
 " And let your lives confess your cause divine."
 Frowning, the Goddess spoke, and strait withdrew,
 Scattering *ambrosial* odours as she flew ;
 Her trembling sons, immoderately scar'd,
 Fled from th' uneasy truths which suddenly they heard.

* The archduke *Charles*.

PEACE

PEACE AND DUNKIRK;

Being an excellent new SONG, upon the Surrender
of *Dunkirk* to General *Hill*.

To the tune of, *The King shall enjoy his own again*.

Written in 1712.

(Re-printed from a folio copy in the *Lambeth* Library.)

I.

SPIGHT of *Dutch* friends and *English* foes,
Poor *Britain* shall have peace at last;
Holland got towns, and we got blows,
But *Dunkirk*'s ours, we'll hold it fast.
We have got it in a string,
And the Whigs may all go fwing,
For among good friends I love to be plain;
All their false deluded hopes
Will or ought to end in ropes;
But the *Queen* shall enjoy her own again.

II.

Sunderland's run out of his wits,
And *Dismal* double-*Dismal* looks;
Wharton can only fwear by fits,
And strutting *Hal* y is off the hooks,
Old *Godolphin* full of spleen
Made false moves, and lost his queen;
Harry look'd fierce, and shook his ragged mane:
But a prince of high renown
Swore he'd rather lose a crown,
Than the *Queen* shall enjoy her own again.

¶ The Hon. Henry Boyle, afterwards lord Carleton.

O 4

III. Our

III.

Our merchant-ships may cut the Line,
 And not be snapt by privateers,
 And commoners who love good wine
 Will drink it now as well as peers :
 Landed men shall have their rent,
 Yet our stocks rise *cent. per cent.*
 The *Dutch* from hence shall no more millions drain :
 We 'll bring on us no more debts,
 Nor with bankrupts fill Gazettes ;
And the Queen shall enjoy her own again.

IV.

The towns we took ne'er did us good :
 What signified the *French* to beat !
 We spent our money and our blood,
 To make the *Dutchmen* proud and great :
 But the lord of *Oxford* swears,
 Dunkirk never shall be theirs,
 The *Dutch*-hearted Whigs may rail and complain ;
 But true *Englishmen* may fill
 A good health to General *Hill* ;
For the Queen now enjoys her own again.

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG.

Being the intended SPEECH of a famous Orator^z
 against Peace.

AN Orator *dismal* of *Nottinghamshire*,
 Who has forty years let out his conscience to hire,
 Out of zeal for his country, and *want of a place*,
 Is come up, *vi & armis*, to *break the Queen's peace*.

He

^z " Lord *Nettingham*, a famous Tory and Speech-maker, is
 " gone over to the Whig side : they toast him daily ; and lord
 " *Wharton* says, it is *Dismal* (so they call him from his looks)
 " will

DISMAL'S SPEECH, A BALLAD. 201

He has vamp'd an old speech; and the court, to their
 sorrow,
 Shall hear him harangue against *Prior* to-morrow.
 When once he begins, he never will flinch,
 But repeats the same note a whole day like a *Finch*.
 I have heard all the speech repeated by *Hoppy*,
 And, "Mistakes to prevent, I've obtained a copy."

THE SPEECH.

Whereas, notwithstanding, I am in great pain,
 To hear we are making a peace without *Spain*;
 But, *most noble Senators*, 'tis a great shame,
 There should be a peace, while I'm *Not-in-game*.
 The duke shew'd me all his fine house; and the dutches
 From her closet brought out a full purse in her clutches:
 I talk'd of a peace, and they both gave a start,
 His grace swore by G—d, and her grace let a f—t:
 My *long old-fashion'd pocket* was presently cramm'd;
 And sooner than vote for a peace I'll be damn'd.
 But, some will cry *Turn-coat*, and rip up old stories,
 How I always pretended to be for the Tories:
 I answer; the Tories were in my good graces,
 Till all my *relations* were put into *places*.
 But still I'm in principle ever the same,
 And will quit my best Friends, while I'm *Not-in-game*.

When I and some others subscribed our names
 To a plot for expelling my master king *James*;
 I withdrew my subscription by help of a *blot*,
 And so might discover or gain by the plot:

"will save *England* at last. Lord treasurer was hinting as if he
 "wished a ballad was made on him; and I will get up one against
 "to-morrow." *Journal to Stella*. Dec. 5, 1711.—"I was this
 "morning making the ballad, two degrees above *Grub-street*."
Ibid. Dec. 6.—Mr. *Deane Swift* (vol. XVIII. p. 97.) has
 applied this circumstance to "*Toland's Invitation*," which can-
 not be considered as a *ballad*: nor is it so called in the *first edition*;
 of which a copy (perhaps the only one existing) is preserved in the
Lambeth Library, 58. 1. 2. with its companion, "*Peace and*
Dunkirk." They are each of them printed on a *folio half-*
sheet.

I had

202 DISMAL'S SPEECH, A BALLAD.

I had my advantage, and stood at defiance,
For *Daniel* was got from the den of the lions :
I *came in* without danger ; and was I to blame ?
For, rather than *bang*, I would be *Not-in-game*.

I swore to the Queen, that the Prince of *Hanover*,
During her sacred life, should never come over.
I made use of a *trope*; that " an heir to invite,
" Was like keeping her monument always in sight."
But, when I thought proper, I alter'd my note ;
And in her own hearing I boldly did vote,
That her majesty stood in great need of a Tutor,
And must have an *old* or a *young* Coadjutor :
For why ; I would fain have put all in a flame,
Because, for some reasons, I was *Not-in-game*.

Now my new *benefactors* have brought me about,
And I'll vote against Peace, *with Spain, or without* :
Though the Court gives my *nephews*, and *brothers*, and
cousins,
And all my whole family, places by dozens ;
Yet, since I know where a *full-purse* may be found,
And hardly pay eighteen-pence tax in the pound ;
Since the Tories have thus disappointed my hopes,
And will neither regard my *figures* nor *tropes* ;
I'll *speech* against peace while *Dismal*'s my name,
And be a *true Whig*, while I am *Not-in-game*.

THE GLORIOUS WARRIOUR:

Or, a BALLAD in praise of General Stanhope^a.

Dedicated to all who have Votes for Parliament-men, in
the City of *Westminster*.

To the tune of, *Fair Rosamond*.

I.

WHEN *Anne*, a princess of renown,
Sat on the *British* throne,
The *Britons* many battles fought,
And many battles won.

II. The

^a " This morning *Delaval* came to see me, and we went together to *Kneller's*, who was not in town. In the way we met
" the

II.

The Queen had Generals good store,
And these were men of might;
But none excell'd the *Stanhope* brave
In counsel or in fight.

III.

The brave *Stanhope* was he she sent
To *Spain*, with full command,
And bid him fall upon the *French*,
And beat them out of hand.

IV.

No sooner had she said the word,
But he was out of fight,
And hasted unto *Charles's* camp,
With all his speed and might.

V.

"Most noble Prince, I come," saith he,
"With *Anna's* full command:
"The Empress bade me fight your foes,
"And beat them out of hand."

VI.

"Brave *Stanhope*," saith the King, "I know
"Thy valour to be great:
"It's fit thy empress be obey'd,
"Go, act what seemeth meet.

VII.

"With *Spanish* and with *German* troops
"Let *Britons* joined be:
"Led on by such a General,
"They're sure of victory."

"the electors for parliament-men: and the rabble came about our coach, crying, "A Colt, a *Stanhope*, &c." We were afraid of a dead cat, or our glasses broken; and so were always of their side." *Journal to Stella*, Oct. 5, 1710. "There is a Ballad full of puns on the *Westminster* Election, that cost me half an hour: it runs, though it be good for nothing." *Ibid.* Oct. 20.—That which is here printed is not likely to be what *Swift* alludes to; but it probably occasioned what he wrote. General *Stanhope* stood candidate, by his proxy major general *Davenport*; and was opposed by Mr. *Thomas Cross* the Brewer.

VIII. Then

VIII.

Then *Stanhope* bow'd, and went away,
 Being full of inward joys,
 And to his *British* squadrons cries,
 "To horse, to horse, my boys !

IX.

"The day's our own, the King gives leave
 "Gainst *French* to make attacks :
 "Come, follow me ; we'll ne'er give o'er
 "Until we see their backs."

X.

Then strait, with glittering sword in hand,
 And pistols by each side,
 He gallops tow'ards the enemy,
 As fast as he can ride.

XI.

The bold *Britons* their General
 In danger won't forsake ;
 But *Stanhope* follow, in a croud,
 And direful havock make.

XII.

In various shapes, where *Stanhope* moves,
 Slaughter and Death appear :
 The *French* no longer can his rage,
 Nor furious onsets, bear.

XIII.

To save themselves, they first give back,
 Then hasten from the field ;
 And to victorious *Stanhope's* troops
 A bloody victory yield.

XIV.

Brave *Stanhope* close the fugitives
 Pursues with might and main :
 The fields, the roads, the lanes, are fill'd
 With heaps of soldiers slain.

XV.

The battle now being won and o'er,
 To *Charles* the new-made King,
 Great *Staremborg* the brave *Stanhope*,
 Besmear'd with blood, doth bring :

XVI. "This

XVI.

" This, Sir, 's the man hath done the deed,
 " And mighty valour shewn."
 Quoth *Charles*, " I know it very well;
 " To him I owe my crown."

XVII.

" By you, Sir, I am King of *Spain*,
 " And of my *French* foes rid;
 " I will reward you like a king;
 " Come with me to *Madrid*."

XVIII.

*Whom then, you men of Westminster,
 For Burgeſſs can you chuſe,
 Like him who Spain from Frenchmen's pride
 And thralldom has ſet looſe ?*

XIX.

*Like him, who for all thoſe that trade
 In cloth, in ſuffs, in bays,
 To Spain, to Spain, has op'd the way,
 To his immortal praiſe ?*

XX.

*The gold and ſilver of Peru,
 Of which the trade was loſt,
 And which was daily ſent to France,
 To Britain's grief and coſt,*

XXI.

*Shall now, from Cales and Alicant,
 In Engliſh oaks be brought :
 Such glorious things has Stanhope done,
 Such wonders he has wrought.*

XXII.

*You then who live near river Thames,
 Near Abbey, or Mill-bank,
 St. James, St. Anne, the Park, or Strand,
 Of mean or higheſt rank ;*

XXIII.

*Don't be ingrate, to one who for
 His country takes much pains,
 In places far and wide, but laſt
 In Saragoſſa's plains,*

XXIV. *But,*

XXIV.

*But, in the precincts every where,
Let it be understood,
You value most the men who do
Your nation the most good.*

XXV.

*Let neighbouring cities know likewise
That you have wit and brains ;
And won't prefer to brave Stanhope
A man that selleth grains.*

A T O W N E C L O G U E.

Scene, The Royal Exchange.

COR. **N**OW the keen rigour of the Winter's o'er,
No hail descends, and frosts can pinch no more,
Whilst other girls confess the genial Spring,
And laugh aloud, or amorous ditties sing,
Secure from cold their lovely necks display,
And throw each useless chafing-dish away ;
Why fits my *Phillis* discontented here,
Nor feels the turn of the revolving year ?
Why on that brow dwell sorrow and dismay,
Where Loves were wont to sport, and Smiles to play ?

PHIL. Ah, *Corydon* ! survey the 'Change around,
Through all the 'Change no wretch like me is found :
Alas ! the day, when I, poor heedless maid,
Was to your rooms in *Lincoln's-Inn* betray'd ;
Then how you swore ! how many vows you made !
Ye listening *Zephyrs*, that o'erheard his love,
Waft the soft accents to the gods above.
Alas ! the day ; for oh, eternal shame !
I sold you handkerchiefs, and lost my fame.

COR. When I forget the favour you bestow'd,
Red herrings shall be spawn'd in *Tyburn Road* ;
Fleet-street transform'd become a flowery green,
And mafs be sung where operas are seen ;
The wealthy cit, and the *St. James's* beau,
Shall change their quarters, and their joys forego ;

Stock-

Stock-jobbing this to *Jonathan's* shall come,
At the *Groom Porter's* that play off his plum.

PHIL. But what to me does all that love avail,
If whilst I doze at home o'er porter's ale,
Each night with wine and wenches you regale?
My live-long hours in anxious cares are past,
And raging hunger lays my beauty waste.
On Templars spruce in vain I glances throw,
And with shrill voice invite them as they go.
Expos'd in vain my glossy ribbands shine,
And unregarded wave upon the twine.
The week flies round, and when my profit's known,
I hardly clear enough to change a crown.

COR. Hard fate of virtue thus to be distressed,
Thou fairest of thy trade, and far the best!
As fruitmen's stalls the summer-market grace,
And ruddy peaches them; as first in place
Plum-cake is seen o'er smaller pastry ware,
And ice on that; so *Phyllis* does appear
In play-house and in Park above the rest
Of belles mechanic, elegantly drest.

PHIL. And yet *Crepundia*, that conceited fair,
Amidst her toys, affects a saucy air,
And views me hourly with a scornful eye.

COR. She might as well with bright *Cleora* vie.

PHIL. With this large petticoat I strive in vain
To hide my folly past, and coming pain;
'Tis now no secret; she, and fifty more,
Observe the symptoms I had once before.
A second babe at *Wapping* must be plac'd,
When I scarce bear the charges of the last.

COR. What I could raise I sent; a pound of plums,
Five shillings, and a coral for his gums;
To-morrow I intend him something more.

PHIL. I sent a frock and pair of shoes before.

COR. However, you shall home with me to-night,
Forget your cares, and revel in delight.
I have in store a pint or two of wine,
Some cracknels, and the remnant of a chine.
And now on either side, and all around,
The weighty shop-boards fall, and bars resound;
Each ready sempstrefs slips her pattins on,
And ties her hood, preparing to be gone.

[A FUR-

XXIV.

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'Tis now no secret; she, and fifty more,
Observe the symptoms I had once before.
A second babe at *Wapping* must be plac'd,
When I scarce bear the charges of the last.

COR. What I could raise I sent; a pound of plums,
Five shillings, and a coral for his gums;
To-morrow I intend him something more.

PHIL. I sent a frock and pair of shoes before.

COR. However, you shall home with me to-night,
Forget your cares, and revel in delight.
I have in store a pint or two of wine,
Some cracknels, and the remnant of a chine.
And now on either side, and all around,
The weighty shop-boards fall, and bars resound;
Each ready sempstress slips her pattins on,
And ties her hood, preparing to be gone.

[A FUR-

[^bA FURTHER HUE AND CRY
AFTER DR. SWIFT.

CONSISTING OF].

A genuine Epistle from *Matthew Prior*, Esq; at *Paris*,
to the Rev. *Jonathan Swift*, D.D. at *Windsor*. ^c "Pub-
lished from the Original Manuscript, by *Timothy*
Brocade, late Author of *The Examiner*, London,
"Anno Salutis 1714."

SINCE you, dear *Jonathan*, alone best know
The pains we careful writers undergo,
How warily our measur'd feet we tell,
How justly think, and how correctly spell;
To you my Muse her new Epistle sends,
The best of judges, and the best of friends! 5

My style is the familiar, Friend, you know,
The same I us'd before to old *Boileau*;
And not unlike to *that*, to tell you true,
Which pass'd between the Treasurer and you ^d. 10

^b The words in crotchets are added, in the hand-writing of
Abp. Tenison, to a copy of this curious little poem in the *Lam-
beth Library*. Several names, which were originally left blank,
are likewise supplied by the same respectable pen.

^c It was preceded by this Advertisement of the Publisher :

"The following Epistle was found by accident in the chamber
of the person to whom it was written, but something maimed
and imperfect; however, it lets the reader into some secret
passages then in agitation. It was written before the peace was
finished, as is plain from many passages in it; and was never
designed to see the light by the author, whoever he was. If
it be required, why it come abroad at this time; the reason is,
that it was but last week discovered; and, though written some
time ago, is still new to the world. If we can possibly recover
the remaining part of it, it will be communicated in due time
to the publick.

"Putney, Aug. 12, 1714.

T. B."

^d Dr. Swift's Letter concerning the *English* tongue.

What

What news abounds at *Paris* you desire,
And I what *Britain's* court affords enquire.
Lewis, whom I, in many a ballad-rhyme,
Have scourg'd from *William's* down to *Marlborough's* time,
Looks jovial, gay, and hearty, and appears 15

With better face than me by forty years ;
He rises early, and the afternoon
He toys away with honest *Maintenon* :
At night the *New Academy* report
Their politicks by *Torcy* to the court ; 20
But all their waking projects and their schemes
Are not so good as cunning *Lewis's* dreams ;
None quicker to contrive or to debate,
None judges better of a nation's fate ;
A perfect *Harley* in affairs of state ! 25 }

If you would further understand how we
In this odd state of peace and war agree,
Know that the *grand monarque* but lately gave
His true effigies to his humble slave ;
The sacred piece with reverence I adore, 30
Value the picture much, the jewels more :
For certainly all kings are then divine,
When their bright *images* to mortals shine,
Or set in diamonds, or imprest in coin ! }

Thus things are chang'd, you see, since I observ'd, 35
That one mouse fed well, while the other starv'd^e ;
And since my fortune to such height is come,
I *wist not* who *audits*, or *tells* at home^f ;
How high their places and their pensions mount,
May *Matt*, I *throw*, *abroad* for ever count ! 40

See what the force of *mighty Chance* can do,
That turn'd a Poet to a Plenipo !
Great Goddess *Chance* ! to thee I humbly bow,
O hear thy suppliant, and confirm his vow ;
As thy good blindfold Deity of late 45
Has alter'd all at once *Britannia's* state,
And, by a happily inverted rule,
Mark'd *Wingham* for a wit, and *Somers* for a fool ;
Has *Marlborough's* military fame decried,
And made *Victoria* wait by *Ormond's* side ; 50

^e See *Prior's* First Epistle to Sir *Fleetwood Sheppard*.

^f See *Erle Robert's* Mice.

Still, mighty Goddess, in thy cause proceed,
 Assist thy favourites, and assert thy deed:
 On the firm basis of a *secret peace*,
 O let thy power, and their just fame, increase!
 Pardon this short excursive prayer from me, 55
 Who never pray but in my poetry;
 And there at least you with your friend will join,
 Adding to Layman's faith thy faith divine.
 But hold — I had almost forgot the rest,
 I promis'd news, and you shall have the best; 60
 The duke, the prince, I know not what to name
 Him that was *Wales*, has now laid down his claim;
Lewis, to put the question out of doubt,
 Sends him to seek his father's asses out;
 But yet none knows, while thus young *Saul's* astray, 65
 Whether he'll meet the Prophet in his way.
 Now, for this celebrated peace — what? — well,
 My finger's in my mouth, I dare not tell;
 I must not speak a single tittle more;
 You know I blunder'd out too much before: 70
 But if, like me, you draw some cullies in,
 One word for all, you certainly must win.
 You, who the *sacred page* have often read,
 And keep all useful places in your head,
 Know that, in all these high mysterious things, 75
 Assent from Faith, and not from Reason, springs:
 With reverence then the terms of peace explore,
 And what you cannot understand adore:
 Reason but little, Sir, and much believe;
 For sure such Ministers can ne'er deceive. 80
 But now from public and important cares,
 'Tis time we mention next our own affairs,
 And how we make a shift to waste the time
 Between the bottle, politicks, and rhyme;
 Reviving *tea* is in the morning brought, 85
 To settle stomach, and to fix the thought;
 That mix'd with *asses milk* by me's prefer'd,
 As fitter for the *lean, consumptive Bard*,
 Of mighty secret virtue to restore
 The spirits lost in love the night before. 90
 Then, if the *grand negotiation* fail,
 I chant a Love-Ode, or devise a Tale,

From gay *Fontaine* a Dialogue purloin,
 Improve the smut, and set it down for mine;
 For such soft strokes as necessary are, 95
 To please the fancy of the reading fair,
 As your new excellence, to strike the beaux,
 Of damning roundly in Historic Prose^g.

At dinner with my friends I change the strain,
 And drink old *Lewis* in his old champaign; 100
 Such wine of course the rising soul provokes
 To witty *dialogues*, and merry *jokes*;
 That all reserve and formal cant defies,
 And shews the friendly soul without disguise:
 Hence canvass we our *British* statesmen; who 105
 To *Anna* is, and who to *Lewis*, true;
 Drink each confiding health in plenteous draught,
 And count how many more may still be bought;
 Enquire which way the dubious sway will bend,
 And whether some may rule who yet *pretend*? 110
 Dark are the councils of intriguing fate,
 But *ancient prophecies* secure the state;
 For I have found these words, which long remain'd,
 Like some before^h, to be by you explain'd:

When in one year *two* sistersⁱ dye, 115
 And *Cyderlando*^k rises high,
 Then boy who was young *Jemmy* once,
 And *Glos*^l is called for the nonce,
 Shall hope to be, by *Lillies* cheat,
 The king of *Thame*, and shall I meet. 120

Do you, whose astrologic vein is fit,
 Unriddle what the Prophet's pen has writ;
 Such revelations, I presume, should be
 Only applauded by Divine like *thee*,

^g The Tale of a Tub.

^h See *Merlin's* Prophecy, vol. III. p. 214. and the
Windsor Prophecy, vol. XIV. p. 252.

ⁱ Two dolphins. Two dauphins of *France*, and the son of
 another, all died in one year.

^k *Herefordshire*.

^l The duke of *Gloucester*.

While I the purpose of the Muse pursue, 125
And tell those secrets which are known to few.

Sometimes on state affairs we gently touch,
Laugh at the bilk'd *Imperialists* and *Dutch*,
And smile to think our General has undone
That train of victories which the other won. 130
O glorious warrior, O heroic heat,
That won by daring boldly to retreat,
Whose laurel crowns no bloody victims cost,
But only those which by his friends were lost!
Who now would fight, when he such honours gains 135
For marching leisurely through *Flandria's* plains?
Disgrace to *William* and to *Marlborough's* name,
Who knew not this most easy road to fame;
Who vainly thought by fighting foes to rise,
And grow by victories to reach the skies; 140
For sure, whatever Poets may pretend,
The safest glory is to have a friend.

'Tis easy, Sir, to prove what here is meant;
For, since all things are measur'd by th' event;
Since we those actions must with honour bless,
Which answer best the end which we profess: 145
If *fighting* could not gain a peace before;
Who by *not fighting* gains it, merits more.

Then let the Whig in mean reflection rail,
Say it is seizing honour by the tail; 150
Yet are those maxims best which most conduce
To present interest, and to private use.
What politician ever made pretence
To mind the circumstance of wit or sense?
It is not who can best perform, but who 155
Is warmest in the cause which we pursue.
What other qualities could e'er prevail
With men of parts, to bid *Sacheverell* rail;
Or teach the *dapper Priest*^m to vent his spite;
Or you the celebrated "Conduct" write, 160
That piece to which each speaker owes his notes,
And the wise Senateⁿ more than half their votes?

^m Dr. Trapp.

ⁿ The principal arguments used in parliament by the Tory members, it is well known, were founded on *Swifi's* reasoning in this pamphlet.

O noble leaves ! O *Swift's* immortal deed !
Thee unborn Tories shall with pleasure read,
 And bind *thy* sacred pages with their Creed. 165 }
 To future times *thou* shalt recorded stand
 The great Historian, who hast sav'd the land;
 In *Bodley's* Library shalt be inroll'd,
 Thy covers and thy back be wrought with gold,
 And live when *Drake's* Memorial lies unfold. 170 }
 Go on, great champion of the Church's cause,
 With *Frogs* and *Bulls* °, still merit an applause;
 Call Mother *Haggy* ^P from the nether skies,
 And make new Ghosts and apparitions rise :
 The greedy populace will all receive, 175
 And with implicit confidence believe.
 By these more converts shall thy doctrine gain
 Than if thou compassed both land and main,
 The truth of Scripture-tenets to maintain. }
 From these great merits shalt thou soon become 180
 The favourite subject of the Drawing-room ;
 Thee o'er their *tea* the ladies shall require,
 Repeat thy jests, thy modesty admire.
 Yet further honours shall exalt thy pride :
 In the gilt coach thou shalt triumphant ride, 185 }
 And chat familiar by his lordship's side ;
 And shortly (if the Muse inspire my tongue)
 To thee thyself the chariot shall belong ;
 When, spite of *York* ^q, thou shalt install'd be seen,
 The wise, the witty, and BELIEVING DEAN ! 190
 My zeal for you, you see, my dear Divine,
 Transports my fancy from my first design ;
 While I too closely this lov'd theme pursue,
 I should have ask'd a thousand things of you :
 What passes in the Cabinet and Court ? 195
 What Tories act, and what the Whigs report ?
 If *Levi's* sons still sing their ancient song,
 " That all are slaves, and kings can do no wrong ?"
 If still their Synods, made for peace, engage
 In civil quarrels and religious rage ? 200

° The History of *John Bull*.

^P See vol. XXV. p. 171. The Story of the *St. Alban's* Ghost
 was not by *Swift*.

^q Archbishop *Sharpe* ; who had prevented *Swift's* promotion.

214 A FURTHER HUE AND CRY, &c.

What do they hope to grasp into their hands,
 The Church's portion, her old *Abbey-lands*?
 Does my dear wicked *Harry*^r still pursue
 The witty maxims which he learned from you?
 And, when he would his politicks impart,
 Warm well with wine phlegmatic *Ormond's* heart?
 O, in that concert how I wish to join,
 And mingle Treason with the flowing wine!
 To rail, impeach, and draw important schemes!
 To * * * *

205

[*Multa defunt.*]

THE WIDOW AND HER CAT.

A F A B L E.

I.

A Widow kept a favourite cat,
 At first a gentle creature;
 But when he was grown sleek and fat,
 With many a mouse, and many a rat,
 He soon disclos'd his nature.

II.

The fox and he were friends of old,
 Nor could they now be parted;
 They nightly slunk to rob the fold,
 Devour'd the lambs, the fleeces sold;
 And *Puss* grew lion-hearted.

III.

He scratch'd her maid, he stole the cream,
 He tore her best lac'd pinner;
 Nor *Chanticleer* upon the beam,
 Nor chick, nor duckling, 'scapes, when *Grim*
 Invites the fox to dinner.

^r Lord *Bolingbroke*.

^s This and the following Fable are not positively ascribed to *Swift*. They are very much in the manner of *Prior*.

IV. The

IV.

The dame full wisely did decree,
 For fear he should dispatch more,
 That the false wretch should worried be ;
 But in a faucy manner he
 Thus speech'd it, like a *Lechmere* :

V.

" Must I, against all right and law,
 " Like pole-cat vile be treated ?
 " I ! who so long with tooth and claw
 " Have kept domestic mice in awe,
 " And foreign foes defeated !

VI.

" Your golden-pippins, and your pies,
 " How oft' have I defended !
 " 'Tis true, the pinner which you prize
 " I tore in frolick ; to your eyes
 " I never harm intended.

VII.

" I am a cat of honour." — " Stay !"
 Quoth she, " no longer parley ;
 " Whate'er you did in battle slay,
 " By law of arms became your prey :
 " I hope you won it fairly.

VIII.

" Of this we'll grant you stand acquit,
 " But not of your outrages :
 " Tell me, Perfidious ! was it fit
 " To make my cream a perquisite,
 " And steal, to mend your wages ?

IX.

" So flagrant is thy insolence,
 " So vile thy breach of trust is ;
 " That longer with thee to dispense,
 " Were want of power, or want of sense —
 " Here, *Towzer* ! — do him justice."

WHEN THE CAT'S AWAY,
THE MICE MAY PLAY.

A F A B L E,

Humbly inscribed to Dr. SWIFT.

"In domibus *Mures* avido dente omnia captant :
"In domibus *Fures* avida mente omnia raptant."

I.

A LADY once (so stories say)
By Rats and Mice infested,
With gins and traps long fought to slay
The Thieves ; but still they 'scap'd away,
And daily her molested.

II.

Great havock 'mongst her cheese was made,
And much the loss did grieve her :
At length *Grimalkin* to her aid
She call'd (no more of cats afraid),
And begg'd him to relieve her.

III.

Soon as *Grimalkin* came in view,
The Vermin back retreated ;
Grimalkin swift as lightning flew,
Thousands of Mice he daily flew,
Thousands of Rats defeated.

IV.

Ne'er Cat before such glory won,
All people did adore him :
Grimalkin far all Cats out-shone,
And in his Lady's favour none
Was then preferr'd before him.

The hint both of this and of the preceding Fable appears to have originated from "The Fable of the Old Lady and her Cats," printed in "*The General Postscript*," Nov. 7, 1709.

V. Pert

V.

Pert Mrs. *Abigail* alone
Envy'd *Grimalkin's* glory :
Her favourite lap-dog now was grown
Neglected; him she did bemoan,
And rav'd like any Tory.

VI.

She cannot bear, she swears she won't,
To see the Cat regarded ;
But firmly is resolv'd upon 't,
And vows, that, whatsoe'er comes on 't,
She'll have the Cat discarded.

VII.

She begs, she storns, she fawns, she frets,
(Her arts are all employ'd)
And tells her Lady, in a pett,
Grimalkin cost her more in meat
Than all the Rats destroy'd.

VIII.

At length this spiteful Waiting-maid
Produc'd a thing amazing ;
The favourite Cat 's a victim made,
To satisfy this prating jade,
And fairly turn'd a-grazing.

IX.

Now Lap-dog is again restor'd
Into his Lady's favour ;
Sumptuously kept at bed and board,
And he (so *Nab* has given her word)
Shall from all Vermin save her.

X.

Nab much exults at this success,
And, overwhelm'd with joy,
Her Lady fondly doth caress,
And tells her, *Fubb* can do no less
Than all her foes destroy.

XI. But

XI.

But vain such hopes ; the Mice that fled
 Return, now *Grim*'s discarded ;
 Whilst *Fubb* till ten, on filken bed,
 Securely lolls his drowfy head,
 And leaves cheefe unregarded.

XII.

Nor Rats nor Mice the Lap-dog fear,
 Now uncontrol'd their theft is :
 And whatfoe'er the Vermin spare
Nab and her Dog betwixt them share,
 Nor pie nor pippin left is.

XIII.

Mean while, to cover their deceit
 At once, and slander *Grim* ;
Nab says, the Cat comes out of spight
 To rob her Lady every night,
 So lays it all on him.

XIV.

Nor corn secure in garret high,
 Nor cheefecake safe in closet ;
 The cellars now unguarded lie,
 On every shelf the Vermin prey ;
 And still *Grimalkin* does it.

XV.

The gains from corn apace decay'd,
 No bags to market go :
 Complaints came from the dairy-maid,
 The Mice had spoil'd her butter trade,
 And eke her cheefe also.

XVI.

With this fame Lady once there liv'd
 A trusty Servant Maid,
 Who, hearing this, full much was griev'd,
 Fearing her Lady was deceiv'd,
 And hasten'd to her aid.

XVII. Much

THE MICE MAY PLAY. 219

XVII.

Much art she us'd for to disclose
And find out the deceit ;
At length she to the Lady goes,
Discovers her domestic foes,
And opens all the cheat.

XVIII.

Struck with the sense of her mistake,
The Lady, discontented,
Resolves again her Cat to take,
And ne'er again her Cat forsake,
Lest she again repent it.

HORACE, BOOK I. EP. XVII.

BY MR. DIAPER^u. 1714.

(Addressed to Dr. SWIFT.)

THOUGH you are conversant at court,
And where the *beaux esprits* resort,
Know all the niceties and rules,
Not to be taught in Logic Schools ;
Yet, for the jest's sake, hear the thought
Of one bred up in homely cot :
For even fools may chance to hit
On what may sound at least like wit ;
As the blind beggar haply may
Point out to travellers the way.
Well then (first pardon ask'd) I dare
Affirm, that he who loves good air
Would sleep, nor have the morning cries
Or hackney-coach unlock his eyes :
If his weak sight can't bear the streets,
When clouds are rais'd by summer heats ;

^u See an account of Mr. Diaper, in the *Journal to Stella*,
Dec. 18, 1712.

If he hates brawls and tavern-scores,
 And impudence of strolling whores;
 He'll rather choose to coach it down
 To *Hampshire* fields and country town:
 For, you may take a peasant's word,
 We have what *London* can't afford;
 Nor can the man, to say the worst,
 Who quiet lives, be greatly curs'd;
 Who breathes unknown, unheard-of dies,
 Whose end no *Post-boys* advertise.
 But — he the great-ones must importune,
 Who makes his own or others fortune.

The country parson, turn'd in years,
 Is neither plagued with hopes or fears,
 But undisturb'd in study pent,
 Or is, or would be thought, content;
 In fullen contemplation sits,
 Pities the bishops, rails at wits.
 None (says old *Crape*) would cringe and fawn
 For silver verge or sleeves of lawn,
 Or lordly power ambitious seek,
 Could they their fast as we do break,
 And dine on pie, as parsons must,
 Made of tithe-apples and plain crust.
 They need not then be hurried down
 To *Kensington* and *Windsor* town,
 As often as the court thinks fit
 To change the air, and starve the cit.
 This house and glebe my wishes crown,
 And what I have I call my own;
 I would depend on no man's gift,
 Nor do I envy Doctor SWIFT.
 But then how natural to reply,
 You hate the court — good reason why!
 Love poverty and rural ease,
 Because you want the art to please:
 Could you at *Harley's* table dine,
 Taste every dish, and choose your wine,
 Be deck'd with scarf, and cloath'd in silk,
 Farewel to pie-crust, eggs, and milk.
 If in the question you persist,
 Whether the town or country priest

Be

Be in the right ; I freely own
 I am myself an homebred clown ;
 Yet not so void of sense or letters,
 As rudely to condemn my betters.
 No — the beau clerk, if he thinks fit,
 May make reply to rustic wit :
 If I at leisure hours compose
 Some humourous strain in verse or prose,
 Nobles with pleasure read it o'er,
 I merit fame, and — something more.
 While you in parish preach and pray
 Each Sabbath morn and holy-day ;
 For that poor income you admire,
 Must stoop to the insulting Squire.
 Those tithes, the half of which they cheat,
 Are thought an alms, and not a debt ;
 And, pleas'd with *Dryden's* " One in Ten,"
 They owe no dues to clergymen.
 If I wait on a noble friend,
 'Tis but my duty to attend ;
 And really, Sir, to go well-dress'd,
 Mount a fine horse, and eat the best,
 Need no excuse with men of sense,
 And therefore I shall waive defence.
 Besides, an easy generous mind
 Is to no way of life confin'd ;
 Prepar'd for every turn of fate,
 Can frame itself to any state ;
 And courtiers sometimes condescend
 To talk with peasant as a friend.
 But, if this reasoning be applied,
 It will not hold on t'other side :
 A wretch made for a country life,
 True to his pulpit and his wife,
 Who all his pride and grandeur shews
 In funeral scarf and hatband-rose,
 Could not his dress or manners fashion
 To suit with any higher station ;
 A Quaker might as soon be brought
 To wear a sword and scarlet coat,
 As he t' harangue the listening fair
 With graceful turn and courtlike air.

Dress

Drest up as spruce, as th' Author looks
 When plac'd by *Guch*^w before his books;
 Oft' in his coach the well-bred Dean,
 And often too on foot, is seen;
 Careless he walks through dirty ways,
 Nor fears the spouts on rainy days;
 Sometimes at visitation dines,
 Bears clouds of smoke and worst of wines,
 Hears the loud chat of sacred rabble,
 And Whig and Tory curates squabble.
 No change the fullen Cynick knows,
 Still doom'd to thrum and clouted shoes;
 He cannot better be advis'd,
 Poor, aukward, simple, and despis'd:
 Leave him to choice; he'll die with grief;
 Give him hard pudding, give him beef!
 For mortals can no further go
 Than parts and genius will allow.
 But, if we would distinguish right,
 And rank each individual wight,
 Doubtless, those wondrous patriots claim
 The highest pinnacle of fame;
 Those gods on earth, but one remove
 From the almighty power of *Jove*;
 Who *Europe* by their counsels bless,
 Give triumphs first, and after peace.
 The next of course who take their places
 Are those which are in their good graces,
 Whom *Oxford's* lord or *Bolingbroke's*
 Behold with favourable looks;
 For, Sir, to please the nicest court,
 And shine among the better sort,
 (If the *grande monde* may be allow'd
 To judge much better than the crowd)
 Imply uncommon worth, and raise
 Favourites above the vulgar praise;
 To sit familiarly, and chat
 With the first minister of state;
 Is not allow'd to all who think
 They can talk well, or freely drink;

^w *Vandergucht*, the most fashionable engraver of his age.

He must deserve who thus is blest
 (*Harley* of all men knows his guest).
 For those who know themselves unfit
 To please the great, or aim at wit,
 Want elocution and address,
 The only means to gain access,
 May yet a figure make in village,
 Improve good rules of artful tillage,
 With honest farmers take a cup,
 And make their differences up,
 Smoke in burnt pipe, and drink good ale,
 And market-news by fire retail.
 But virtue, wit, and humour join'd,
 For corners never were design'd.
 None would *St. Patrick's* Dean forgive,
 Should he a country parson live.
 If honour be to merit due,
 They but their proper end pursue,
 Who by superior genius aim
 At just rewards and lasting fame.

But, under favour, Doctor SWIFT,
 If any, you know how to shift —
 I want a thousand pounds, my lord,
 Nay, instantly — but — say the word;
 If he denies, you tell him plain,
 E'en take your Deanry back again.

Quite otherwise it fares with those
 Who only by assurance lose.
 When I my patron gravely tell
 That truly matters don't go well;
 Wigs colour change, and cloaths will wear,
 Duties remain, and malt is dear;
 'Tis true, replies my wary friend,
 But, if peace last, the times will mend.

Sir, had the raven silent fate,
 Feasted unheard, and hugg'd her fate,
 None had put in for any share,
 Nor envied the delicious fare:
 But now the thing is nois'd about,
 The needy wits will find you out;
 Look for a moiety, and hope
 To have the gleanings of the crop.

Faith,

Faith, 'tis too large a share of pelf,
 To hoard it up, or spend yourself.
 Out of this stock you can't but lend
 A trifle to a poorer friend;
 Take twenty pieces from the heap,
 And 'twill the same dimensions keep.
 Now is the time, for we despair
 Ever to meet a chance so fair.
 Should you but move this suit again,
 Of losses, tithes, and fees complain,
 And tell how taxes and repairs
 Make *Parvisol** discount arrears;
Harley will think it all a jest,
 And gravely smile at the request.
 So the kept miss is always crost;
 This toy is broke, and t'other lost.
 This gown, says she, I scower'd to save,
 Has teen its best, as all mine have;
 Indeed 'twas soild, and quite worn out,
 Necessity will force one to 't.
 The lover promises the fair,
 To make all well with speedy care;
 And, as the coaxing gypsy feigns,
 Buys china, necklaces, and chains:
 But, when still dunn'd with one complaint,
 He laughs at the pretended want.

A LETTER FROM DEAN SWIFT
TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Written in 1718.

WHATE'ER your predecessors taught us,
 I have a great esteem for *Plautus*;
 And think your boys may gather there-hence
 More wit and humour than from *Terence*.
 But as to comic *Aristophanes*,
 The rogue too vicious and too prophane is,

* The Dean's agent at *Laracor*.

A LETTER FROM SWIFT TO SHERIDAN. 225

I went in vain to look for *Eupolis*
 Down in *The Strand*^r, just where the New Pole is;
 For I can tell you one thing, that I can
 (You will not find it in the *Vatican*):
 He and *Cratinus* us'd, as *Horace* says,
 To take his greatest grandees for asses.
 Poets, in those days, us'd to venture high;
 But these are lost full many a century.
 Thus you may see, dear friend, *ex pede* hence;
 My judgement of the old Comedians.

Proceed to Tragicks: first, *Euripides*
 (An Author where I sometimes dip a days)
 Is rightly censur'd by the *Stagirite*,
 Who says, his numbers do not fadge aright.
 A friend of mine that Author despises
 So much, he swears the very best piece is,
 For aught he knows, as bad as *Thespis's*,
 And that a woman, in these Tragedies,
 Commonly speaking, but a sad jade is.
 At least, I'm well assur'd, that no folk lays
 The weight on him they do on *Sophocles*.
 But, above all, I prefer *Æschylus*,
 Whose moving touches, when they please, kill us.

And now I find my Muse but ill able,
 To hold out longer in *Trissyllable*.
 I chose those rhymes out for their difficulty;
 Will you return as hard ones if I call r'ye?

^r In *London*. The fact may be true; but the rhyme cost me
 some trouble.



E P I G R A M,

BY DEAN SMEDLEY.

TO-day this temple gets a Dean,
 Of parts and fame uncommon;
 Us'd both to pray and to prophane,
 To serve both GOD and *Mammon*.

When *Wharton* reign'd, a Whig he was;
 When *Pembroke*, that's dispute, Sir;
 In *Oxford's* time, what *Oxford* pleas'd,
Non-con, or *Jack*, or *Neuter*.

This place he got by wit and rhyme,
 And many ways most odd;
 And might a bishop be in time,
 Did he believe in God.

For High-church men and policy
 He swears, he prays most hearty;
 But would pray back again, would be
 A Dean of any party.

Four *Lessons*, Dean! all in one day,
 Faith! it is hard, that's certain:
 'Twere better hear *thy'own Peter* say,
 G—d d—n thee, *Jack*, and *Martin*!

* See his Petition to the duke of *Grafton*, vol. XIV. p. 284. and a character of him, in *this* volume, p. 251. He published, in 1715, a Sermon inscribed to Dr. *Hoadly*, being one which he was prevented by indisposition from preaching. It was reprinted among "Eight Sermons, on several Subjects, by the Dean of *Killala*, 1709." A volume of his poetry was printed in 1723, 8vo. —Our Author's antipathy to Dean *Smedley* appears to have originated from a difference in politics. By "A Christmas Invitation," in the *Gulliveriana*, we find, *Smedley* was a constant attendant on the Whigs at *Button's* at the latter end of queen *Anne's* reign. His familiar Epistle to lord *Sunderland*, with a familiar Answer, are in *Concanen's* Miscellanies. On Dr. *Swift's* promotion to *St. Patrick's*, the above verses by *Smedley* were fixed on the cathedral-door, the day he was installed.

Hard,

Hard, to be plagued with Bible still
And Prayer-book huge before thee;
Hadst thou not wit to think at will
Of some diverting story?

Look down, *St. Patrick*, look, we pray,
On thy own *church and steeple*;
Convert thy Dean, on this *great day*;
Or else God help the people!

And now, whene'er his Deanship dies,
Upon his tomb be graven;
"A Man of God here buried lies,
"Who never thought of Heaven."

DEAN SMEDLEY'S ODE
TO EARL CADOGAN.

*Scriberis Vario fortis & hostium
Victor.* HOR.

I.

HERO! sprung from ancient blood;
Cadogan! valiant, wise, and good;
What golden lyre, what happy Muse,
To sing thy praises, shall we chuse?
So great a theme, so new a song,
To *Welfed* only does belong;
Like *Ovid* soft is he, like *Flaccus* strong.

II. Virtues

* *William Cadogan*, esq. was quarter-master general in 1701; colonel of a regiment of horse in 1703; brigadier-general in 1704; plenipotentiary to *The Spanish Netherlands* and major-general in 1706; lieutenant-general in 1709; on the accession of king *George*, master of the robes, and colonel of the second regiment of horse-guards; knight of the thistle in 1715; governor of the isle of *Wight*, and plenipotentiary to *Holland*, in 1716; created lord *Cadogan*, June 21, that year; baron *Oakley*, viscount *Caversham*, and earl *Cadogan*, April 17, 1718. On the death of

II.

Virtues, that soar so high, demand
 The touches of a master-hand ;
 Love disdain'd, on *Pindar's* wing,
 Thee and Conquest he shall sing;
 To times unborn transmit thy praise;
 On thy laurels graft his bays,
 And with thy triumphs swell his polish'd lays.

III.

Whether thy deeds he backward trace,
 With achievements past to grace
 The numerous Ode, and bring anew
 Fields, with slaughter stain'd, to view :
 Part in *Marlborough* shalt thou claim,
 Next to *Marlborough* rise in fame;
 The strain resounds with each immortal name.

IV.

Whether from a nearer theme
 The tuneful Poet form his scheme,
 And court with skill the ravish'd ear,
 The glories which we see to hear;
 Glories unrival'd ! fit alone,
 By wit unrival'd to be shewn,
 By harmony inspir'd, and numbers not his own.

V.

If glorious war his fancy charms,
 Thy courage, and thy skill in arms,
 Thy brandish'd steel, and spreading wreath,
 Bold and sublime the verse shall breathe;
 If thy social life he show,
 Soft the gentler strain shall flow,
 And every line with truth and friendship glow.

the duke of *Marlborough* in 1722, he was made master-general of the ordnance, and colonel of the first regiment of foot-guards. He died July 17, 1726.—No officer was ever so much relied on by the duke of *Marlborough* as general *Cadogan*. He had the care of marking out almost every camp during the war in *The Netherlands* and *Germany*; which he executed so skilfully, that, it was observed, the duke was never surprized or attacked in his camp during the whole war.

VI. Oh !

VI.

Oh! thou, whom e'en thy foes approve,
 Whom foreign nations praise and love;
 Darling of the *British* court!
 Thy country's boast, thy king's support;
 Distinguish'd honours born to wear,
 Favourite of the bright and fair,
 The foldier's glory, and the foldier's care!

VII.

Could I boast thy vigorous mind,
 Thy sprightly wit and judgement join'd;
 Were all those arts and graces mine,
 Which make thy finish'd merit shine:
 Then would I raise the founding strain,
 Alarm around the listening plain,
 And with thy various praise my verse sustain.

VIII.

I'd paint thee then with matchless art,
 The clearest head, the bravest heart,
 Boldly honest to advise,
 Blest effect of being wise!
 Ever prompt thy aid to lend,
 Swift thy country to defend,
 And doom'd th' impostor's blasted hopes to end.

IX.

But stay, fond Muse! th' attempt refrain;
 The theme ill suits thy humble strain:
Welfed^u, oh! begin thy song;
 Blooming poet, bright and young,
 Exert thy heavenly art anew,
 In lofty verse the toil pursue,
 In verse to glory and *Cadogan* due:

X. His

^u *Leonard Welfed*, author of the *Triumvirate*, or a Letter in Verse from *Palæmon* to *Cælia* at *Bath*, which was meant for a satire on Mr. *Pope* and some of his friends, about the year 1718. He wrote several other things, which cannot now be remembered. *Smedley*, in his "*Metamorphosis of Scriblerus*," mentions one, the

X.

His past and present actions sung,
 Let thy lyre again be strung;
 Let thy sweet prophetic lays
 Anticipate his coming praise:
 Place the scene before our eyes,
 That wrapt in clouds and darkness lies,
 The scene ordain'd in distant time to rise.

XI.

Many years the hero give,
 Lov'd and happy make him live;
 Draw him at the helm of state,
 As in arms, in council great,
 Let the god-like portrait shine:
 So thou (for Poets may divine)
 Shalt share his fame, and make his triumphs thine.

THE ODE-MAKER.

Occasioned by the preceding ODE.

WELL, *Smedley*, since thou wilt expose
 Thyself in verse as well as prose,
 And tease thy friends as well as foes;

the Hymn of a *Gentleman* to his *Creator*; and there was another, in praise either of a Cellar or a Garret. *Dennis* supposes *L. W.* in the "Art of Sinking" to mean the same person. See more of him, in *Notes on Dunciad*, ii. 207. A more favourable account is exhibited in the third book, ver. 169, extracted from his own "Character of the Times, 1728," p. 23. "His Love verses have rescued that way of writing from contempt—in his Translation, he has given us the very soul and spirit of his author. "His Ode—his Epistle—his Verses, his Love-tale—all, are the "most perfect things in all poetry." His "treatise of *Longinus*, "translated from *Boileau's* translation," is mentioned by the Dean.—It should not be forgot, to his honour, that he received at one time the sum of five hundred pounds for secret service, among other excellent authors, hired to write anonymously for the ministry.

Be patient, my advice to hear,
 And rave within thy proper sphere;
 Treat not of subjects so sublime,
 In gingling, empty, doggrel rhyme;
 But hit thy genius, suit thy Muse,
 And ballad-swelling matter chuse:
 Chuse something whimsical and odd;
 But spare, be sure, the word of God.

Tell us what *Swift* is now a-doing,
 Or whining politicks, or wooing;
 With sentence grave, or mirth uncommon,
 Poisoning the clergy and the women.
 Do, pr'ythee, fluttering smattering Poet,
 (For thou, dear Dean, or none must do it,)
 Shew us, in sympathetic strain,
 The twin conceit of Brother Dean:
 He's always odd, and always new,
 Idle and humorous as you.

Is he at ombre or at tea,
 Writing a pamphlet or a play;
 Sneaking to *Nutley's* ^c in a chair,
 Or riding on the *Strand* for air?
 Or is he lolling on his elbow,
 Thinking what often *John* and *Nell* do;
 Shewing how well he can rehearse
 The nastiest thing in cleanest verse;
 Inventing whims, preparing rhymes,
 To bless the world in better times?

Or is he casting *Perkin's* doom,
 And prophesying things to come,
 When staunch old Tories shall take place,
 Or new apostates yearn with grace;
 When *Bolingbroke* shall be restor'd,
 And he himself yclept My Lord?
 Or is he settling schemes of life,
 Money be sure, be sure no wife;
 I' th' morning fixing water-gruel;
 Tea is damn'd dear, and will not do well;

^c The judge; of whom, see vol. XXVI. p. 156. He appears to have had thoughts of entering into the church; as he took the degree of M. A. at *New Inn Hall*, July 7, 1694.

At noon no dishes, no, a chop
 Stol'n in by *John* from neighbouring shop,
 Where diet ready drest is fold,
 A griskin hot, or sliver cold;
 And for the night a crust of bread,
 A pint of wine, and so to bed?

Unless when winds have blown full East,
 And packets bring a rebel-guest
 Full fraught with news; then, every door
 Being shut, to chat their treason o'er
 And o'er again; full bowls go round,
 With sprightly mirth and faction crown'd;
 And *John* is bid to cut, and cut on,
 Till a whole yard of neck of mutton
 He into chops dissects, to cloy
 Th' admiring family with joy.

But if no news-monger appears,
 Or if advice from adverse stars,
 Thinly at home the Dean is fed,
 Or visits for his daily bread;
 And *John* and *Nell*, with whey-like beer,
 Brown loaf and cheese (most hearty cheer!)
 Having indulg'd, may take their ease,
 Love, snore, or sing, or what they please.

Something like this, methinks, good Dean,
 Were better than heroic strain;
 Or, if your Reverence had thought fit,
 To shew your scrub half-witted wit,
 Amongst the sword, the robe, the gown,
 Who envied shine in *Dublin* town;
 You might pick out, as thick as hops,
 Poets, punsters, ladies, fops,
 Tart and bright, and very dull,
 With paunch well stuff'd, and empty skull;
 And sing them making bulls, and quaffing,
 Chewing, blundering, ever laughing:
 Or, if thou art for lighter work,
 Then skim thy thoughts away to *Corke*;
 Describe the Bishop^d, learn'd and wise,
 Labouring at senseless niceties,

Inventing

^d See *Swift's* opinion of Bp. *Browne*, vol. XII. p. 135, 136.
 His pamphlet was called, "Of Drinking in Remembrance

Inventing sins, creating evil,
And making new work for the Devil;
Whereas the crimes already past are
More than flesh and blood can master :

“ of the Dead. Being the Substance of a Discourse delivered to
“ the Clergy of the Diocese of *Corke*, on the Fourth of *November*
“ 1713, by the Bishop of that Diocese. And published at their
“ unanimous request, 1713.” 8vo. Two volumes of his Ser-
mons were printed in 1749.—The following extraordinary account
of this prelate and of *John Toland* is extracted from a writer of
great singularity: “ Bp. *Peter Browne* was a man of vast learning,
exemplary piety, and great goodness to the poor; but Orthodoxy
and Jacobitism had deprived him of judgement, and thrown him
into an occasional frenzy. In hatred to king *William*, he writ the
book against drinking to the memory of any one, which he calls a
profanation of the *Supper*; and had so great an aversion to the
Whigs, that he could not speak of them with any temper, *Locke*
and *Clarke* he considered as two devils; and ever mentioned them
with a malice and bitterness that was astonishing. My friend,
worthy *John Toland*, used to say, he made him a bishop, though
the Doctor returned the favour with a hearty hatred; for it was by
writing a bad book against *Toland’s* ‘Christianity not mysterious’
(an excellent piece) that Dr. *Browne* was removed [in July 1709]
from being provost of *Trinity College, Dublin*, to the see of *Corke*.
As to the prelate’s famous books — “Procedure, Extent, and
Limits, of Human Understanding—” and, “Things Divine and
Supernatural conceived by Analogy with Things Natural and Hu-
man”—they are a monstrous composition of scholastic confusion.
—If I mistake not, this Right Reverend died in 1736 [1735].
He published the letter against *Toland* in 1697, when he was Mr.
Peter Browne, senior fellow—and therein not only gives the foulest
language and most opprobrious names to *Toland*, but calls upon the
civil magistrate to destroy him: and destroy him the said magistrate
would have done, if by sudden flight he had not escaped from their
malicious vengeance.” — *Memoirs of Ladies of Great Britain*,
vol. I. p. 86.—This zealous advocate for *Toland*, after refuting a
malicious accusation of his having stolen a silver spoon, and ap-
pealing for the goodness of his Christianity to the confession of faith
in his posthumous works, very gravely adds, “It was not that
Toland’s faith was bad. He believed all that the apostles of *Jesus*
Christ believed. Nor can the least mean action with truth be
brought to hurt his fame—Honour and honesty were the laws of
his life: what *Toland* was culpable in was this; he was too fond
of a girl. In this article he was, till his last sickness, indiscreet.
And so have been, and so are, many reverend men I can name.”

However,

However, that thy wonted care
Of Mother-church may full appear,
Thy Bishop at his fee disgrace,
And drink THE MEMORY to his face,

Tell him, the cure of souls of late
Is deem'd unbred, for priests of state;
That, as no roof or sacred wall
Adorns thy parish, none e'er shall;
And, if thy wish were truly known,
'Tis that *Killala* church were down.

Or, lest thy rhyming vein should cool,
What if thy friend Sir *Richard's* * Pool
Thou didst describe, in lines and feet
For that queer nick-nack pat-and meet;
Inform the town, this freak being over,
He would proceed, and soon discover
An art long doom'd to deep despair,
And shew a castle in the air.

Instead of this, from *Pindar's* wing,
Your goose-quill draw—make *Welfed* sing
Smooth and sad verses, *not his own* †;
And yet they are, for he alone
Was born to sing the hero's doom,
Both *past and present*, and to come ‡.

Dear Doctor, 'tis a mournful thing,
If you hold-forth just as you sing:
So soft's your song, so smooth's your art,
You'll ne'er affect your people's heart;
And yet, though verses thick do flow
From your sweet pen as winter's snow,
You left your work most crudely done,
And ended just as you begun.

But this friend *Welfed* must repair,
Welfed, blooming, young, and fair;
To his master-stroke and touch,
Belongs the barrier, and the *Dutch*:

* Alluding to "An Account of the Fish Pond, &c. by Sir *Richard Steele*, 1718."

† They were by some ascribed to Mr. *Addison*.

‡ See "The Genius, an Ode, written in 1717, on occasion of
"the duke of *Marlborough's* Apoplexy," by *Welfed*, in *Dodley's*
Collection, vol. IV.

Oh, had he done it, or that you
Would, like yourself, the theme pursue,
— As thus —

“ *Cadogan*, sprung of old *Welsh* blood,
“ Lustre to thy ancient brood,
“ Permit thy Chaplain, Poet, Friend,
“ His mind with verse a while t’ unbend,
“ Neglecting both his drink and food,
“ To sing the man that does him good.

“ *Briton*, bold and honest too,
“ Every virtue is thy due,
“ Every poet, every bard,
“ In thy cause shall soon be heard ;
“ And, when I my lines have done,
“ *Welfied* then shall scribble on :
“ In the mean while, pray, *Sir*, peruse
“ The following efforts of my Muse.

“ How uniform thy toil and care
“ For *George* and *Britain’s* welfare are !
“ Postponing interest, ease, and blood,
“ For every thing of public good ;
“ Free from the false and petty jars
“ Of junro tricks and closet wars ;
“ Bold and daring to advise
“ (The blest *effects of being wise*) ;
“ But honest also, not to give
“ Advice unfit for to receive.

“ Go on, great *Sir*, and don’t bestow
“ Your favours on a flattering foe,
“ Nor tread mankind with unbred mien,
“ With faucy, aukward, sour disdain ;
“ Your happy clients still attend,
“ The patron, gentleman, and friend !

“ But stop, my Muse, and curb thy reins ;
“ Check thy fond and well-meant strains.
“ What the Patron likes (I fear)
“ The Critick’s censure cannot spare :
“ Begin then, *Welfied*, bright and young,
“ Correct’s thy speech, and sweet thy tongue,
“ Born to celebrate his praise,
“ Who’s born the subject of thy lays.

“ Thus, while *Virgil*, *Horace* write,
“ *Mæcnas* is the world’s delight.

“ When

" When thou hast spun thy tuneful verse,
 " The *past* and *present* to rehearse,
 " Let thy strong *prophetic rhymes*
 " Foretell th' eclat of future times ;
 " Give the *hero* *may years*,
 " Prosperous peace, successful wars ;
 " Draw him at the *helm of state*,
 " Telling foreign powers their fate,
 " Consulting *Britain's* good and ease,
 " Through all the civil arts of peace,
 " And sometimes, for his country's good,
 " Working through a sea of blood :
 " And, when this is said, and more,
 " And praises rattled o'er and o'er,
 " Give the Earl at once his due,
 " Tell the world it is most true,
 " That he his life did ever guide,
 " By sticking to one honest side ;
 " And unto death there's no one art
 " Him and his cause shall ever part ;
 " And, in short, when *Marlborough* dies,
 " And fate has clos'd those glorious eyes,
 " There's no one subject in this land
 " Fit the army to command,
 " But *Cadogan* ;—and, for rhyme,
 " Good-bye, smart Poet, till next time."

PROLOGUE to a PLAY, for the Benefit of the
 distressed Weavers, by Dr. SHERIDAN^h. Spoken
 by Mr. ELRINGTONⁱ, 1721.

GREAT cry and little wool—is now become
 The plague and proverb of the Weaver's Loom :
 No Wool to work on, neither West nor Warp ;
 Their pockets empty, and their stomachs sharp.

^h See Dr. *Swift's* Epilogue to the same play, vol. VI. p. 184.

ⁱ Mr. *Thomas Elrington*, Deputy Master of the Revels, Steward of the inns, and chief of his Majesty's company of Comedians in *Ireland*, died in *July* 1732.

Provok'd,

Provok'd, in loud complaints to you they cry :
 Ladies, relieve the Weavers ; or they die !
 Forfake your Silks for Stuffs ; nor think it strange
 To shift your cloaths, since you delight in change.
 One thing with freedom I'll presume to tell—
 The men will like you every bit as well.

See I am dress'd from top to toe in stuff ;
 And, by my troth, I think I'm fine enough :
 My wife admires me more, and swears she never,
 In any dress, beheld me look so clever.
 And, if a man be better in such ware,
 What great advantage must it give the Fair !
 Our Wool from Lambs of innocence proceeds :
 Silks come from Maggots, Callicoes from Weeds ;
 Hence 'tis by sad experience that we find
 Ladies in Silks to vapours much inclin'd—
 And what are they but Maggots in the mind ?
 For which I think it reason to conclude
 That cloaths may change our temper like our food.
 Chintzes are gaudy, and engage our eyes
 Too much about the party-colour'd dyes :
 Although the lustre is from you begun,
 We see the Rainbow, and neglect the Sun.

How sweet and innocent 's the Country Maid,
 With small expence in native Wool array'd ;
 Who copies from the fields her homely green,
 While by her Shepherd with delight she's seen !
 Should our fair Ladies dress like her in Wool,
 How much more lovely, and how beautiful,
 Without their *Indian* Drapery they'd prove ;
 Whilst Wool would help to warm us into love !
 Then, like the famous *Argonauts* of Greece,
 We'd all contend to gain the Golden Fleece !

}

ANSWER to the foregoing PROLOGUE,
and to Dr. SWIFT'S EPILOGUE.

By Dr. DELANY.

Fæmineo generi tribuantur.

THE Muses, whom the richest silks array,
Refuse to fling their shining gowns away;
The Pencil cloaths the Nine in bright Brocades,
And gives each colour to the pictur'd Maids;
Far above mortal dress the Sisters shine,
Pride in their *Indian* Robes, and must be fine.
And shall two Bards in concert rhyme and huff,
And fret these Muses with their Play-house Stuff?

The Player in mimic piety may storm,
Deplore the Comb, and bid her Heroes arm;
The arbitrary mob, in paltry rage,
May curse the Belles and Chintzes of the age:
Yet still the Artist Worm her Silk shall share,
And spin her Thread of life in service of the Fair.

The Cotton-plant, whom Satire cannot blast,
Shall bloom the Favourite of these Realms, and last;
Like yours, ye Fair, her fame from censure grows,
Prevails in charms, and glares above her foes;
Your injur'd Plant shall meet a loud defence,
And be the emblem of your innocence.

Some Bard, perhaps, whose Landlord was a Weaver,
Penn'd the low Prologue, to return a favour:
Some neighbour Wit, that would be in the vogue,
Work'd with his Friend, and wove the Epilogue.
Who weaves the chaplet, or provides the bays,
For such Wool-gathering Sonneteers as these?
Hence then, ye *home-spun* Witlings, that persuade
Miss *Chloe* to the fashion of her Maid!
Shall the *wide* Hoop, that standard of the town,
Thus act subservient to a Poplin Gown?
Who'd smell of Wool all over? 'Tis enough
The Under-petticoat be made of stuff.

Lord! to be wrapt in Flannel just in *May*,
When the fields dress'd in flowers appear so gay!
And shall not Mifs be *flower'd* as well as they?

}

In what weak colours would the Plaid appear,
Work'd to a Quilt, or studded in a Chair!
Th skin, that vies with Silk, would fret with stuff;
Or who could bear in bed a thing so rough?
Ye knowing Fair, how eminent that Bed,
Where the Chintz diamonds with the Silken Thread,
Where rustling Curtains call the curious eye,
And boast the streaks and paintings of the sky!
Of Flocks they'd have your milky Ticking full;
And all this for the benefit of Wool!

"But where," say they, "shall we bestow these
Weavers,

"That spread our streets, and are such piteous cravers?"
The Silk-worms (brittle beings!) prone to fate,
Demand their care, to make their Webs complete:
These may they tend, their promises receive;
We cannot pay *too much* for what *they* give!

NEWS FROM PARNASSUS.

Occasioned by "APOLLO to the DEAN^k."

PARNASSUS, *February* the twenty-seventh.

The Poets assembled here on the eleventh,
Conven'd by *Apollo*, who gave them to know,
He'd have a Vicegerent in his Empire below;
But declar'd that no Bard should this honour inherit,
Till the rest had agreed he surpass'd them in merit.
Now this, you'll allow, was a difficult case,
For each Bard believ'd he'd a right to the place;
So, finding th' assembly grown warm in debate,
He put them in mind of his *Phaëton's* fate:
'Twas urg'd to no purpose; disputes higher rose.
Scarce *Phæbus* himself could their quarrels compose;

^k Printed in vol. VII. p. 13.

Till at length he determin'd that every Bard
Should (each in his turn) be patiently heard.

First, one who believ'd he excell'd in translation,
Founds his claim on the doctrine of man's transmigration¹:

"Since the soul of great *Milton* was given to me,

"I hope the Convention will quickly agree."

"Agree!" quoth *Apollo*: "from whence is this fool?

"Is he just come from reading *Pythagoras* at school?

"Be gone, Sir; you've got your subscriptions in time,

"And given in return neither reason nor rhyme."

To the next, says the God, "Though now I won't
"chuse you,

"I'll tell you the reason for which I refuse you:

"Love's Goddess has oft' to her parents complain'd,

"Of my favouring a Bard who her empire disdain'd;

"That, at my instigation, a poem you writ,

"Which to beauty and youth preferr'd judgement and
"wit;

"That, to make you a Laureat, I gave the first voice,

"Inspiring the *Britons* t' approve of my choice.

"*Jove* sent her to me, her power to try;

"The Goddess of Beauty what God can deny?

"She forbids your preferment; I grant her desire.

"Appease the fair Goddess: you then may rise higher."

The next^m that appear'd had good hopes of succeeding,
For he merited much for his wit and his breeding.

'Twas wise in the *Britons* no favour to shew him,

He else might expect they should pay what they owe him.

And therefore they prudently chose to discard

The Patriot, whose merits they would not reward.

The God, with a smile, bade his favourite advance,

"You were sent by *Astræa* her Envoy to *France*:

"You bent your ambition to rise in the state;

"I refuse you, because you could stoop to be great."

Then a Bard who had been a successful Translatorⁿ,

"The Convention allows me a Versificator."

Says *Apollo*, "You mention the least of your merit;

"By your Works, it appears you have much of my spirit.

¹ Dr. Trapp.

^m Mr. Prior.

ⁿ Mr. Pope was probably here meant.

"I esteem

"I esteem you so well, that, to tell you the truth,
 "The greatest objection against you 's your youth :
 "Then be not concern'd you are now laid aside ;
 "If you live, you shall certainly one day preside."
 Another, low bending, *Apollo* thus greets,
 "'Twas I taught your subjects to walk through the
 "streets o."

"You taught them to walk ! why, they knew it before :
 "But give me the Bard that can teach them to *soar*.
 "Whenever he claims, 'tis his right, I'll confess,
 "Who lately attempted my style with success ;
 "Who writes like *Apollo*, has most of his spirit,
 "And therefore 'tis just I distinguish his merit ;
 "Who makes it appear, by all he has writ,
 "His judgement alone can set bounds to his wit ;
 "Like *Virgil* correct, with his own native ease,
 "But excels even *Virgil* in elegant praise ;
 "Who admires the Antients, and knows 'tis their due,
 "Yet writes it a manner entirely new ;
 "Though none with more ease their depths can explore,
 "Yet whatever he wants he takes from my store ;
 "Though I'm fond of his virtues, his pride I can see,
 "In scorning to borrow from any but me ;
 "It is owing to this, that, like *Cynthia*, his lays
 "Enlighten the world by reflecting my rays."

This said, the whole Audience soon found out his
 drift ;
 The Convention was summon'd in favour of SWIFT.

APOLLO'S EDICT, 1720 P,

IRELAND is now our royal care,
 We lately fix'd our Viceroy there ;
 How near was she to be undone,
 Till pious love inspir'd her Son !

What

* Mr. Gay ; alluding to his *Trivia*.

P The last twelve lines of this poem were printed separately in
 1743, on the death of lady Catharine Forbes, only daughter of Ar-
 thur first earl of Granard (descended from the noble family of
 SUPPL. III. [XXVII.] R Forbes

What cannot our Vicegerent do,
 As Poet and as Patriot too?
 Let his success our subjects sway,
 Our inspirations to obey
 And follow where *He* leads the way:
 Then study to correct your taste;
 Nor *beaten* paths be longer trac'd,
 No simile shall be begun,
 With *rising* or with *setting* sun;
 And let the *secret head of Nile*
 Be ever banish'd from your isle.

When wretched lovers live on air,
 I beg you'll the *camelion* spare;
 And when you'd make a hero grander,
 Forget he's like a *salamander*.

No son of mine shall dare to say,
Aurora usher'd in the day,
 Or ever name the *milky-way*.

You all agree, I make no doubt,
Elijah's mantle is worn out.
 The *bird of Jove* shall toil no more,
 To teach the humble *wren* to soar.
 Your Tragic heroes shall not rant,
 Nor Shepherds use *poetic cant*.

Forbes in Scotland). She was the second lady of *Arthur* third earl of *Donegall* (who in 1705 was major general of the *Spanish* forces, and was killed, *April 10, 1706*, at the fort of *Monjuich*, after many glorious services, and buried at *Barcelona*); by whom she had two sons and six daughters. Three of these young ladies were burnt by an accidental fire at the family house in *Belfast*. The countess died *June 15, 1743*. A letter from *Mr. Hugbes* to the countess dowager of *Donegall* is in the collection published by *Mr. Duncombe*; who tells us in a note, "This lady (only daughter and heiress of *John Itchingham*, esq. first married to *Arthur* second earl of *Donegall*, and afterwards to *Richard Roath*, esq. of *Epsom*) constantly kept two anniversary fasts; the one on the day when this calamity [the fire at *Belfast*] happened; the other on the day when her first husband was killed at the siege of *Barcelona*." This ingenious Editor seems to have confounded the dowager lady of the second earl with the lady whom *Dr. Swift* here celebrates; who was "of the *Granard* race," and dowager of the third earl, as mentioned above.

Simplicity

APOLLO'S EDITION.

143

Simplicity alone can grace
The manners of the rural race.

Theocritus and *Philips* be
Your guides to true simplicity,

When *Damon's* soul shall take its flight,

Though Poets have the second fight,
They shall not see a trail of light.

Nor shall the vapours upward rise,
Nor a new star adorn the skies :

For who can hope to place one there,
As glorious as *Belinda's* hair ?

Yet, if his name you'd eternize,
And must exalt him to the skies ;

Without a star this may be done :
So *Tickell* mourn'd his *Addison*.

If *Anna's* happy reign you praise,
Pray, not a word of *halcyon* days ;

Nor let my votaries shew their skill
In aping lines from *Cooper's* Hill ;

For know, I cannot bear to hear
The Mimickry of deep, yet clear.

Whene'er my Viceroy is address'd,
Against the *phœnix* I protest,

When Poets soar in youthful strains,
No *Phaëton* to hold the reins ;

¶ *Thomas Tickell*, an English Poet of an elegant genius, was the son of a clergyman. Whilst fellow of *Queen's College, Oxford*, he so effectually made Mr. *Addison* his friend, by a complimentary copy of verses on "*Resamend*," that he obtained the office of under secretary of state ; and, when Mr. *Addison's* ill health obliged him to resign, he so effectually recommended Mr. *Tickell* to his successor Mr. *Craggs*, that he was continued in place till that gentleman's death. Mr. *Tickell* was appointed secretary to the lord justices in *Ireland* in June 1724, and held that office till his death in 1740. His poems are an ornament to the second volume of the *Minor Poets*. He had the care of an edition of Mr. *Addison's* works, to which he prefixed an account of his patron's life, and a poem on his death. The translation of the first book of the *Iliad*, which has been ascribed to *Tickell*, was said to be in reality the production of *Addison*, to prejudice that which *Pope* had just undertaken : but that notion was certainly without foundation,

R 2

When

When you describe a lovely girl,
 No lips of *coral*, teeth of *pearl*.
Cupid shall ne'er mistake another,
 However beauteous, for his mother :
 Nor shall his darts at random fly
 From Magazine in *Cælia's* eye.
 With women compounds I am cloy'd,
 Which only pleas'd in *Biddy Floyd*^r.
 For foreign aid what need they roam,
 Whom fate has amply blest at home ?
 Unerring heaven, with bounteous hand,
 Has form'd a model for your land,
 Whom *Jove* endow'd with every grace ;
 The glory of the *Granard* race ;
 Now destin'd by the powers divine,
 The blessing of *another* line.
 When would you paint a matchless dame,
 Whom you 'd consign to endless fame ;
 Invoke not *Cytherea's* aid,
 Nor borrow from the blue-ey'd maid ;
 Nor need you on the Graces call ;—
 Take qualities from *Donegall*.

ON DR. SHERIDAN'S CIRCULAR VERSES.

By Mr. GEORGE ROCHFORD.

WITH music and poetry equally blest,
 A bard thus *Apollo* most humbly address :
 " Great author of harmony, verses, and light !
 " Assisted by thee, I both fiddle and write :
 " Yet unheeded I scrape or I scribble all day ;
 " My verse is neglected, my tunes thrown away.

^r " And call'd the happy Composition *Floyd*."

^s Among a thousand other whims, Dr. *Sheridan* hit upon one, which occasioned much mirth. He wrote a copy of verses, in circles, enclosed within one another, like those of a sphere ; the first of a large, and the last of a little circumference in the center ; on which occasion Dr. *Swift* wrote the verses in vol. XVIII. p. 108. and Mr. *Rochford* those above.

" Thy

ON DR. SHERIDAN'S CIRCULAR VERSES. 245

"Thy substitute here, *Vice-Apollo*[†], disdains
 "To vouch for my numbers, or list to my strains;
 "Thy manual signet refuses to put
 "To the airs I produce, from the pen or the gut.
 "Be thou then propitious, great *Phæbus*! and grant
 "Relief or reward to my merit, or want!
 "Though the Dean and *Delany* transcendently shine,
 "O brighten one solo or sonnet of mine!
 "With them I'm content thou should'st make thy abode:
 "But visit thy servant in jig or in ode.
 "Make one work immortal! 'tis all I request."
Apollo look'd pleas'd; and, resolving to jest,
 Reply'd, "Honest friend, I've consider'd thy case:
 "Nor dislike thy well-meaning and humorous face.
 "Thy petition I grant: the boon is not great;
 "Thy works shall continue: and here's the receipt.
 "On rondeaux[‡] hereafter thy fiddle-strings spend:
 "Write verses in circles; they never shall end."

VERSES BY STELLA.

IF it be true, celestial Powers,
 That you have form'd me fair,
 And yet, in all my vainest hours,
 My mind has been my care:
 Then, in return, I beg this grace,
 As you were ever kind,
 What envious Time takes from my face,
 Bestow upon my mind!

EPIGRAM.

TWO Goddesses now must *Cyprus* adore:
 The Graces are *ten*; the Muses are *four*.
 STELLA's wit is so charming, so sweet her fair face,
 She shines a new *Venus*, a *Muse*, and a *Grace*."

[†] See the preceding Poem.

[‡] A kind of musical air, so constituted, that the last strain falls naturally into the first.

THE LINNET AND THE JAY.

BY A FRIEND OF STELLA'S.

MONA, by nature, form'd a *Jay*,
 Observ'd a little *Linnet*,
 Warbling melodious on a spray,
 Like *Handel* on his spinnet.

Attentive, she revolv'd each note;
 And, ere the season ended,
 As much improv'd her tuneless throat,
 As nature could be mended.

Lin silent heard; but *Poll* rejoic'd,
 Exerts his clumsy tongue;
 To praise a *Jay* so heavenly-voic'd,
 And pity *Lin* out-sung.

Lin smil'd, and sigh'd, "My little lays
 "Are native, artless, few:
 "Content, I quit all higher praise
 "To *Mona*, and to You!"

* "I have often heard a man of credit, and a competent judge, declare, that he never pass'd one day in *Stella's* society, wherein he did not hear her say some thing, which he would wish to remember to the last day of his life.—An humourous, but wrong-judging, gentleman of her acquaintance, took it into his head to set up the character of another lady in rivalry to hers; and rais'd some awkward mirth to himself, from *Stella's* sitting silent; at a visit where that lady displayed her talents. On which occasion the above verses were sent to her the next morning, probably from some friend of *Stella's*, for more than one of her friends were then present." DELANY.—To Dr. Delany himself the verses may confidently be ascribed.

SONG.

S O N G.

BY MRS. PILKINGTON.

STELLA and *Flavia*, every hour,
Do various ways surprize;
In *Stella*'s soul lies all her power,
And *Flavia*'s in her eyes.

More boundless *Flavia*'s conquests are,
And *Stella*'s more confin'd:
All can discern a face that's fair,
But few a lovely mind.

Stella, like *Britain*'s Monarch, reigns
O'er cultivated lands;
Like Eastern tyrants, *Flavia* deigns
To rule o'er barren sands.

Then boast, fair *Flavia*, boast thy face,
Thy beauty's only store;
Thy charms will every day decrease;
Each day give *Stella* more.

D R. D E L A N Y ' S V I L L A.

BY DR. SHERIDAN.

WOULD you that *Delville* I describe?
Believe me, Sir, I will not gibe:

For who would be satirical,
Upon a thing so very small?

You scarce upon the borders enter,
Before you're at the very centre.

y This Song has been constantly, though erroneously, ascribed
to Mrs. Barber. It is now attributed to the proper writer on the
authority of a letter from *Deane Swift*, Esq.

A single crow can make it night,
When o'er your farm she takes her flight:

Yet, in this narrow compass, we
Observe a vast variety;

Both walks, walls, meadows, and parterres,
Windows, and doors, and rooms, and stairs,

And hills, and dales, and woods, and fields,

And hay, and grass, and corn, it yields;

All to your haggard brought so cheap in,

Without the mowing or the reaping:

A razor, though to say 't I'm loth,

Would shave you and your meadows both.

Though small 's the farm, yet here 's a house

Full large to entertain a mouse;

But where a rat is dreaded more

Than savage *Caledonian* boar;

For, if it 's enter'd by a rat,

There is no room to bring a cat.

A little rivulet seems to steal

Down through a thing you call a vale,

Like tears adown a wrinkled cheek,

Like rain along a blade of leek;

And this you call your sweet *meander*,

Which might be suck'd-up by a gander,

Could he but force his nether bill

To scoop the channel of the rill:

For sure you'd make a mighty clutter,

Were it as big as city-gutter.

Next come I to your kitchen-garden,

Where one poor mouse would fare but hard in;

And round this garden is a walk,

No longer than a taylor's chalk.

Thus I compare what space is in it:

A snail creeps round it in a minute;

One lettuce makes a shift to squeeze

Up through a tuft you call your trees;

And, once a year, a single rose

Peeps from the bud, but never blows;

In vain then you expect its bloom!

It cannot blow, for want of room.

In short, in all your boasted feat,

There 's nothing but *yourself* that 's GREAT.

On one of the Windows at DELVILLE.

A Bard, grown desirous of saving his self,
 Built a house he was sure would hold none but himself.
 This enrag'd god *Apollo*, who *Mercury* sent,
 And bid him go ask what his votary meant.
 "Some foe to my empire has been his adviser,
 "'Tis of dreadful portent when a poet turns miser !
 "Tell him, *Hermes*, from me, tell that subject of mine,
 "I have sworn by *The Styx*, to defeat his design ;
 "For where-ever he lives, the Muses shall reign ;
 "And the Muses, he knows, have a numerous train."

TO THE DUTCHESS OF GRAFTON^z.

BY DR. DELANY.

ONCE *Pallas* did her form disguise,
 And seem'd a man to mortal eyes,
 Resolving with her utmost care
 To form the great *Ulysses'* heir ;
 And, when she found that task was done,
 She thus bespoke the Hero's Son :
 "Attend, my Charge, whilst I relate
 "What 's written in the Book of Fate ;
 "Though to the heavens I now must soar,
 "I'm doom'd to visit earth once more ;
 "For know, I have a task assign'd,
 "To guard another Prince's ^a mind ;

"A Prince,

^z Lady *Henrietta Somerset*, daughter to *Charles Marquis of Worcester* (eldest Son of *Henry duke of Beaufort*). She was married to the duke of *Grafton* in 1713 ; and died *Aug. 9, 1726*.

^a *Charles Fitzroy*, born *Oct. 25, 1683*, succeeded to the titles of duke of *Grafton*, earl of *Euston*, viscount *Ipſwich*, and baron of *Sudbury*, on the death of his father, *Oct. 9, 1690* ; and to those of earl of *Arlington* and viscount *Tetford*, on the death of his mother,

250 TO THE DUTCHESS OF GRAFTON.

" A Prince, whom *Jove* will form for sway,
 " Whom fair *Hibernia* shall obey,
 " In whom that isle will long delight,
 " Whose jarring sons he will unite,
 " Who, when united, will agree
 " They owe their happiness to me.
 " To guard his heart from female wiles,
 " I'll always dress my face in smiles,
 " And win his soul by every grace,
 " Worthy the lustre of my race.
 " Old *Mentor's* form no more I'll wear,
 " But my own native shape and air;
 " Though now I'm rank'd among the men,
 " They'll call me HENRIETTA then."

To the Right Hon. ARTHUR Earl of ANGLESEY^b.

By the same.

IF the old *Samian* doctrine of Spirits be true,
 'Then *Cicero's* soul's doing penance in you:
 For *Jove*, when he saw him so fond of applause,
 Which sway'd him much more than the client or cause,

mother, Feb. 7, 1722-3. He was appointed lord lieutenant of Suffolk, Oct. 9, and a gentleman of the bed-chamber Oct. 19, 1714; one of the lords justices of Ireland, Aug. 15, 1715; held the same office in England in 1720, and several times after; was elected a knight of the Garter, March 27, 1721; appointed lord lieutenant of Ireland, Aug. 28, that year; lord chamberlain of the king's household, April 3, 1724; and died May 6, 1757.

^b Arthur Annesley, esq. was elected high steward of the university of Cambridge, Feb. 9, 1701-2; and was one of their representatives in three several parliaments. He succeeded his brother in the titles of earl of Anglesey, viscount Valentia, baron Annesley, Mount Norris, and Alibam, and also in the office of joint vice-treasurer of Ireland, Sept. 18, 1710. On the demise of queen Anne, he was appointed by king George one of the lords justices of Great Britain; was again made joint treasurer of Ireland, and treasurer at war, Jan. 3, 1714-15; and died March 31, 1737.

Determin'd

TO THE EARL OF ANGLESEA. 251

Determin'd *his* soul to *your* body to doom,
Great as when first his merit astonish'd old *Rome*,
With all his old virtues a second time blest'd,
And Fortitude added to crown all the rest;
But, to check the vain-glory that reign'd in *his* spirit,
He gave *you* an ear that can't hear your own merit.

I N S C R I P T I O N

Intended for a MEZZOTINTO of Dean SMEDLEY^c,

Written by himself.

With a Burlesque Translation by DR. SWIFT.

From *The Daily Post*, Feb. 13, 1729.

“ Reverendus Decanus,
JONATHAN SMEDLEY,
Theologia instructus,
In Poesi exercitatus,
Politioribus excultus literis;
Parce pius, impius minime;
Veritatis indagator, Libertatis assertor;
Subfannatus multis, fastiditus quibusdam,
Exoptatus plurimis, omnibus amicus,
Auctor hujus sententiæ,

PATRES SUNT VETULÆ.

Domata invidia, superato odio,

Per laudem & vituperium,

Per famam atque infamiam;

Utramque fortunam, variosque expertus casus,

Mente sana, sano corpore,

Volens, lætusque,

Lustris plus quam XI numeratis,

Ad rem familiarem restaurandam, augendamque,

Et ad evangelium, Indos inter Orientales, prædicandum,

Greva, idibus Februarii, navem ascendens,

Arcemque sancti petens *Georgii*,

Vernale per æquinoxium,

Anno Æræ Christianæ MDCCXXVIII.

Transfretavit.

Fata vocant — revocentque precamur.”

Thus

^c *The Intelligencer*, N^o xv. has reprinted a letter of Dean Smedley, to the author of *The London Journal*, dated March 30,

Thus translated :

“ The very reverend *Dean Smedley*,
 Of *dullness, pride, conceit*, a medley,
 Was equally allow'd to shine,
 As *poet, scholar*, and *divins*.
 With *godliness* could well dispense,
 Would be a *rake*, but wanted sense.
 Would strickly after *truth* enquire,
 Because he dreaded to come nigh her.
 For *liberty* no champion bolder,
 He hated *bailiffs* at his shoulder.
 To half the world a standing jest,
 A perfect *nuisance* to the rest.
 From many (and we may believe him)
 Had the best wishes they could give him.

1728, whence it appears that he had then published the *Specimen* of “ An Universal View of all the eminent Writers on the Holy Scriptures ; being a Collection of the dissertations, explications, “ and opinions of learned men in all ages, concerning the difficult “ passages and obscure texts of the Bible ; and of whatsoever is to “ be met with in profane authors, which may contribute towards “ the better understanding of them.” This letter the author of *The Intelligencer* has happily burlesqued in verse : and, in N^o xx, has given the following history of the Dean : “ His first rise in the “ church was a small living in the diocese of *Corke*, given him by “ the government, to the surprize of the whole world. This “ living he swapped soon after for a chaplain’s post in a regiment, “ which he sold for five hundred pounds. He turned his hand “ with this money, and in a very little time got a deanry ; this “ he swapped likewise for another living. After this again he “ got another deanry, by some unaccountable methods ; but, be- “ ing much in debt, he was forced to fly his *country*, and disposed “ of it, in what manner nobody can tell, but himself and ano- “ ther. He has left one living behind him, which he could not “ avoid doing, because it was sequestered for his debts. When he “ went for *England*, in order to turn the penny, he received sub- “ scriptions from numbers of gentlemen, to carry on a work, “ which would have taken ten years to accomplish, if the most “ ingenious and learned person had undertaken it, and which he “ himself could not have done in ten thousand years. After all “ this, he run off to *Fort St. George*, and left the following cha- “ racter of himself.” *This from the Political State for the Month of February 1729, p. 209.*

To

To all mankind a constant friend,
 Provided they had *cash* to lend.
 One thing he did before he went hence,
 He left us a *laconic* sentence,
 By cutting of his phrase, and trimming,
 To prove that *bishops* were old women.
 Poor Envy durst not shew her phiz,
 She was so terrified at his.
 He waded, without any shame,
 Through thick and thin, to get a name,
 Tried every sharpening trick for bread,
 And after all he seldom sped.
 When *Fortune* favour'd, he was nice;
 He never once would cog the *dice*;
 But if she turn'd against his play,
 He knew to stop à *quater trois*.
 Now sound in mind, and sound in *corpus*,
 (Says he) though swell'd like any *porpus*,
 He heys from hence at forty-four,
 (But by his leave he *sinks a score*),
 To *The East Indies*, there to cheat,
 Till he can purchase an estate;
 Where after he has fill'd his chest,
 He'll mount his *tub*, and preach his best,
 And plainly prove, by dint of text,
 This world is his, and theirs the next.
 Lest that the Reader should not know
 The bank where last he set his toe;
 'Twas *Greenwich*. There he took a ship,
 And gave his creditors the slip.
 But, lest *chronology* should vary,
 Upon the *ides* of *February*,
 In *seventeen hundred eight and twenty*,
 To *Fort St. George* a *pedlar* went he.
 Ye *Fates*, when all he gets is spent,
 RETURN HIM BEGGAR AS HE WENT!"

P R O L O G U E

To the Farce of "PUNCH turn'd School master,"

spoken by M. GRIFFITH.

Written by DR. SHERIDAN.

GALLANTS, our business is to let you know
This night we represent a Puppet-shew;
Where every actor comes to make a figure,
Big as the life, and some indeed much bigger.
The truth of what I tell you will appear,
When you behold our *Punch* and *Banimeer*.

We found this House was almost empty grown —
From the first moment *Stretch*^c appear'd in town.
What could we do but learn to squeak and hop it?
Each actor change into his favourite puppet?

Think not in this we banter or abuse you:
We'll turn to any thing before we'll lose you.

If you're well pleas'd with this, you soon shall see
These very puppets act a tragedy;
The "Rival Queens," we'll play, if you command,
Much finer than the "Queen of *Ivy Land*."

I now proceed to beg, our *Punch* may meet
As much applause as he in *Capel-street*:
Our *Banimeer* speaks *Hebrew*, *Greek*, and *Latin*;
Their *Punch* speaks nonsense, yet is ever prating.

O, let not Learning want its just reward!
Since *Punch*, to please you, studied very hard,
Let not your eager thirst of knowledge cool;
Come and improve your talents — here's your School —
We'll teach the Ladies a genteeler squeak;
And powder'd Beaux shall shew their parts in *Greek*!

^c A famous puppet-shew man.

PROLOGUE

P R O L O G U E

Spoken at DR. SHERIDAN'S School,

Enter Scholar, riding on an Ass.

THE scenes are new, and every thing compact,

And all our yonkers ready just to act.

But why this racket? why this hurly-burly?

Some laugh, some sneer, and some look very furly.

You're mighty judges in your own conceit:

Am I the only Ass that rides in state?

Our Play's th' *Adelphi* — I'm to be a brother,

And my Supporter Ass to be another —

But, Gentlemen, forbear; for, as it passes,

The greater part among us are but Asses.

If you came hither to imbibe instruction,

And to receive some wonderful production;

Expect half-wit from th' Officers of Schools;

Asses produce no prodigies, but Mules.

Don't think that I intend to be uncivil,

I shall not ride, like Beggars, to the Devil.

Too oft', alas! am I accoutred thus,

And forc'd to mount the standing *Pegasus*.

Our Master still (which you will think a wonder)

Exalts the dull, and keeps the witty under.

But, ah! the Tyrant then without remorse

The Rider lashes, who should lash the horse;

And in promotion takes away command;

For still the under has the upper hand.

But hold—how's this!—who's that that yonder scuffles,

With beaver, powder'd wig, and cambrick ruffles?

I value not his pageantry a louse!

Sir *Fopling*, know, this is no Coffee-house;

Since you're so prudent as to come to School,

You must observe the true Scholastic rule;

Our master hates a self-conceited elf,

And bears no noise but what he makes himself.

He writes — but I shall not reveal the mystery,

We must beware of *scandalum magistri*.

He that tells tales is worse than he that witches,

That man may come to School without his breeches,

Who'd purchase vain applause with real sorrow?

Your Bays to-night, would turn to Birch to-morrow.

P R O-

P R O L O G U E
TO HIPPOLYTUS,

Intended to be spoken by TOM PUTLAND,
a Boy of Six Years old^d.

Written by DR. SHERIDAN, in 1720.

U N D E R the notion of a Play, you see,
We're fairly coax'd to act a Tragedy.
Lord ! how can any man of reason say
That so much labour can be call'd a Play ?
Should any one be so absurd a fool,
I'd be the first should kick him out of school :
For, I am sure, it cost us aching hearts,
And aching heads, before we got our parts.
Not all the learning of the year behind
Laid half so great a load upon our mind.

My mother told me in these words last night,
“ Dear *Tommy*, child, books will destroy you quite :
“ That you should read at all, I'm very loth ;
“ My life, my dear, I fear they'll spoil your growth.”
And she says right ; they cost me so much pains,
I wish ten thousand times I had no brains,
Or had no breech to whip — why then I'd *play*,
But not in *Greek* — I'd find a better way.

Now, Gentlemen, 'tis worth your while to look :
You see this Gig I have, you see this book :
The Gig can spin, and hop, and frisk, and tolt,
The Book's a lazy, sluggish, heavy dolt.
See how much life is in this bouncing Ball ;
Now smooak the Book, it cannot bounce at all.

This Top I carry, to play “ Mug and Glofs ;”
This Bone I have, to play at “ Pitch and Tofs.”
But this is neither fit for Glofs or Mug,
A lifeless drone, it is a perfect slug ;
I swear, the very sight on't makes me sick ;
I'm sure it is a curled bone to pick.

^d See the story of this, and of the piece which follows it,
vol. XVIII. p. 102.

PROLOGUE TO HIPPOLYTUS. 257

Next figure I present you is my Kite :
 What Poet ever had so fine a flight ?
 See how he skims, and soars along the sky !
 Come, friend *Euripides*, let's see you fly —
 Down; down he comes, in vain aloft he springs !
 A perfect lifeless Bat, with leathern wings !
 Behold my Bag of Marbles, here's a treasure !
 Here is a world of joy, a world of Pleasure !
 Now, what is this Book good for ? Come, let's see —
 O yes ! 'tis good to put beneath my knee.
 While thus I play, regardless of all care,
 And wisely act within my proper sphere :
 O ! could I thus in happiness and ease
 Pass the remainder of my well-spent days,
 Secure from Birch, regardless of its pain,
 I'd never, never, read a book again.
 Rather than ever play a Play in *Greek*,
 Grant us, ye Fates, to play at " Hide and Seek !"

A N O T H E R P R O L O G U E,

WRITTEN BY DR. HELSHAM,

And spoken by Master PUTLAND,
 instead of DR. SHERIDAN'S.

YE Sons of *Athens*, grant me one request,
 And I'll requite you with a pleasing test.
 Protect me from my Master's cruel rod,
 Hide me, oh ! hide me from the Tyrant's nod.
 He penn'd a Prologue, which to me was shewn ;
 I lik'd it not, and told him, 't would not down.
 He said, it humour had, and wit enough ;
 But, to my thinking, it was scurvy stuff.
 Howe'er, he made me get it all by heart,
 And thus instructed me to play my part :
 " Dear *Tommy*, Child, repeat the whole with care,
 " Here you must raise your voice ; but sink it there.
 " Then in due order take your play-things up,
 " Now whip your Gig, now spin your Castle-top.
 SUPPL. III. [XXVII.] S " Then

258 DR. HELSHAM'S PROLOGUE.

"Then take in hand your *Virgil* and your Kite;
 "Throw *Virgil* on the ground, set that to flight;
 "Then speak these lines, I'm sure they'll give delight." }

Thus he desir'd me to speak and act:
 Believe me, Sirs, what I relate is fact.
 And now he waits, expecting I should say
 That trifling Prologue to this serious Play:
 But I must beg in that to be excus'd,
 I would not have this audience so abus'd.
 Such entertainment is not fit for *men*,
 Till they have reach'd their childish age again:
 Not like that reverend Sage^e in whom appears
 New force of reason in decline of years.
 Oh! could I celebrate with equal parts
 That Patron of Religion and of Arts;
 The stay of right, the Church's chief support;
 His Country's Champion, and her last resort!

But I forbear; and now I must provide
 For my own safety: for I fear I've tried
 My Master's patience, and his anger mov'd,
 In speaking what he ne'er would have approv'd.
 I know my danger; but I can't repent,
 For being steady to a good intent.

Thus firmly did *Hippolytus* pursue
 The slippery paths of Virtue, though he knew
 His ruin thence would certainly ensue. }
 Since our conditions are so near the same,
 They both alike your kind compassion claim:
 Grant your protection then, ye Sons of Wit,
 To poor *Hippolytus*, and poor *Tom Titt*.

A NEW SONG
 ON WOOD'S HALFPENCE.

YE people of *Ireland*, both country and city,
 Come listen with patience, and hear out my ditty.
 At this time I'll chuse to be wiser than witty.
 Which nobody can deny.

^e Dr. King, Archbishop of *Dublin*, who was present, was then
 in his 70th year.

The

SONG ON WOOD'S HALFPENCE. 259

The half-pence are coming, the nation's undoing,
There's an end of your ploughing, and baking, and brewing,
In short, you must all go to rack and to ruin.

Which, &c.

Both high men, and low men, and thick men, and tall men,
And rich men, and poor men, and free men, and thrall men,
Will suffer, and this man, and that man, and all men.

Which, &c.

The Soldier is ruin'd, poor man, by his pay,
His five pence will prove but a farthing a day,
For meat, or for drink, or he must run away.

Which, &c.

When he pulls out his two pence, the Tapster says not,
That ten times as much he must pay for his shot;
And thus the poor foldier must soon go to pot.

Which, &c.

If he goes to the Baker, the Baker will huff,
And twenty pence have for a two-penny loaf,
Then, Dog, Rogue, and Rascal, and so kick and cuff.

Which, &c.

Again, to the market whenever he goes,
The Butcher and Soldier must be mortal foes,
One cuts off an ear, and the other a nose.

Which, &c.

The Butcher is stout, and he values no swagger,
A Cleaver's a match any time for a Dagger,
And a blue sleeve may give such a cuff as may stagger.

Which, &c.

The Beggars themselves will be broke in a trice,
When thus their poor farthings are sunk in their price;
When nothing is left, they must live on their lice.

Which, &c.

The Squire, possess'd of twelve thousand a year,
O Lord! what a mountain his rents would appear!
Should he take them, he would not have house-room, I fear.

Which, &c.

260 SONG ON WOOD'S HALFPENCE.

Though at present he lives in a very large house,
There would then not be room in it left for a mouse;
But the Squire's too wise, he will not take a fouse.
Which, &c.

The Farmer, who comes with his rent in this Cash,
For taking these counters, and being so rash,
Will be kick'd out of doors, both himself and his trash.
Which, &c.

For in all the leases that ever we hold,
We must pay our rent in good silver and gold,
And not in brass tokens of such a base mold.
Which, &c.

The wisest of Lawyers all swear, they will warrant
No money but silver and gold can be current;
And since they will swear it, we all may be sure on't
Which, &c.

And I think, after all, it would be very strange,
To give current money for base in exchange,
Like a fine lady swapping her moles for the mange.
Which, &c.

But read the King's patent, and there you will find,
That no man need take them but who has a mind,
For which we must say that his Majesty's kind.
Which, &c.

Now God blest the *Drapier*, who open'd our eyes!
I'm sure, by his Book, that the Writer is wise;
He shews us the cheat, from the end to the rise.
Which, &c.

Nay, farther, he shews it a very hard case,
That this fellow *Wood*, of a very bad race,
Should of all the fine gentry of *Ireland* take place.
Which, &c.

That he and his Half-pence should come to weigh down
Our subjects so loyal and true to the Crown;
But I hope after all that they will be his own.
Which, &c.

Th

SONG ON WOOD'S HALFPENCE. 261

This Book, I do tell you, is writ for your goods,
And a very good Book against Mr. *Wood's*;
If you stand true together, he's left in the fuds.

Which, &c.

Ye Shop-men, and Trades-men, and Farmers, go read it,
For I think in my soul at this time that you need it,
Or, egad! if you don't, there's an end of your credit.

Which nobody can deny.

A SERIOUS POEM

Upon WILLIAM WOOD, Brasier, Tinker, Hard-
ware-man, Coiner, Founder, and Esquire.

WHEN foes are o'ercome, we preserve them from
slaughter,

To be *beavers* of *wood*, and *drawers* of *water*.

Now, although to *draw water* is not very good;

Yet we all should rejoice to be *beavers* of *Wood*.

I own, it hath often provok'd me to mutter,

That a rogue so *obscure* should make such a clutter:

But ancient philosophers wisely remark,

That old rotten *Wood* will shine in the *dark*.

The *Heathens*, we read, had *Gods* made of *Wood*,

Who could do them no harm, if they did them no good:

But this idol *Wood* may do us great evil;

Their *Gods* were of *Wood*; but our *Wood* is the *Devil*.

To cut down fine *Wood*, is a very bad thing;

And yet we all know much *Gold* it will bring.

Then, if cutting down *Wood* brings money good store,

Our money to keep, let us *cut down one more*.

Now hear an old tale. There anciently stood

(I forget in what church) an image of *Wood*.

Concerning this image, there went a prediction,

It would burn a whole *Forest*; nor was it a fiction.

'Twas cut into faggots, and put to the flame,

To burn an old Friar, one *Forest* by name.

My tale is a wise one, if well understood:

Find you but the *Friar*; and I'll find the *Wood*.

S 3

I hear,

262 A SERIOUS POEM UPON WOOD.

I hear, among scholars there is a great doubt
 From what kind of tree this *Wood* was hewn out.
Teague made a good pun by a *brogue* in his speech;
 And said, *By my shoul, he's a son of a BEECH.*
 Some call him a *Thorn*, the curse of the nation,
 As *Thorns* were design'd to be from the creation.
 Some think him cut out from the poisonous *Yew*;
 Beneath whose ill shade no plant ever grew.
 Some say he's a *Birch*, a thought very odd;
 For none but a *dunce* would come under his *rod*.
 But I'll tell you the secret; and pray do not blab;
 He is an old stump cut out of a *Crab*;
 And *England* has put this *Crab* to a hard use,
 To cudgel our bones, and for drink give us *verjuice*;
 And therefore his *witnesses* justly may boast,
 That none are more properly knights of the *Post*.

I ne'er could endure my talent to smother:
 I told you one tale; I'll tell you another.
 A joiner, to fasten a saint in a *nitch*,
 Bor'd a large *auger-hole* in the images breech.
 But, finding the *statue* to make no complaint,
 He would ne'er be convinced it was a *true saint*.
 When the *true Wood* arrives, as he soon will, no doubt,
 For that's but a sham *Wood*^f they carry about;
 What *stuff* he is made of you quickly may find,
 If you make the same trial, and bore him *behind*.
 I'll hold you a groat, when you *whimble* his *bum*,
 He'll bellow as loud as the *Devil* in a *drum*.
 From me, I declare, you shall have no denial;
 And there can be no harm in making a trial:
 And, when to the joy of your hearts he has roar'd,
 You may shew him about for a new *groaning-board*.

Hear one story more, and then I will stop:
 I dreamt *Wood* was told he should die by a *drop*.
 So methought he resolv'd no liquor to taste,
 For fear the *first drop* might as well be his *last*.
 But *dreams* are like oracles; 'tis hard to explain 'em;
 For it prov'd that he died of a *drop* at *Kilmainham* ^g.
 I wak'd with delight; and not without hope,
 Very soon to see *Wood drop* down from a *rope*.

^f His image was frequently carried about, and burnt.

^g Their place of execution.

How he, and how we, at each other should grin !
 Tis kindness to hold a friend up by the chin.
 But soft ! says the Herald ; I cannot agree ;
 For *metal* on *metal* is false Heraldry.
 Why, that may be true : yet *Wood* upon *Wood*,
 I'll maintain with my life, is *Heraldry* good.

ON THE DRAPIER^h.

BY DR. DUNKIN.

UNDONE by fools at home, abroad by knaves,
 The Isle of Saints became the land of slaves,
 Trembling beneath her proud oppressor's hand ;
 But, when thy reason thunder'd through the land,
 Then all the public spirit breath'd in thee,
 And all, except the sons of guilt, were free.
 Blest Isle, blest Patriot, ever-glorious strife !
 You gave her Freedom, as she gave you Life !
 Thus *Cato* fought, whom *Brutus* copied well,
 And with those rights, for which you stand, he fell.

THE ORIGINAL OF PUNNING.

FROM PLATO'S SYMPOSIACKS.

BY DR. SHERIDANⁱ.

ONCE on a time, in *merry mood*,
Jove made a PUN of *flesh and blood* ;
 A *double-two-fac'd* living creature,
Androgynos, of two-fold nature,
 For *back to back* with single skin
 He bound the *Male* and *Female* in ;

^h In the Select Poetical Works of Dr. *Dunkin*, published at *Dublin* in 1770, are four well-chosen compliments to the Dean on his birth-day, and a very humorous poetical advertisement for a copy of *Virgil Travestie*, which, at the Dean's request, Dr. *Dunkin* had much corrected, and afterwards lost.

ⁱ This and the two following Poems were prefixed to "The Art of Punning." See above, p. 56.

So much alike, so near the same,
 They stuck as closely as their name,
 Whatever words the *Male* express,
 The *Female* turn'd them to a *jest*;
 Whatever words the *Female* spoke,
 The *Male* converted to a *joke*:
 So, in this form of *Man* and *Wife*,
 They led a merry PUNNING life.

The Gods from Heaven descend to Earth,
 Drawn down by their *alluring mirth*;
 So well they seem'd to like the sport,
Jove could not get them back to court.
 Th' Infernal gods ascend as well,
 Drawn up by *magic PUNS* from Hell.
 Judges and Furies quit their *post*,
 And not a *soul* to mind a *Ghost*.

"Hey-day!" says *Jove*; says *Pluto* too,
 "I think the *Devil's here to do*;
 "Here's *Hell broke loose*, and *Heaven's quite empty*,
 "We scarce have left one god in twenty.
 "Pray, what has set them all a running?" —
 "Dear Brother, nothing else but PUNNING.
 "Behold that double creature yonder
 "Delights them with a *double entendre*."
 "Ods-fish!" says *Pluto*, "where's your thunder?
 "Let *drive*, and split this thing afunder."
 "That's right!" quoth *Jove*; with that he threw
 A *bolt*, and split it into two;
 And when the thing was split in twain,
 Why then it PUNN'D as much again.
 "'Tis thus the *diamonds we refine*;
 "The more we *cut*, the more they *shine*:
 "And ever since, your *Men of Wit*,
 "Until they're *cut*, can't PUN a bit.
 "So take a *Starling* when 'tis young,
 "And down the middle *slit the tongue*,
 "With *groat* or *sixpence*, 'tis no matter,
 "You'll find the *Bird* will *doubly chatter*.
 "Upon the whole, dear *Pluto*, you know,
 "'Tis well I did not split my *Juno*!
 "For, had I done 't whene'er she'd scold me,
 "She'd make the *Heavens too hot to hold me*."

The

The gods, upon this *application*,
Return'd each to his *habitation*,
Extremely pleas'd with this *new joke*;
The best, they *swore*, he ever spoke.

Upon the AUTHOR of the ART of PUNNING.

BY DR. SWIFT.

HAD I ten thousand *mouths* and *tongues*,
Had I ten thousand pair of *lungs*,
Ten thousand *sculls* with *brains* to think,
Ten thousand *standishes* of *ink*,
Ten thousand *hands* and *pens* to write,
Thy praise I'd study *day and night*.
Oh may thy *WORK* for ever live!
(Dear *Tom*, a friendly zeal forgive!)
May no vile miscreant sawcy *Cook*
Presume to tear thy *learned Book*,
To *singe his Fowl* for nicer guest,
Or *pin it on the Turkey's breast*!
Keep it from *pasty bak'd*, or *flying*,
From *broiling stake*, or *fritters frying*,
From *lighting pipe*, or *making snuff*,
Or *casing up a teather muff*,
From all the several ways the Grocer
(Who to the learned world 's a foe, Sir,)
Has found in *twisting, folding, packing*,
His *brains* and ours at once *a-racking*.
And may it never *curl the bead*,
Of either *living block* or *dead*!
Thus, when all dangers they have past,
Your *leaves*, like *leaves of brass*, shall last.
No *blast* shall from a *Critick's breath*,
By vile *infection*, cause their *death*,
Till they in *flames* at last expire,
And help to set the world on fire.

From

From my much Honoured Friend at HELDELVILLE,
[Dr. DELANY].

HAIL to the Sage, who, from his *native shore*,
 Produc'd a science never known before,
Science of words, once *jargon* of the Schools,
 The plague of *wise men*, and the *boast of fools*,
 Made easy now and useful in your *Rules*!
 Where Wit and Humour equally combine,
 Our mirth at once to raise and to refine;
 Till now not half the *worth of sounds* we knew,
 Their *virtual value* was reserv'd for you;
 To trace their *various maxes*, and set forth
 Their *hidden force*, and *multiply their worth*;
 For if t' express one sense our words we chuse,
 A *double meaning* is of *double use*.

Hail, sacred **ART**! by what mysterious name
 Shall I adore thee, *various*, and *the same*?
 The Muses' *Proteus*, skill'd with grateful change,
 Through all the pleasing forms of Wit to range
 In *quick succession*, yet retain through all
 Some *faint resemblance* of th' *original*.

Hail, fairest *Offspring* of *prodigious birth*,
 At once the *parent* and the *child* of *Mirth*!
 With *Chloe's* charms thy airy form can vie,
 And with thy *smiles* as many thousands die;
 The *pleasing pain* through all their vitals thrills
 With *subtle force*, and *tickles as it kills*.
 Thee too, like her, the *dying swains* pursue,
 As *gay*, as *careless*, as *inconstant* too.
 To raise yet more thy *merit* and thy *fame*,
 The *Cyprian Goddess* glories in thy *name*,
 Pleas'd to be thought the *Laughter-loving Dame*;
 Nor less thy *praise*, nor less thy *power* to wound,
 Thou *lovely*, *fleeting*, *image* of a *sound*.

TO DR. SWIFT,
ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

WHILE I the godlike men of old,
In admiration wrapt, behold;
Rever'd antiquity explore,
And turn the long-liv'd volumes o'er;
Where *Cato*, *Plutarch*, *Flaccus*, shine,
In every excellence divine:
I grieve that our degenerate days
Produce no mighty soul like these:
Patriot, Philosopher, and Bard,
Are names unknown, and seldom heard.
"Spare your reflection," *Phæbus* cries;
"Tis as ungrateful as unwise.
"Can you complain, this sacred day,
"That virtues or that arts decay?
"Behold in SWIFT reviv'd appears
"The virtues of unnumber'd years;
"Behold in him, with new delight,
"The Patriot, Bard, and Sage, unite;
"And know, *Ierne* in that name
"Shall rival *Greece* and *Rome* in fame."

A N I N V I T A T I O N,

By Dr. DELANY, in the Name of Dr. SWIFT¹.

MIGHTY *Thomas*^m, a solemn *Sénatus*ⁿ I call,
To consult for *Sapphira*^o; so come one and all;

^k Written by Mrs. Pilkington, at a time when she wished to be introduced to the Dean. The verses being presented by Dr. Delany, he kindly accepted the compliment; and said, "He would see her whenever she pleased."

¹ See Mrs. Pilkington's Memoirs, vol. III. p. 65.

^m From their diminutive size, the Dean used to call Mr. Pilkington "Tom Thumb," and his wife "his lady fair." See vol. XXVI. p. 227.

Quit

Quit books, and quit business, your cure and your care,
 For a long winding walk ^p, and a short bill of fare.
 I've mutton for you, Sir; and as for the ladies,
 As friend *Virgil* has it, I've *aliud mercedes*;
 For *Lestry* ^q, one filbert, whereon to regale;
 And a peach for pale *Constance* ^r, to make a full meal;
 And for your cruel part ^s, who take pleasure in blood,
 I have that of the grape, which is ten times as good:
 Flow wit to her honour, flow wine to her health;
 High rais'd be her worth, above titles or wealth!

ⁿ To correct Mrs. Barber's poems; which were published at London, in 4to, by subscription; with the addition of several poems by her son *Constantine*, afterwards a very learned physician, president of the college of physicians, and king's professor of pharmacy and the *materia medica*, in Dublin. — The Dean, in his will, bequeathed to Mrs. Barber, "the medal of queen Anne and "prince George, which she formerly gave me."

^o The name by which Mrs. Barber was distinguished by her friends.

^p *Swift's* Garden was an exact square; but *Delany's* had winding walks, &c. D. S.

^q Mrs. Pilkington.

^r Mrs. *Constantia Grierison*, a native of *Kilkenny*, who died in 1733, at the age of 27. She was well versed in *Greek* and *Roman* Literature, History, Divinity, Philosophy, and Mathematicks. She wrote an "Abridgement of the History of England;" some good poems in *English*; and gave a proof of her knowledge of the *Latin* tongue by her dedication of the *Dublin* edition of *Tacitus* to the Lord *Carteret*, and by that of *Terence* to his Son, to whom she likewise inscribed a *Greek* epigram. Lord *Carteret* obtained a patent for Mr. *George Grierison*, her husband, to be king's printer in *Ireland*; and, to distinguish and reward her extraordinary merit, had the particulars of her life inserted in it. See the Preface to Mrs. Barber's poems.

^s Mrs. *Van Lewen* (Mrs. Pilkington's mother), who used to argue with Dr. *Delany* about his declamation against eating blood. When *Delany's* book was first published, *Swift* said, without finding any fault with it, that it was like a surgeon's receipt for a cut finger, at the time a plague was raging in the city. D. S.

ON ROVER, A LADY'S SPANIEL.
INSTRUCTIONS TO A PAINTER.

HAPPIEST of the Spaniel-race,
Painter, with thy colours grace:
Draw his forehead large and high,
Draw his blue and humid eye,
Draw his neck so smooth and round,
Little neck with ribbons bound;
And the *muscly* swelling breast,
Where the Loves and Graces rest;
And the spreading even back,
Soft, and sleek, and glossy black;
And the tail that gently twines,
Like the tendrils of the vines;
And the silky twisted hair,
Shadowing thick the *velvet* ear,
Velvet ears, which, hanging low,
O'er the *veiny* temples flow.

With a proper light and shade,
Let the winding hoop be laid;
And within that arching bower
(Secret circle, mystic power!)
In a *downy* slumber place,
Happiest of the *Spaniel* race;
While the soft perspiring Dame,
Glowing with the softest flame,
On the ravish'd favourite pours
Balmy dews, ambrosial showers!

With thy utmost skill express
Nature in her richest dress,
Limpid *rivers* smoothly flowing,
Orchards by those *rivers* blowing,
Curling *wood-bine*, *myrtle* shade,
And the gay enamel'd mead,
Where the *linnets* sit and sing,
Little sportlings of the *Spring*,

* In ridicule of *Philips's* poem on Miss *Carteret*; and written, it has been said, "to affront the lady of Archbishop *Boulter*." It is not likely to be *Swift's*, though it has been ascribed to him.

Where

270 ON ROVER, A LADY'S SPANIEL.

Where the breathing field and grove
 Sooth the heart, and kindle love;
 Here for me, and for the Muse,
 Colours of resemblance chuse:
 Make of *lineaments* divine
 Daply female *spaniels* shine,
 Pretty *fondlings* of the fair,
 Gentle *damsels*, gentle *care*;
 But to one alone impart
 All the flattery of thy art.
 Croud each feature, croud each grace,
 Which compleat the desperate face;
 Let the spotted wanton Dame
 Feel a new resistless flame;
 Let the happiest of his *race*
 Win the fair to his *embrace*.
 But in shade the rest conceal,
 Nor to fight their joys reveal,
 Lest the *pencil* and the Muse
 Loose desires and thoughts infuse.

HORACE, BOOK XIX. ODE IV.

Addressed to HUMPHRY FRENCH^u Esq;
 late Lord Mayor of DUBLIN.

PATRON of the tuneful throng,
 O! too nice, and too severe!
 Think not, that my *country* song
 Shall displease thy honest ear.

Chosen strains I proudly bring,
 Which the Muses, sacred choir!
 When they Gods and Heroes sing,
 Dictate to th' harmonious Lyre.

^u Dr. *Swift* has expressed much regard for this worthy magistrate, in a letter to Mr. *Faulkner*, vol. XIV. p. 18; and still more in this elegant Ode, which was originally annexed to "The Presbyterians' Plea of Merit, in order to take off the Test (in Ireland), impartially examined."

Antient *Homer*, princely bard !
 Just precedence still maintains;
 With sacred rapture still are heard
Theban Pindar's lofty strains.

Still the old triumphant song,
 Which, when hated tyrants fell,
 Great *Alcæus* boldly sung,
 Warns, instructs, and pleases well.

Nor has Time's all-darkening shade
 In obscure oblivion press'd
 What *Anacreon* laugh'd and play'd;
 Gay *Anacreon*, drunken Priest !

Gentle *Sappho*, love-sick Muse,
 Warms the heart with amorous fire;
 Still her tenderest notes infuse
 Melting rapture, soft desire.

Beauteous *Helen*, young and gay,
 By a painted sopl ing won,
 Went not first, fair nymph, astray,
 Fondly pleas'd to be undone.

Nor young *Teucer's* slaughtering bow,
 Nor bold *Hector's* dreadful sword,
 Alone, the terrors of the foe,
 Sow'd the field with hostile blood.

Many valiant chiefs of old
 Greatly liv'd and died, before
Agamemnon *, *Grecian* bold,
 Wag'd the ten years famous war.

But their names, un Sung, unwept,
 Unrecorded, lost and gone,
 Long in endless night have slept,
 And shall now no more be known.

* *Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona*
Multi: sed omnes illacrymabiles
Urgentur ignotique longa
Nocte: carent quia vate sacro.

Virtue, which the Poet's care
Has not well consign'd to fame,
Lies, as in the sepulchre
Some old king, without a name.

But, O *Humphry*, great and free,
While my tuneful songs are read,
Old forgetful Time on *Thee*
Dark oblivion ne'er shall spread.

When the deep-cut notes shall fade
On the mouldering *Parian* stone,
On the brass no more be read
The perishing inscription :

Forgotten all the enemies,
Envious *G——n's* cursed spite,
And *P——l's* derogating lyes,
Lost and sunk in *Stygian* night :

Still thy labour and thy care,
What for *Dublin* thou hast done
In full lustre shall appear,
And outshine th' unclouded sun.

Large thy mind, and not untried,
For *Hibernia* now doth stand
Through the calm, or raging tide,
Safe conducts the ship to land.

Falsely we call the rich man great,
He is only so that knows
His plentiful or small estate
Wisely to enjoy and use.

He, in wealth or poverty,
Fortune's power alike defies ;
And falsehood and dishonesty
More than worth abhors and flies :

Flies from death ! — No, meets it brave,
When the suffering so severe
May from dreadful bondage save
Clients, friends, or country dear.

This

This the sovereign man, compleat;
 Hero; patriot; glorious; free;
 Rich and wise; and good and great;
 Generous *Humphry*! thou art *he*.

HELTER SKELTER;

OR,

The HUE and CRY after the ATTORNIES, upon
 their riding the CIRCUIT.

NOW the active young Attornies
 Briskly travel on their journeys,
 Looking big as any giants,
 On the horses of their clients,
 Like so many little *Mars's*
 With their tilters at their a—s,
 Brazen-hilted, lately burnish'd,
 And with harness buckles furnish'd,
 And with whips and spurs so neat,
 And with jockey coats compleat,
 And with boots so very greasy,
 And with saddles eke so easy,
 And with bridles fine and gay,
 Bridles borrow'd for a day,
 Bridles destin'd far to roam,
 Ah! never, never to come home,
 And with hats so very big, Sir,
 And with powder'd caps and wigs, Sir,
 And with ruffles to be shewn,
 Cambrick ruffles not their own,
 And with Holland shirts so white,
 Shirts becoming to the fight,
 Shirts be-wrought with different letters,
 As belonging to their betters,
 With their pretty tinsel'd boxes,
 Gotten from their dainty doxies,

SUPPL. III. [XXVII.]

T

And

And with rings so very trim,
 Lately taken out of Lim——
 And with very little pence,
 And as very little sence,
 With some law, but little justice,
 Having stolen from my hostess,
 From the barber and the cutler,
 Like the soldier from the sutler;
 From the vintner and the taylor;
 Like the felon from the jailor;
 Into this and t'other county,
 Living on the public bounty;
 Thorough town and thorough village,
 All to plunder, all to pillage;
 Thorough mountains, thorough vallies,
 Thorough stinking lanes and alleys,
 Some to — kifs with farmer's spouses,
 And make merry in their houses;
 Some to — tumble country wenches
 On their rushy beds and benches,
 And, if they begin a fray,
 Draw their swords, and — run away
 All to murder equity,
 And to take a double fee;
 Tell the people all are quiet,
 And forget to broil and riot,
 Low in pocket, cow'd in courage,
 Safely glad to sup their porridge;
 And Vacation's over — then,
 Hey, for *London* town again.

THE DAY OF JUDGEMENT.

WITH a whirl of thought oppress'd,
 I sunk from reverie to rest.
 An horrid vision seiz'd my head,
 I saw the graves give up their dead!

John

y This Poem now appears for the first time in any collection of
 the Dean's works. That it is the genuine production of his
 masterly

Jove, arm'd with terrors, bursts the skies,
 And thunder roars, and lightning flies!
 Amaz'd, confus'd, its fate unknown,
 The world stands trembling at his throne!
 While each pale sinner hung his head,
Jove, nodding, shook the heavens, and said:
 "Offending race of human-kind,
 "By nature, reason, learning, blind;
 "You who, through frailty, stepp'd aside;
 "And you who never fell, *thro' pride*;
 "You who, in different sects, were sham'd,
 "And come to see each other damn'd;
 "(So some folk told you, but they knew
 "No more of *Jove's* designs than you)
 "—The world's mad business now is o'er,
 "And I resent these pranks no more.
 "—I to such blockheads set my wit?
 "I damn such fools!—Go, go, you're *bit*."

masterly pen, lord *Chesterfield* thus bears testimony: "I cannot
 "but acknowledge the obligation we have to you, Sir, for the
 "light which you have thrown upon the follies and outrages of
 "the different sects. The weapons you employ against those mad-
 "men, or rather those impostors, are the only suitable ones; to
 "make use of any others, would be imitating them: they must
 "be attacked by ridicule, and punished with contempt. *A propos*
 "of those fanaticks; I send you here inclosed, a piece upon that
 "subject, written by the late Dean *Swift*: I believe you will not
 "dislike it. You will easily guess why it never was printed: it is
 "authentic; and I have the original in his own hand-writing.
 "His *Jupiter*, at the day of judgement, treats them as you do,
 "and as they deserve to be treated." Letter (CCLIV.) to M. *Vol-*
taire, Aug. 27, 1752.—Two Letters from M. *Voltaire* to Dr. *Swift*
 are printed in vol. XX. of this collection, p. 269, 270; in one
 of which he tells the Dean, "That he owed the love he bore to
 "the *English* language to his writings;" and in both solicits sub-
 scriptions to his *Henriade*. A third letter is in vol. XXI. p. 258.
 expressed in the highest terms of esteem. See lord *Chesterfield's*
 opinion of *Voltaire's* writings, and particularly of *The Henriade*,
 which his lordship very highly commends, and says, "He never read
 "any Epic poem with near so much pleasure;" Letters CCLIV,
 CCLIX.

B O U T S R I M É S^z

On Signora DOMITILLA.

O UR school-master may rave i' th' fit
 Of classic beauty *hæc & illa*,
 Not all his birch inspires such wit
 As th' ogling beams of *Domitilla*.

Let nobles toast, in bright *champaign*,
 Nymphs higher born than *Domitilla*;
 I'll drink her health, again, again,
 In *Berkeley's* tar, or fars-parilla.

At *Goodman's-Fields* I've much admir'd
 The postures strange of Monsieur *Brilla*;
 But what are they to the soft step,
 The gliding air, of *Domitilla*?

Virgil has eterniz'd in song
 The flying footsteps of *Camilla*:
 Sure, as a prophet, he was wrong;
 He might have dream'd of *Domitilla*.

Great *Theodose* condemn'd a town
 For thinking ill of his *Placilla*;
 And duce take *London*! if some knight
 O' th' city wed not *Domitilla*.

Wheeler, Sir *George*, in travels wife,
 Gives us a medal of *Plantilla*;
 But O! the empress has not eyes,
 Nor lips, nor breast, like *Domitilla*.

^z Rhimes disposed in order, which are given to a poet, together with a subject, on which he is obliged to make verses, using the same words, and in the same order. The extravagance of a poet, named *Du Lot*, gave occasion to this invention, about the year 1649. The most odd, out-of-the-way rhimes were chosen; and every one endeavoured to fill them up as exactly as possible.—Mr. *Addison*, in the *Spectator*, N^o 60, adduces them as an instance of the decay of wit and learning among the *French*; and observes, that this piece of false wit has been finely ridiculed by Mr. *Sarasin* in “*La Defaite des Boutés Riméz.*”

ON SIGNORA DOMITILLA. 277

Not all the wealth of plunder'd *Italy*,
 Pil'd on the mules of king *At-tila*,
 Is worth one glove (I'll not tell a bit a lie)
 Or garter, snatch'd from *Domitilla*.

Five years a nymph at certain hamlet,
 Y-cleped *Harrow of the Hill*, a-
 —'bus'd much my heart, and was a damn'd let
 To verse—but now for *Domitilla*.

Dan *Pope* consigns *Belinda's* watch
 To the fair Sylphid *Momentilla*,
 And thus I offer up my catch
 To th' snow-white hands of *Domitilla*.

On PADDY's Character of the INTELLIGENCER².

A S a thorn-bush, or oaken-bough,
 Stuck in an *Irish* cabbin's brow,
 Above the door, at cou try-fair,
 Betokens *Entertainment there*;
 So bay, on poets brows have been
 Set, for a sign of wit within.
 And as ill neighbours in the night
 Pull down an ale-house bush for spite;
 The laurel so, by poets worn,
 Is by the teeth of Envy torn;
 Envy, a canker-worm which tears
 Those sacred leaves that *lightning spares*.

And now t' exemplify this moral,
 Tom having earn'd a twig of laurel
 (Which, meat^rd on his head, was found
 Not long enough to reach half round,
 But, like a girl's cockade, was ty'd
 A trophy, on his temple-side,);

¹ a Dr. *Sheridan* was publisher of the *Intelligencer*, a weekly paper, written principally by himself and Dr. *Helyar*; but Dr. *Swift* occasionally supplied him with a letter. Dr. *Delany*, piqued at the approbation those papers received, attacked them violently both in conversation and in print; but unfortunately stumbled on some of the numbers which the Dean had written, and all the world admired, which gave rise to these verses.

Paddy repin'd to see him wear
 This badge of honour in his hair,
 And thinking this cockade of wit
 Would his own temples better fit,
 Forming his Muse by *Medley's* model,
 Lets drive at *Tom's* devoted noddle,
 Pelts him by turns with verse and prose,
 Humms like a hornet at his nose.

At length, presumes to vent his satire on
 The Dean, *Tom's* honour'd friend and patron.
 The *eagle* in the tale, ye know,
 Teaz'd by a buzzing wasp below,
 Took wing to *Jove*, and hop'd to rest
 Securely in the thunderer's breast,
 In vain; even there, to spoil his nod,
 The spiteful insect stung the god.

A N E P I G R A M.

FRIEND ^b *Rundle* fell with grievous bump,
 Upon his reverential rump:
 Poor rump, thou hadst been better sped,
 Had thou been join'd to *Boulter's* head;
 A head, so weighty and profound,
 Would needs have kept thee from the ground.

^b Dr. *Thomas Rundle*, prebendary of *Durham* and archdeacon of *Wills*, being recommended to the king, by lord chancellor *Talbot*, to whom he was chaplain, for the bishoprick of *Gloucester* (on the death of Bp. *Sydall*), that appointment was strenuously opposed by Bp. *Gilson*, from a notion of the Doctor's being a Deist, founded on some unguarded expressions which had been dropped from him some years before in a private conversation, at which Mr. *Venn* (who was the informer), Dr. *Stebbing*, &c. were present. In consequence of this opposition, the lord chancellor was at length induced to withdraw his recommendation. Dr. *Benson* was promoted to the *English* bishoprick; and Dr. *Rundle*, in Feb. 1734-5, to the rich bishoprick of *Derry* in *Ireland*. The best account of Dr. *Rundle's* principles is to be seen in two of his own letters, which are printed by Mr. *Duncombe*; one, Dec. 9, 1734, written immediately after his disappointment at *Gloucester*; the other, Sept. 9, 1740. He died April 14, 1743, and left 25000*l.* the bulk of his fortune, to Mr. *John Talbot*, third son to his patron the lord chancellor.—See the Life of *Whiston*.

A YOUNG

A YOUNG LADY'S COMPLAINT,
 FOR
 THE STAY OF THE DEAN IN ENGLAND.

BLOW, ye *Zephyrs*, gentle gales;
 Gently fill the swelling sails.
Neptune, with thy trident long,
 Trident three-fork'd, trident strong;
 And ye *Nereids* fair and gay,
 Fairer than the rose in *May*,
Nereids living in deep caves,
 Gently wash'd with gentle waves;
Nereids, *Neptune*, lull asleep
 Ruffling storms, and ruffled deep;
 All around, in pompous state,
 On this richer *Argo* wait:
Argo, bring my *Golden-fleece*,
Argo, bring him to his *Greece*.
 Will *Cadenus* longer stay?
 Come, *Cadenus*, come away;
 Come with all the haste of love,
 Come unto thy turtle-dove.
 The ripen'd cherry on the tree
 Hangs, and only hangs for thee,
 Luscious peaches, mellow pears,
Ceres with her yellow ears,
 And the grape, both red and white,
 Grape inspiring just delight;
 All are ripe and courting sue,
 To be pluck'd and press'd by you.
 Pinks have lost their blooming red,
 Mourning hang their drooping head,
 Every flower languid seems,
 Wants the colour of thy beams,
 Beams of wond'rous force and power,
 Beams reviving every flower.
 Come, *Cadenus*, blest once more,
 Blest again thy native shore,

T 4

Bless

Bless again this drooping isle,
 Make its weeping beauties smile,
 Beauties that thine absence mourn,
 Beauties wishing thy return :
 Come, *Cadmus*, come with haste,
 Come before the winter's blast;
 Swifter than the lightning fly,
 Or I, like *Vanessa*, die.

A LETTER TO THE DEAN,

When in ENGLAND, in MDCCXXVI.

YOU will excuse me, I suppose,
 For sending rhyme instead of prose,
 Because hot weather makes me lazy ;
 To write in metre is more easy.

While you are trudging *London* town,
 I'm strolling *Dublin* up and down ;
 While you converse with lords and dukes,
 I have their betters here, my books :
 Fix'd in an elbow-chair at ease,
 I chuse companions as I please.
 I'd rather have one single shelf
 Than all my friends, except yourself ;
 For, after all that can be said,
 Our best acquaintance are the dead.
 While you're in raptures with ^c *Faustina*,
 I'm charm'd at home, with our *Sheelina*.
 While you are starving there in state,
 I'm cramming here with butchers meat :
 You say, when with those lords you dine,
 They treat you with the best of wine,
Burgundy, Cyprus, and Tokay ;
 Why so can we, as well as they.
 No reason then, my dear good Dean,
 But you should travel home again.

^c Signora *Faustina*, a famous *Italian* singer.

What

What though you mayn't in *Ireland* hope
 To find such folk as *Gay* and *Pope*;
 If you with rhymers here would share
 But half the wit that you can spare,
 I'd lay twelve eggs that in twelve days
 You 'd make a dozen *Popes* and *Gays*.

Our weather's good, our sky is clear,
 We've every joy, if you were here;
 So lofty and so bright a sky
 Was never seen by *Ireland's* eye!
 I think it fit to let you know,
 This week I shall to *Quilca* go;
 To see *Mc. Fayden's* ^d honey brothers,
 First suck, and after bull their mothers;
 To see, alas! my wither'd trees!
 To see what all the country sees!
 My stunted quicks, my famish'd beeves,
 My servants such a pack of thieves;
 My shatter'd firs, my blasted oaks,
 My house in common to all folks;
 No cabbage for a single snail,
 My turnips, carrots, parselmps, fail;
 My no green pease, my few green sprouts;
 My mother always in the pouts;
 My horses rid, or gone astray;
 My fish all stol'n, or run away;
 My mutton lean, my pullets old,
 My poultry starv'd, the corn all fold.

A man, come now from *Quilca*, says,
They've ^e stol'n the locks from all your keys:
 But, what must fret and vex me more,
 He says, *They* stole the keys before.
They've stol'n the knives from all your forks,
 And half the cows from half the sturks;
 Nay more, the fellow swears and vows,
They've stol'n the sturks from half the cows:

^d A near relation to Dr. Sheridan. Honourable mention is made of him by Mrs. Pilkington, vol. III. p. 208.

^e *They*, is the grand thief of the county of Cavan; for whatever is stolen, if you inquire of a servant about it, the answer is, "*They* have stolen it."

With

With many more accounts of woe.
 Yet, though the devil be there, I'll go :
 Twixt you and me, the reason's clear,
 Because I've more vexation here.

P A L I N O D I A.

HOR. Lib. I. Od. xvi.

GREAT Sir, than *Phæbus* more divine,
 Whose verses far his rays out-shine;
 Look down upon your quondam foe :
 Oh ! let me never write again,
 If e'er I disoblige you, Dean,
 Should you compassion shew.

Take those Iambicks which I wrote,
 When anger made me piping hot,
 And give them to your cook,
 To finge your fowl, or save your paste,
 The next time when you have a feast ;
 They'll save you many a book.

To burn them you are not content ;
 I give you then my free consent,
 To sink them in the harbour ;
 If not, they'll serve to set off blocks,
 To roll on pipes, and twist in locks ;
 So give them to your barber.

Or, when you next your physick take,
 I must intreat you then to make
 A proper application ;
 'Tis what I've done myself before,
 With *Dan's* fine thoughts, and many more
 Who gave me provocation.

What cannot mighty anger do ?
 It makes the weak the strong pursue,
 A goose attack a swan ;
 It makes a woman, tooth and nail,
 Her husband's hands and face assail,
 While he's no longer man.

Though

Though some we find are more discreet,
 Before the world are wondrous sweet,
 And let their husbands hector :
 But, when the world's asleep, they wake,
 That is the time they chuse to speak ;
 Witness the curtain-lecture.

Such was the case with you, I find :
 All day you would conceal your mind ;
 But when St. *Patrick's* chymes
 Awak'd your Muse (my midnight curse,
 When I engag'd for better for worse),
 You scolded with your rhymes.

Have done, have done, I quit the field,
 To you, as to my wife, I yield ;
 As she must wear the breeches,
 So shall you wear the laurel crown,
 Win it, and wear it, 'tis your own ;
 The poet's only riches.

On the Dean of St. PATRICK'S BIRTH-DAY.

Being on Nov. 30, St. ANDREW'S-DAY.

BETWEEN the hours of twelve and one,
 When half the world to rest were gone,
 Intranc'd in softest sleep I lay,
 Forgetful of an anxious day ;
 From every care and labour free,
 My soul as calm as it could be.

The *Queen of dreams*, well pleas'd to find
 An undisturb'd and vacant mind,
 With magic pencil trac'd my brain,
 And there she drew St. *Patrick's Dean* ;
 I straight beheld on either hand
 Two saints, like *guardian angels*, stand,
 And either claim'd him for their son,
 And thus the high dispute begun :

St. *Andrew* first, with reason strong,
 Maintain'd to him he did belong.

"SWIFT is my own, by right divine,
 "All born upon this day are mine."
 St. *Patrick* said, "I own this true,
 "So far he does belong to you :
 "But in my church he's born again,
 "My son adopted, and my *Dean*.
 "When first the *Christian truth* I spread,
 "The poor within this Isle I fed,
 "And, darkest errors banish'd hence,
 "Made knowledge in their place commence ;
 "Nay more, at my divine command,
 "All *noxious creatures* fled the land.
 "I made both Peace and Plenty smile.
 "*Hibernia* was my favourite isle ;
 "Now *his*—for he succeeds to me,
 "Two *angels* cannot more agree.
 "His joy is, to relieve the poor ;
 "Behold them weekly at his door !
 "His knowledge too, in brightest *rays*,
 "He like the sun to all conveys,
 "Shews *wisdom* in a single page,
 "And in one hour instructs an age.
 "When ruin lately flood around
 "Th' inclosures of my *sacred ground*,
 "He gloriously did interpose,
 "And sav'd it from invading foes ;
 "For this I claim immortal SWIFT,
 "As my own son, and heaven's best gift."
 The *Caledonian* saint enrag'd,
 Now closer in dispute engag'd,
 Effays to prove, by transmigration,
 The *Dean* is of the *Scottish* nation ;
 And, to confirm the truth, he chose
 The loyal soul of great MONTROSE ;
 "MONTROSE and HE are both the same,
 "They only differ in the name :
 "Both heroes in a righteous cause,
 "Assert their liberties and laws ;
 "He's now the same, MONTROSE was then,
 "But that the *sword* is turn'd a *pen*,
 "A *pen* of so great power, each word
 "Defends beyond the hero's *sword*."

Now

Now words grew high—we can't suppose
 Immortals ever come to blows.
 But, lest unruly passion shou'd
 Degrade them into flesh and blood,
 An *angel* quick from heaven descends,
 And he at once the contest ends :

“ Ye reverend pair, from discord cease,
 “ Ye both mistake the present case ;
 “ One *kingdom* cannot have pretence
 “ To so much virtue ! so much sense ;
 “ Search *heaven's* record ; and there you'll find,
 “ That *HE* was born for all mankind.”

C L U B - V E R S E S.

BE mi sol ab ride lis as fit formis as fora mare,
 Amat i, a ruas apto prata se ver.
 Do es ure dean ab usu
 Heris abrato fine Patri gesto.
 At nite Cani prognostick
 Arrogavit me.

VERSES BY DR. SWIFT,

O N

HIS CURATE'S COMPLAINT OF HARD DUTY.

I March'd three miles through scorching sand,
 With zeal in heart, and notes in hand :
 I rode four more to *Great St. Mary*,
 Using four legs, when two were weary :
 To three fair virgins I did tie men,
 In the close bands of pleasing *Hymen* :
 I dipp'd two babes in holy water,
 And purify'd their mother after.
 Within an hour and eke a half,
 I preach'd three congregations deaf ;

Where

Where thundering out, with lungs long-winded,
 I chopp'd so fast, that few there minded.
 My emblem, the laborious fun,
 Saw all these mighty labours done,
 Before one race of his was run :
 All this perform'd by *Robert Hewit* :
 What mortal else could e'er go through it !

A True and Faithful INVENTORY of the Goods be-
 longing to Dr. SWIFT, Vicar of LARACOR ;
 upon lending his House to the Bishop of MEATH, &
 till his own was built.

A N oaken, broken, elbow-chair ;
 A cawdle-cup, without an ear ;
 A batter'd, shatter'd ash bedstead ;
 A box of deal, without a lid ;
 A pair of tongs, but out of joint ;
 A back-sword poker, without point ;
 A pot that's crack'd acrofs, around,
 With an old knotted garter bound ;
 An iron lock, without a key ;
 A wig, with hanging, quite grown grey ;
 A curtain worn to half a stripe ;
 A pair of bellows, without pipe ;
 A dish which might good meat afford once ;
 An *Ovid*, and an old *Concordance* ;
 A bottle-bottom, wooden platter,
 One is for meal, and one for water ;
 There likewise is a copper skillet,
 Which runs as fast out as you fill it ;
 A candle-stick, snuff-dish, and save-all :
 And thus his household-goods you have all.

g " The bishop of *Meath* hath an old house within his diocese,
 " wherein his predecessor lived ; but he hath set it ; and lives in
 " *Dublin*, attending the council, until he can build one on a more
 " convenient plan." Letter of Abp. *March*, Sept. 10. 1706.
 See Bp. *Gibson's* MS. papers in *Lambeth Library*, vol. I. n. 23.
 Dr. *William Morton* was made dean of *Christ Church*, in 1677 ;
 Bp. of *Kildare*, Feb. 13, 1681 ; of *Meath*, Aug. 18, 1705.

These,

These, to your lordship, as a friend,
 Till you have built, I freely lend :
 They 'll serve your lordship for a shift :
 Why not, as well as doctor *Swift* ?

Verfes sent to the DEAN on his Birth-day, with
 PINE'S HORACE, finely bound.

Written by Dr. J SICAN ^h.

—[HORACE speaking]

YOU 'VE read, Sir, in poetic strain,
 How *Varus* and the *Mantuan* swain
 Have on my birth-day been invited
 (But I was forc'd in verse to write it)
 Upon a plain repast to dine,
 And taste my old *Campanian* wine ;
 But I, who all punctilios hate,
 Though long familiar with the great,
 Nor glory in my reputation,
 Am come without an invitation ;
 And, though I'm us'd to right *Falernian*,
 I'll deign for once to taste *Iernian* ;
 But fearing that you might dispute
 (Had I put on my common suit)
 My breeding and my *politesse*,
 I visit in a birth-day dress ;
 My coat of purest *Turkey* red,
 With gold embroidery richly spread ;
 To which I've sure as good pretensions
 As *Irish* lords who starve on pensions.
 What though proud ministers of state
 Did at your anti-chamber wait ;
 What though your *Oxfords*, and your *St. Johns*,
 Have at your levee paid attendance ;
 And *Peterborough* and great *Ormond*,
 With many chiefs who now are dormant,

^h Printed in the Fourth volume of *Dodley's* Collection. A
 letter from Dr. *Sican* to Dr. *Swift* may be seen in vol. XXIV.
 P. 36.

Have laid aside the general's staff
 And public care, with you to laugh;
 Yet I some friends as good can name,
 Nor less the darling sons of Fame;
 For sure my *Pollio* and *Mæcenas*
 Were as good statesmen, Mr. Dean, as
 Either your *Bolingbroke* or *Harley*,
 Though they made *Lewis* beg a parley;
 And as for *Mordaunt*, your lov'd hero,
 I'll match him with my *Drusus Nero*.
 You'll boast, perhaps, your favourite *Pope*;
 But *Virgil* is as good I hope.
 I own indeed I can't get any
 To equal *Helsbam* and *Delany*;
 Since, *Athens* brought forth *Socrates*,
 A *Grecian* isle *Hippocrates*;
 Since *Tully* liv'd before my time,
 And *Galen* blest'd another clime.

You'll plead perhaps, at my request,
 To be admitted as a guest,
 "Your hearing's bad"—but why such fears?
 I speak to eyes, and not to ears;
 And for that reason wisely took
 The form you see me in, a book.
 Attack'd by slow-devouring moths,
 By rage of barbarous *Huns* and *Goths*;
 By *Bentley's* notes, my deadliest foes,
 By *Creech's* rhimes and *Dunster's* prose;
 I found my boasted wit and fire
 In their rude hands almost expire:
 Yet still they but in vain assail'd;
 For, had their violence prevail'd,
 And in a blast destroy'd my fame,
 They would have partly miss'd their aim;
 Since all my spirit in thy page
 Defies the *Vandals* of this age.
 'Tis yours to save these small remains
 From future pedants' muddy brains,
 And fix my long-uncertain fate,
 You best know how—which way?—translate i.

i The admirable specimens existing of Dr. *Swift's* imitations of
Horace must occasion a regret that we have not more of them.

ON GAULSTOWN HOUSE^k.BY DR. DELANY^l.

'TIS so old, and so ugly, and yet so convenient,
 You're sometimes in pleasure, though often in pain in't;
 'Tis so large you may lodge a few friends with ease in't,
 You may turn and stretch at your length if you please in't;
 'Tis so little, the family live in a press in't,
 And poor lady *Betty*^m has scarce room to dress in't;
 'Tis so cold in the winter, you can't bear to lie in't,
 And so hot in the summer, you're ready to fry in't;
 'Tis so brittle, 'twould scarce bear the weight of a tun,
 Yet so staunch, that it keeps out a great deal of fun;
 'Tis so crazy, the weather with ease beats quite through
 it,
 And you're forc'd every year in some part to renew it;
 'Tis so ugly, so useful, so big, and so little,
 'Tis so staunch, and so crazy, so strong, and so brittle;
 'Tis at one time so hot, and another so cold,
 It is part of the new, and part of the old;
 It is just half a blessing, and just half a curse—
 I wish then, dear *George*, it were better or worse.

^k The seat of *George Rockfort*, esq. father to the earl of *Belvedere*; where *Dr. Swift* and an agreeable party spent great part of the summer of 1721. Several pleasantries of this gentleman, *Dr. Delany*, and a groupe of their intimate friends, are to be found in different parts of this collection.

^l See the Dean's poetical epistle to this gentleman, vol. XVIII.

P. 34.

^m Daughter of the earl of *Drogheda*, and married to *George Rockfort*, esq.

ODE TO SPRING.

Supposed to have been written by VANESSA.

HAIL, blushing goddess, beauteous Spring,
Who, in thy jocund train, dost bring
Loves and Graces, smiling Hours,
Balmy breezes, fragrant flowers,
Come, with tints of roseate hue,
Nature's faded charms renew.

Yet why should I thy presence hail?
To me no more the breathing gale
Comes fraught with sweets, no more the rose
With such transcendent beauty blows,
As when *Cadmus* blest the scene,
And shar'd with me those joys serene;
When, unperceiv'd, the lambent fire
Of friendship kindled new desire;
Still listening to his tuneful tongue,
The truths which angels might have sung,
Divine, impress'd their gentle sway,
And sweetly stole my soul away.
My guide, instructor, lover, friend,
(Dear names!) in one idea blend;
Oh! still conjoin'd, your incense rise,
And waft sweet odours to the skies.

ODE TO WISDOM.

By the Same.

OH, *Pallas*! I invoke thy aid!
Vouchsafe to hear a wretched maid
By tender love deprest;
'Tis just that thou should'st heal the smart
Inflicted by thy subtle art,
And calm my troubled breast.

No random shot from *Cupid's* bow,
 But by thy guidance, soft and slow;
 It sunk within my heart;
 Thus, Love being arm'd with Wisdom's force,
 In vain I try to stop its course,
 In vain repel the dart.

O Goddess, break the fatal league,
 Let Love, with Folly and Intrigue,
 More fit associates find !
 And thou alone, within my breast,
 O ! deign to soothe my griefs to rest,
 And heal my tortur'd mind.

Dr. Sheridan's Ballad on Ballyspellin having been printed in the London Magazine for October 1740, and there ascribed to Dr. Swift, occasioned the following Verses, under the Signature of H. T. in the Magazine of the following Monthⁿ.

O NE day I sat in harmless chat,
 When *Cælia*, at her felling,
 Ask'd, if I'd seen the *Magazine*
 In praise of *Ballyspellin*.

But think you, Sir, with all this stir,
 Verse you're a nonpareil in ?
 There are some few, as well as you,
 Can write on *Ballyspellin*.

Without a joke, incroaching folk
 For inch will take an ell in ;
 So you'd have praise for trifling lays
 On springs at *Ballyspellin*.

I'm sure 'tis plain, you've rack'd your brain,
 For words the letter *L* in ;
 Some you have got, and others not,
 That sound like *Ballyspellin*.

ⁿ It will be readily perceived that though this writer has hit upon a few of the same rhymes which occur in the Dean's Answer to *Sheridan* (printed in vol. XIV.), it must have been entirely by chance.

In former days you won the bays,
Your Muse each Muse excelling;
When *Molly Mog* set you agog,
As now has *Ballyspellin*.

But, since grown old and deaf, I'm told
(I heard it at *The Bell-inn*);
No wonder that you've fail'd in what
Is rhyme to *Ballyspellin*.

We all agree, with ships twice three,
Vernon, our foes repelling,
Took *Porto-Bell*, brave news to tell
The nymphs at *Ballyspellin*.

With joy and mirth, to *Vernon's* birth,
All grief and care dispelling,
Fill every glass; and let it pass
Quite round, at *Ballyspellin*.

Who does not think his health to drink,
I wish he were a well in,
As low and deep as rocks are steep,
As those at *Ballyspellin*.

For folks like these be sure 'twould please
The clerk to toll the bell in;
And none would dare to drop a tear,
For such at *Ballyspellin*.

Where is the bard would strive so hard
To bring his stanzas well in?
For at the best, it's a mere jest
To think of *Ballyspellin*.

Our *Dog and Duck* has better luck
In maladies expelling,
Stone, itch, and gout; and, past all doubt,
Cures more than *Ballyspellin*.

In height of spring, when linnets sing,
And peas and beans are shelling;
The water here is far more clear
Than yours at *Ballyspellin*.

If spleen infect a damsel's breast,
 I'm told by Doctor *Pellin*,
 If she comes here, and quits her beer,
 She needs no *Ballyspellin*.

Then cease your strain; your wit is vain;
 Your judgement's not compelling
 Enough, to make the *English* take
 A trip to *Ballyspellin*.

J E A L O U S Y°.

O SHIELD me from his rage, celestial powers;
 This tyrant, that embitters all my hours!

° "This little poem (says Dr. *Delany*) was shewn to me with this assurance, that the author must not be known, and would never own it. I thought it most singular, and indeed excellent in its kind; and therefore could not let it out of my hand till I had got it by heart; although I never gave nor published a copy of it. Whether *Stella* was the author of it, or somebody else wrote it in her character, from the condition she was then known to be in, I shall not take upon me to say."—It appears to have been written soon after the publication of *Cadenus and Vanessa*; a poem which (the same authority informs us), by too amply publishing the Dean's intercourse with *Vanessa*, embittered the already embarrassed situation of *Stella*, and confirmed her in the resolution of refusing to be acknowledged for his wife, as he earnestly desired she should. "It was then, she said, *too late*; and therefore better they should live on as they had hitherto done." Both *Stella* and the Dean were greatly shocked by the publication of that poem. *Swift* made a tour to the South of *Ireland*, for about two months, to dissipate his thoughts, and give place to obloquy. And *Stella* retired to the house of a friend of the Dean's, whom she much loved and honoured; and who, being an hospitable man, and largely acquainted, contributed greatly to divert her melancholy. Some gentlemen accidentally dropping in to dinner, who were strangers to *Stella's* situation; and the poem being then the general topick of conversation; one of them said, "Surely that *Vanessa* must be an extraordinary woman, that could inspire the Dean to write so finely on her." Mrs. *Johnson* smiled, and answered, "She thought that point not quite so clear; for it was well known, the Dean could write finely upon a broomstick!"

Ah, Love, you've poorly play'd the hero's part :
 You conquer'd, but you can't defend, my heart.
 When first I bent beneath your gentle reign,
 I thought this monster banish'd from your train :
 But you would raise him, to support your throne ;
 And now, he claims your empire, as his own.
 Or tell me, tyrants, have you both agreed,
 That where one reigns, the other shall succeed ?

THE PARSON'S CASE.

THAT you, friend *Marcus*, like a stoick,
 Can wish to die in strains heroic,
 No real fortitude implies :
 Yet, all must own, thy wish is wise.
 Thy curate's place, thy fruitful wife,
 Thy busy, drudging scene of life,
 Thy insolent, illiterate vicar,
 Thy want of all-consoling liquor,
 Thy thread-bare gown, thy cassock rent,
 Thy credit sunk, thy money spent,
 Thy week made up of fasting-days,
 Thy grate unconscious of a blaze,
 And, to complete thy other curses,
 The quarterly demands of nurses,
 Are ills you wisely wish to leave,
 And fly for refuge to the grave :
 And, O, what virtue you express,
 In wishing such afflictions less !

But, now, should Fortune shift the scene,
 And make thy Curateship a Dean ;
 Or some rich benefice provide,
 To pamper luxury and pride ;
 With labour small, and income great ;
 With chariot less for use than state ;
 With swelling scarf, and glossy gown,
 And license to reside in town ;
 To shine, where all the gay resort,
 At concerts, coffee-house, or court,
 And weekly persecute his grace,
 With visits, or to beg a place ;

With

With underlings thy flock to teach,
 With no desire to pray or preach;
 With haughty spouse in vesture fine,
 With plenteous meals and generous wine;
 Wouldst thou not wish, in so much ease,
 Thy years as numerous as thy days?

ON THE ERECTING

A GROOM-PORTER'S HOUSE,

Adjoining to the CHAPEL, in DUBLIN CASTLE.

A *Purgatory* is a jest,
 Contrivance of some cunning priest;
 No middle seat for sinners is,
 To purge their souls for purest bliss:
 A wall of crystal Heaven disjoins
 From *Luciferian* dark confines;
 And this is plainly prov'd to us,
 By th' chapel and the gaming-house;
 For a wall only hinders union
 Between the dice and the communion;
 And but a thin partition guards
 The common-prayer-book from the cards:
 Here is the crape the faith defending;
 There powder'd queue with ties contending:
 Here *Carteret's* chaplains read us prayers;
 There games the fop, and the beau swears:
 Here we desire provision daily;
 There we run in, and lose it gaily.
 When *Christ* went into th' house of prayer,
 And found the money-changers there;
 Their tables he with rage o'erthrew,
 And lash'd the *Publican* and *Jew*;
 He whipt them out, for then the word
 Was more prevailing than the sword.
 O, pious *Boulter*! by thy Saviour
 Square in this case all thy behaviour;

Drive out this unbelieving crew,
 The fop, the soldier, and the beau;
 In pieces crush this damn'd device,
 Burn all their cards, and break their dice!
 Desist, O *Ford*! for none believes
 That house to be a den of thieves.

THE BIRTH OF MANLY VIRTUE.
 FROM CALLIMACHUS.

Inscribed to his Excellency the Lord CARTERET.

*Inter Callimachi sat erit placuisse Libellos,
 Et cecinisse modis, pure Poeta, tuis.* PROPERT.

Gratior & pulchro veniens in corpore Virtus.
 VIRG. ÆN. V. 344.

P R E F A C E.

IT is hoped the courteous Reader will not be displeased with any remain of so famed an Author as *Callimachus*, even in a translation. His particular turn was Panegyric; and, it is evident, *Propertius* believed he excelled in it, when he wished to attain no higher honour in poetry than the glory of imitating our Author's manner with success: as appears from one of the Lemmas prefixed to his translation; which I shall beg leave to explain in the following manner, for the benefit of my fair readers:

“Great bard, of matchless art and ease,
 “Polite artificer of praise!
 “My vainest wish were but to shine
 “In courtly lays resembling thine.”

ONCE on a time, a righteous sage,
 Griev'd at the vices of the age,
 Applied to *Jove* with fervent prayer:
 “O *Jove*, if Virtue be so fair
 “As it was deem'd in former days
 “By *Plato* and by *Socrates*,

“Whose

" Whose beauties mortal eyes escape,
" Only for want of outward shape ;
" Make thou its real excellence,
" For once, the theme of human sense ;
" So shall the eye, by form confin'd,
" Direct and fix the wandering mind ;
" And long-deluded mortals see
" With rapture what they us'd to flee."

Jove grants the prayer, gives *Virtue* birth,
And bids him bless and mend the earth.
Behold him blooming fresh and fair,
Now made—ye gods—a son and heir,
An heir ; and, stranger yet to hear,
An heir an orphan of a peer ;
But prodigies are wrought, to prove
Nothing impossible to *Jove*.

Virtue was of this sex design'd
In mild reproof to womankind ;
In manly form to let them see,
The loveliness of modesty,
The thousand decencies that shone
With lessen'd lustre in their own,
Which few had learn'd enough to prize,
And some thought modish to despise.

To make his merit more discern'd,
He goes to school—he reads—is learn'd ;
Rais'd high, above his birth, by knowledge,
He shines distinguish'd in a college ;
Resolv'd nor honour, nor estate,
Himself alone should make him great.
Here soon for every art renown'd,
His influence is diffus'd around ;
Th' inferior youth, to learning led,
Less to be fam'd than to be fed,
Behold the glory he has won,
And blush to be so far outdone ;
And now, inflam'd with rival rage,
In scientific strife engage,
Engage ; and, in the glorious strife,
The arts new-kindle into life.

Here would our Hero ever dwell,
Fix'd in a lonely learned cell ;

Contented

Contented to be truly great,
 In Virtue's best-belov'd retreat ;
 Contented he—but Fate ordains,
 He now shall shine in nobler scenes
 (Rais'd high, like some celestial fire,
 To shine the more, still rising higher).
 Compleatly form'd in every part,
 To win the soul, and glad the heart,
 The powerful voice, the graceful mien,
 Lovely alike, or heard, or seen,
 His outward form and inward, vie,
 His soul bright beaming from his eye,
 Ennobling every act and air,
 With just, and generous, and sincere.

Accomplish'd thus, his next resort
 Is to the council and the court,
 Where Virtue is in least repute,
 And Interest the one pursuit ;
 Where right and wrong are bought and sold,
 Barter'd for beauty, and for gold :
 Here MANLY VIRTUE, even here,
 Pleas'd in the person of a peer,
 A peer ; a scarcely bearded youth,
 Who talk'd of justice and of truth,
 Of innocence the surest guard,
 Tales here forgot, or yet unheard ;
 That he alone deserv'd esteem,
 Who was the man he wish'd to seem ;
 Call'd it unmanly and unwise,
 To lurk behind a mean disguise,
 Give fraudulent Vice the mask and screen
 ('Tis Virtue's interest to be seen) ;
 Call'd want of shame a want of sense,
 And found, in blushes, eloquence.

Thus, acting what he taught so well,
 He drew dumb Merit from her cell,
 Led with amazing art along
 The bashful dame, and loos'd her tongue ;
 And, whilst he made her value known,
 Yet more display'd and rais'd his own.

Thus young, thus proof to all temptations,
 He rises to the highest stations

(For

(For where high honour is the prize,
True Virtue has a right to rise) :
Let courtly slaves low bend the knee
To wealth and vice in high degree,
Exalted worth disdains to owe
Its grandeur to its greatest foe.

Now rais'd on high, see Virtue shows
The godlike ends for which he rose ;
From him, let proud Ambition know
The height of glory here below,
Grandeur, by goodness made compleat !
To bless, is truly to be great !
He taught how men to honours rise,
Like gilded vapours to the skies,
Which, howsoever they display
Their glory from the god of day,
Their noblest use is to abate
His dangerous excess of heat,
To shield the infant fruits and flowers,
And bless the earth with genial showers.

Now change the scene ; a nobler care
Demands him in a higher sphere :
Distress of nations calls him hence,
Permitted so by Providence ;
For models, made to mend our kind,
To no one clime should be confin'd ;
And MANLY VIRTUE, like the sun,
His course of glorious toils should run ;
Alike diffusing in his flight
Congenial joy, and life, and light.
Pale Envy sickens—Error flies,
And Discord in his presence dies.
Oppression hides, with guilty dread,
And Merit rears her drooping head ;
The arts revive, the vallies sing,
And winter softens into spring :
The wondering world, where'er he moves, .
With new delight looks up and loves ;
One sex consenting to admire,
Nor less the other to desire ;
Whilst he, though seated on a throne,
Confines his faith to one alone ;

The

The rest condemn'd, with rival voice
Repining, do applaud his choice.

Fame now reports, the *Western Isle*
Is made his mansion for a while,
Whose anxious natives night and day
(Happy beneath his righteous sway)
Wear the gods with ceaseless prayer,
To bless him, and to keep him there;
And claim it as a debt from Fate,
Too lately found, to lose him late.

A N E P I S T L E

TO HIS EXCELLENCY

JOHN LORD CARTERET.

BY DR. DELANY P.

*Credis ob hoc me, Pastor, opes fortasse rogare,
Propter quod vulgus, crassaque turba rogat.*
Mart. Epig. lib. ix. 23.

THOU wise and learned ruler of our isle,
Whose guardian care can all her griefs beguile;
When next your generous soul shall condescend
To instruct or entertain your humble friend,
Whether, retiring from your weighty charge,
On some high theme you learnedly enlarge;
Of all the ways of wisdom reason well,
How *Richlieu* rose, and how *Sejanus* fell:
Or when your brow less thoughtfully unbends,
Circled with *Swift* and some delighted friends;
When, mixing mirth and wisdom with your wine,
Like that your wit shall flow, your genius shine;

p See a Libel on the Rev. Dr. *Delany*, and his Excellency
John Lord Carteret, vol. VII. p. 107. occasioned by this
Epistle.

Nor

Nor with less praise the conversation guide,
 Than in the public councils you decide :
 Or when the Dean, long privileg'd to rail,
 Asserts his friend with more impetuous zeal ;
 You hear (whilst I sit by abash'd and mute),
 With soft concessions shortening the dispute ;
 Then close with kind enquiries of my state,
 " How are your tithes, and have they rose of late ?
 " Why, *Christ-Church* is a pretty situation,
 " There are not many better in the nation !
 " This, with your *other things*, must yield you clear
 " Some fix—at least five hundred pounds a year."

Suppose, at such a time, I took the freedom
 To speak these truths, as plainly as you read 'em,
 (You shall rejoin, my lord, when I've replied,
 And, if you please, my lady shall decide).

" My lord, I'm satisfied you meant me well ;
 " And that I'm thankful, all the world can tell :
 " But you'll forgive me, if I own th' event
 " Is short, is very short, of your intent ;
 " At least, I feel some ills unfelt before,
 " My income less, and my expences more."
 " How, doctor ! double vicar ! double rector !
 " A dignitary ! with a city lecture !—
 " What glebes—what dues—what tithes—what fines—
 " what rent !

" Why, doctor !—will you never be content ?"
 " Would my good lord but cast up the account,
 " And see to what my revenues amount,
 " My titles ample ! but my gain so small,
 " That one good vicarage is worth them all—
 " And very wretched sure is he, that's double
 " In nothing but his titles and his trouble.
 " Add to this crying grievance, if you please,
 " My horses founder'd on *Fermanagh* ways ;
 " Ways of well-polish'd and well-pointed stone,
 " Where every step endangers every bone ;
 " And more, to raise your pity and your wonder,
 " Two churches—twelve *Hibernian* miles asunder !
 " With complicated *cures*, I labour hard in,
 " Besides whole summers absent from my garden !

" But

" But that the world would think I play'd the fool,
 " I'd change with *Charly Grattan* for his school ^q—
 " What fine cascades, what vittos might I make,
 " Fixt in the centre of th' *Iernian* lake !
 " There might I sail delighted, smooth, and safe,
 " Beneath the conduct of my good Sir *Ralph* ^r :
 " There 's not a better steerer in the realm ;
 " I hope, my lord, you 'll call him to the *helm* !"—
 " Doctor—a glorious scheme to ease your grief !
 " When *cures* are croses, a school 's a sure relief.
 " You cannot fail of being happy there,
 " The lake will be the *Lethe* of your care :
 " The scheme is for your honour and your ease ;
 " And, doctor, I 'll promote it when you please.
 " Meanwhile, allowing things below your merit,
 " Yet, doctor, you 've a philosophic spirit ;
 " Your wants are few, and, like your income, small,
 " And you 've enough to gratify them all :
 " You 've trees, and fruits, and roots, enough in store :
 " And what would a philosopher have more ?
 " You cannot wish for coaches, kitchens, cooks—" ^r
 " My lord, I 've not enough to buy me books—
 " Or pray, suppose my wants were all supplied,
 " Are there no wants I should regard beside ?
 " Whose breast is so unmann'd, as not to grieve,
 " Compass'd with miseries he can't relieve ?
 " Who can be happy—who should wish to live,
 " And want the godlike happiness to give ?
 " (That I 'm a judge of this, you must allow :
 " I had it once—and I 'm debarr'd it now.)
 " Ask your own heart, my lord, if this be true,
 " Then how unblest am I ! how blest are you !"
 " 'Tis true—but, doctor, let us waive all that—
 " Say, if you had your wish, what you 'd be at."
 " Excuse me, good my lord—I won't be founded,
 " Nor shall your favour by my wants be bounded.
 " My lord, I challenge nothing as my due,
 " Nor is it fit I should prescribe to you.

^q A free-school at *Inniskillen*, founded by *Erasmus Smith*, esq.
 See *Journal to Stella*, March 29, 1713.

^r Sir *Ralph Gore*, who has a villa in the lake of *Erin*.

" Yet

"Yet this might *Symmachus* * himself avow,
 "(Whose rigid rules are antiquated now)—
 "My lord, I'd wish—to *pay the debts I owe*—
 "I'd wish besides—to *build*, and to *bestow*."

AN EPISTLE upon an EPISTLE from a certain Doctor
 to a certain great Lord: Being a Christmas-box for
 Dr. DELANY.

AS *Jove* will not attend on less,
 When things of more importance press:
 You can't, grave Sir, believe it hard,
 That you, a low *Hibernian* bard,
 Should cool your heels a while, and wait
 Unanswer'd at your *Patron's* gate;
 And would my lord vouchsafe to grant
 This one, poor, humble boon I want,
 Free leave to play his *Secretary*,
 As *Falstaff* acted old King *Harry*;
 I'd tell of yours in rhyme and print:
 Folks shrug, and cry, *There's nothing in 't*.
 And, after several readings over,
 It shines most in the marble cover.

How could so fine a taste dispense,
 With mean degrees of wit and sense?
 Nor will my lord so far *beguile*
 The *wise* and *learned* of our *isle*;
 To make it pass upon the nation,
 By dint of his sole approbation.
 The task is arduous, patrons find,
 To warp the sense of all mankind;
 Who think your Muse must first aspire,
 Ere he advance the doctor higher.

You've cause to say he *meant you well*:
 That you *are thankful*, who *can tell*?
 For still you're short (which grieves your spirit) *
 Of his intent; you mean, your merit.

* *Symmachus* bishop of *Rome*, A. D. 499, made a decree, that
 no man should solicit for ecclesiastical preferment before the death
 of the incumbent.

Ah! *quanto rectius, tu adeptè,*
Qui nil moliris tam inepte?

Smedley^t, thou *Jonathan* of *Clogher*,
 "When thou thy humble lay dost offer
 "To *Grafton's* grace, with grateful heart,
 "Thy thanks and verse, devoid of art;
 "Content with what his bounty gave,
 "No larger income dost thou crave."

But you must have cascades, and all
Ierne's lake, for your canal,
 Your viftos, barges, and (a pox on
 All pride!) our *Speaker* for your coxon:
 It's pity that he can't bestow you
 Twelve commoners in caps to row you.
 Thus *Edgar* proud, in days of yore,
 Held monarchs labouring at the oar;
 And, as he pass'd, so swell'd the *Dee*,
 Enrag'd, as *Ern* would do at thee.

How different is this from *Smedley*!
 (His name is up, he may in bed lie)
 "Who only asks some pretty cure,
 "In wholesome soil and æther pure;
 "The garden stor'd with artless flowers,
 "In either angle shady bowers:
 "No gay parterre, with costly green,
 "Must in the ambient hedge be seen;
 "But Nature freely takes her course,
 "Nor fears from him ungrateful force;
 "No sheers to check her sprouting vigour,
 "Or shape the *yews* to antic figure."

But you forsooth your *all* must squander,
 On that poor spot, call'd *Dell-ville* yonder:
 And when you've been at vast expences
 In whims, parterres, canals, and fences;
 Your assets fail, and cash is wanting;
 Nor farther buildings, farther planting.
 No wonder, when you raise and level,
 Think this wall low, and that wall bevel.

^t See a Petition to his Grace the Duke of *Grafton*, 1724,
 vol. XIV. p. 284.

Here a convenient box you found,
 Which you demolish'd to the ground :
 Then built, then took up with your arbour,
 And set the house to *Rupert Barber* ^u.
 You sprang an arch, which, in a scurvy
 Humour, you tumbled topsy-turvy.
 You change a circle to a square,
 Then to a circle, as you were :
 Who can imagine whence the fund is,
 That you *quadrata* change *rotundis* ?

To *Fame* a temple you erect,
 A *Flora* does the dome protect;
 Mounts, walks on high; and in a hollow
 You place the *Muses* and *Apollo*;
 There shining 'midst his train, to grace
 Your whimsical poetic place.

These stories were of old design'd
 As Fables: but you have refin'd
 The poets mythologic dreams,
 To real *Muses*, gods, and streams.
 Who would not swear, when you contrive thus,
 That you're *Don Quixote Redivivus* ?

Beneath, a dry canal there lies,
 Which only *Winter's* rain supplies.
 Oh! couldst thou, by some magic spell,
 Hither convey St *Patrick's* well!
 Here may it re-assume its stream,
 And take a greater *Patrick's* name!

If your expences rise so high;
 What income can your wants supply?
 Yet still you fancy you inherit
 A fund of such superior merit,
 That you can't fail of more provision,
 All by my *lady's* kind decision;
 For, the more livings you can fish up,
 You think you'll sooner be a bishop:
 That could not be *my lord's* intent,
 Nor can it *answer in th' event*.
 Most think what has been heap'd on you
 To other sort of folk was due:

^u Husband to the poetical lady. See a poem of his, in answer to this, in p. 337.

Rewards too great for your flim-flams,
Epistles, riddles, epigrams.

Though now your depth must not be sounded,
 The time was, when you'd have compounded
 For less than *Charley Grattan's* school:
 Five hundred pound a year's no fool.

Take this advice then from your friend,
 To your ambition put an end.
 Be frugal, *Patt*: pay what you owe,
 Before you *build* and you *bestow*.
 Be modest; nor address your betters
 With begging, vain, familiar letters.

A passage may be found*, I've heard,
 In some old *Greek* or *Latian* bard,
 Which says, "Would crows in silence eat
 " Their offals, or their better meat,
 " Their generous feeders not provoking
 " By loud and unharmonious croaking;
 " They might, unhurt by *Envy's* claws,
 " Live on, and stuff to boot their maws."

A VINDICATION OF THE LIBEL:

Or, a New Ballad, written by a Shoe boy, on an
 Attorney who was formerly a Shoe-boy.

Qui color ater erat, nunc est contrarius atro.

WITH finging of ballads, and crying of news,
 With whitening of buckles, and blacking of shoes,
 Did *Hartley* set out, both shoeless and shirtless,
 And moneyless too, but not very dirtless;
 Two pence he had gotten by begging, that's all;
 One bought him a *brush*, and one a *black ball*;
 For clouts at a loss he could not be much,
 The cloaths on his back as being but such:

* Hor. Lib. I. Ep. xvii.

Thus

Thus vamp'd and accouter'd, with *clouts, ball, and brush*,
 He gallantly ventur'd his fortune to push :
 Vespasian *thus, being bespatter'd with dirt*,
Was omen'd to be Rome's emperor for 't.
 But as a wife fiddler is noted, you know,
 To have a good couple of strings to one bow ;
 So *Hartley* judiciously thought it too little,
 To live by the sweat of his hands and his spittle :
 He finds out another profession as fit,
 And strait he becomes a retailer of wit ;
 One day he cried—*Murders, and songs, and great news!*
 Another as loudly—*Here blacken your shoes!*
 At *Dom-vile's* full often he fed upon bits,
 For winding of jacks up, and turning of spits ;
 Lick'd all the plates round, had many a grubbing,
 And now and then got from the cook-maid a drubbing :
 Suth bastings effect upon *him* could have none ;
 The dog will be patient, that 's struck with a bone.
 Sir *Thomas*, observing this *Hartley* withal
 So expert and so active at *brushes and ball*,
 Was mov'd with compassion, and thought it a pity
 A youth should be lost, that had been so witty :
 Without more ado, he vamps up my spark,
 And now we 'll suppose him an eminent clerk ;
 Suppose him an adept in all the degrees
 Of scribbling *cum dasho*, and hooking of fees,
 Suppose him a miser; attorney *per bill*,
 Suppose him a courtier—suppose what you will—
 Yet would you believe, though I swore by the Bible,
 That he took up two *news-boys* for crying the *libel* ?

A FRIENDLY APOLOGY

FOR A

CERTAIN JUSTICE OF PEACE,

BY WAY OF DEFENCE OF

HARTLEY HUTCHINSON, Esq^r.

By JAMES BLACKWELL, Operator for the Feet.

“ But he, by bawling news about,
 “ And aptly using brush and clout,
 “ A Justice of the peace became,
 “ To punish rogues who do the same.” HUD.

I SING the man of courage try'd,
 O'er-run with ignorance and pride,
 Who boldly hunted out disgrace
 With canker'd mind and hideous face;
 The first who made (let none deny it),
 The libel-vending rogues be quiet.
 The fact was glorious, we must own,
 For *Hartley* was before unknown,
 Contemn'd I mean;--for who would chuse
 So vile a subject for the Muse?
 'Twas once the noblest of his wishes
 To fill his paunch with scraps from dishes,
 For which he'd parch before the grate,
 Or wind the jack's slow-rising weight
 (Such toils as best his talents fit),
 Or polish *shoes*, or turn the *spit*;
 But, unexpectedly grown rich in
 'Squire *Domvile's* family and kitchen,
 He pants to eternize his name,
 And takes the dirty road to fame;
 Believes that persecuting wit
 Will prove the surest way to it;

y See the preceding Poem.

So,

So, with a Colonel ^z at his back,
 The Libel feels his first attack;
 He calls it a seditious paper,
 Writ by another Patriot Drapier;
 Then raves and blunders nonsense thicker
 Than alderman o'ercharg'd with liquor;
 And all this with design, no doubt,
 To hear his praises hawk'd about;
 To send his name through every street,
 Which erst he roam'd with dirty feet;
 Well pleas'd to live to future times,
 Though but in keen satiric rhymes.

So *Ajax*, who, for aught we know,
 Was justice many years ago,
 And minding then no earthly things,
 But killing libelers of kings;
 Or, if he wanted work to do,
 To run a bawling news-boy through;
 Yet he, when wrapp'd up in a cloud,
 Entreated Father *Jove* aloud,
 Only in light to shew his face,
 Though it might tend to his disgrace.

And so th' *Ephesian* villain fir'd
 The temple which the world admir'd;
 Contemning death, despising shame,
 To gain an ever-odious name.

ADVICE TO A PARSON. 1732.

WOULD you rise in the *church*? Be stupid and dull;
 Be empty of learning, of insolence full;
 Though lewd and immoral, be formal and grave,
 In flattery an *artist*, in fawning a *slave*;
 No merit, no science, no virtue, is wanting
 In him that's accomplish'd in *cringing* and *canting*.

^z Colonel *Ker*, a mere *Scotchman*, Lieutenant Colonel to Lord *Harrington's* regiment of dragoons, who made a news-boy evidence against the printer. *Irish Ed.*

310 A D V I C E T O A P A R S O N .

Be studious to practise true *meanneſs of ſpirit*;
 For who but lord *Bolton* ^a was mitred for *merit* ?
 Would you wiſh to be wrapt in a *rocket* ? In ſhort,
 Be pox'd and profane as *F—n* or *Horte* ^b.

A L A M E N T A T I O N ,

Occaſioned by the Lord CARTERET'S Departure from
 IRELAND.

M U S T he then alas depart !
 I ſhall ſurely break my heart.
 He goes, he goes, behold him going
 With his ſcullers all a-rowing,
 Bruſhing *Neptune's* hoary whiſker,
 Than a *Sunday* cobbler briſker ;
 Or a ſchool-boy, when he makes
 On a river ducks and drakes.
 He goes, he goes, who here ſo long
 Was the burthen of my ſong ;
 With a nymph ſo very pretty,
 And the daughters twain ſo witty ;
 What farthing candle in the night,
 Glitter'd ever half ſo bright !
 What milky maid, the fiſt of *May*,
 Look'd ſo ſprightly, or ſo gay,
 When her loving clown ſhe ſpurns,
 Mounted 'tween her holdſter churns ?
 What huckſter's daughter from the barrel,
 In her holiday apparel,
 Trod ſo gently o'er the green,
 Or ſo nimbly to be ſeen ?

^a Then archbiſhop of *Caſhel*.

^b At that time biſhop of *Kilmore*.

^c Written in the character of *Namby Pamby*, under which appellation the Dean uſed frequently ſatirized the productions of "*Poſtoral Philips*."

What

What tender gosling had a throat,
Sounding sweeter than her note?
What linsy-woolsey was so thin
As the texture of her skin?
Have the flowers of the poppy,
In the 'pothecaries shoppy,
Or the breeze in bladder pent,
Such refreshing odour sent?
Ah! they go, the vessel flies;
(Reach the cloth, to wipe mine eyes)
They go, ah! never to return;
Weep, ye swains; ye virgins, mourn!
Weep, ye matrons, for the matron;
Weep, ye poets, for your patron!
Hither, all ye tuneful *Teagues*,
Wish him safely o'er the leagues;
Tune your bagpipes, and comply
To sing a gentle lullaby,
To sooth him, as it were on pillows,
To gentle slumbers o'er the billows!

CHORUS OF POETASTERS.

Power o'er every power supreme,
Thou the poets hallow'd theme,
From thy mercy-seat on high,
Hear our numbers, hear our cry.
Guard our great poetic jobsters
From the double-headed lobsters!
And thou! O monarch of the fishes,
To accomplish all our wishes,
Waft him safely by the hand,
To the shore of *Old Eng-land*!
Let not their destiny be sudden:
Long may they feed on good plumb pudding;
And live, in chorus while we sing
Their happiness!—God save the king!

A POEM, IN LILLIPUTIAN VERSE,
ON THE STATE OF AFFAIRS IN ENGLAND.

SMILE, smile,
Blest isle.
Grief past,
At last
Halcyon
Comes on.
New King,
Bells ring.
New Queen,
Blest scene !
Britain
Again
Revives
And thrives.
Trade brisk,
All frisk.
Fear flies,
Stocks rise.

Wealth flows,
Art grows.
Bards write
Things bright.
Strange pack
Sent back ;
Own folks
Crack jokes.
Those out
May pout :
Those in
Will grin.
Great, small,
Pleas'd all.
God send
No end
To line
Divine,
Of *George and Caroline!*

}

NAMBY PAMBY TO DEAN SWIFT.

*Goofy goofy gander,
Where shall I wander ?*

NYMPHLINGS three, and three, and three,
Daughters of *Mnemosyne*,
Thrice, and thrice, and thrice again,
I invoke your virgin train ;
As ye make up *nine* in all,
Just so often do I call,
Haste, and help me, fly with speed,
Namby never had more need.

Every

Every *bardling* now throws dirt
 On my numbers quaint and curt.
 O my little *Teian* numbers
 Dreams of my poetic slumbers;
 What avail your *short* and *sweet*
Trippling on your *little feet*,
 If you're kick'd about the street?
 O my heart is broken, hey ho!
 Bring me crumbs of comfort, *Clio*,
Terpe, *Terpsi*, *Hymnie*, *Cali*,
Melpi, *Rato*, *Ranie*, *Tbali*;
 Join your forces all to ease me,
 See how many scribblers tease me;
 Scribblers *Irish*, scribblers *English*,
 Rhyming rough, and chyming jinglish:
 Leveling all at me their *butt*,
 Cut and cut, and cut and cut;
 All because my verses are
Witty, *pretty*, *debonaire*;
 All because that I can sing,
Like the linnet in the spring,
 Chuckling, chirpling on the spray,
 Wood-note, wild-note, roundelay;
 Bardlings tasteless, void of salt,
 Cry me down, and find much fault;
 At my tuneful lines they're flutter'd,
 Soft as pap, and sweet as custard.
 Now, the more to raise their spleen,
 Let me write on *Fairy Queen*;
 Little subjects I will chuse,
Fairy Woods, and *Fairy Muse*;
Ands and *ofs*, and *thats* and *its*,
 Forming verse in little bits.
Minced poems I will make,
Critics then their hearts will break.
 That they may the more be vex'd,
Flies and *fleas* shall be my next.

}

A CHRISTMAS-BOX FOR NAMBY PAMBY;

O R,

A SECOND PART TO THE SAME TUNE.

—*Ludit, & inania captat.*

HOR.

NOW the day is almost peeping,
 What ! is *Namby* yet a sleeping ?
 Prince of all harmonious jingle,
 Whether double, whether fingle ;
 And of soft bewitching numbers,
 Gently causing gentle slumbers,
 And of quibble, pun, and riddle ;
 Rise and string thy tuneful fiddle ;
 Rise, compose a *Christmas* carol,
 And receive the bending laurel.
 Though we cannot hear the thrush,
 Nor the linnet in the bush,
 Nor the kind refreshing breeze,
 Softly whispering through the trees ;
 Though *Florella* has withdrawn
 All her beauties from the lawn,
 Locking up her cabinet,
 Pink, and rose, and violet,
 Tulips, daffodils, and daizies,
 And whatever *Namby* pleases :
 You may sing of cook-maids nasty,
 And of pudding, pye, and patty ;
 And of dumpling, tart, and custard,
 And of turkies, geese, and mustard ;
 And of kitchen-wenches toiling,
 And of pots and posnets boiling ;
 And of spits in order turning,
 And of beef and mutton burning ;
 And of *Jackey Horner* dipping
 Bits of bread into the dripping ;

And

CHRISTMAS-BOX FOR NAMBY PAMBY. 315

And of sprightly city 'prentice,
Feeding upon dainty dainties,
Cakes and ale, and other cheer,
(*Christmas* comes but once a year);
And of bully without riches,
Pledging coat, and vest, and breeches;
And of straggling sparks and mummers,
Watchmen, bellmen, fiddlers, drummers,
With a rat, tat, tat, tat, too,
Having nothing else to do;
And of porters, cits, and weavers,
Cobblers, smiths, and penny shavers,
Without rhyme or reason drinking,
Not of wives or children thinking,
Though they had so many warnings,
Spending all their weekly earnings:
Those and other themes we meet,
Daily passing through the street,
Gently tagg'd with gentle rhymes,
Must amuse the gentle times,
And make up a deal of verse,
Fit for *Namby* to rehearse.

“ On the next returning spring,
“ When again the linnet's sing,”
You may treat of other themes,
Woods, and groves, and purling streams;
Pebbles through the chancel straying,
Bubbles on the surface playing,
And of rivers still in motion,
Smoothly gliding to the ocean;
And of hills and lofty mountains,
Pearly dew, and crystal fountains,
And of cool refreshing shades,
And the gay enamel'd meads:
Thus, in Summer or in Winter,
You may still employ the Printer.

A CURRY-

A CURRY-COMB OF TRUTH
FOR A CERTAIN DEAN:
OR,
THE GRUB-STREET TRIBUNAL.

Rumpatur quisquis rumpitur invidia. MARTIAL.

DEAN, *Drapier, Tatler, Gulliver,*
Thrice call'd, before the Court appear
And answer, Culprit, to the crimes
That shall be mention'd in these rhymes.
Shake at our power, for to our side
Lawyers and Law-givers are allied.
'Tis not in verse alone we deal,
We too direct the Commonweal;
The Politicks that *Grub-street* breeds,
The Statesman at *St. James's* reads.
Our Works are risen from Coblers' stalls,
To Drawing-rooms and Palace-halls.
Full oft' our learning is display'd,
In sage debates on Tax and Trade.
Our Speakers, fit for Shires and Cities,
Resolve and vote, and form Committees.
From us the Courts of Justice draw
Serjeants and Barristers at Law.
Our Ancestors full lineage boast,
They rise, till in Old Night they're lost.
These *learned, antient, powerful, wise,*
Maliciously you satirize;
Their noble Writers you defame,
And blast their Orators' good name.
Traitor to them, and to the state!
Hark to your crimes—the Jury's set.

You, *Jonathan*, at sundry times,
Did publish wicked things, call'd rhymes;
Whose sense on great-ones slander carries,
Witness "The Case of *Frances Harris*^d."

^d Printed in vol. VI. p. 60.

Your Pamphlets all Rebellion found ;
 You libel'd all the *Junto*^e round ;
 You prompted *Perkins* to invasion,
 Vide " The Broomstaff Meditation ^f :"
 A Staff 's a Mast, we plainly see 't,
 A Mast a Ship, a Ship a Fleet.
Item, with a malign intention,
 You gave the name of *Bribe* to *Pension*.
Item, you and that varlet *Waters*^g
 (For which you both deserve strong halters)
 Persuaded all our *Irish* dames
 To give their *English* Silks to flames ;
 To *Britain's* trade you put a spoke,
 And Patriot *Ballentine*^h half broke.
 You hate, 'cause not Communicants,
 Our dearest Brother-protestantsⁱ,
 The Presbyters, whose humble spirit,
 Meek moderation, mighty merit,
 Will bear the test, if we recall
 To mind the reign of good Saint *Noll*.
 Next, you 'd encourage *Irish* trade—
 How came that freak into your head,
 Except *poor England's* fate you 're brewing,
 Which our encourag'd trade might ruin ?
 Culprit, you 'll not deny, we hope,
 Your strong attachment to a *Pope*^k ;

^e A cant name given to five lords of the Whig party. See the Examiner, N^o 29.

^f Vol. III. p. 219.

^g The Dean's printer. He was most vindictively prosecuted, in 1720, by chief Justice *Whitshed*, for printing the " Proposal for the universal Use of *Irish* manufactures." See vol. IX.

p. 1.

^h *Robert Ballentine* had imported a large quantity of mercery goods.

ⁱ See vol. VII. p. 206.

^k The friendship between the Dean and Mr. *Pope* (as we are told by lord *Orrery*, who was intimately acquainted with them both) subsisted as entire and uninterrupted as their friends could wish, " or their enemies regret." The immediate connexion which their writings bear to each other makes it unnecessary to say any thing more of Mr. *Pope*, than that he was born *June* 8, 1688 ; and died *May* 30, 1744.

Which

Which subtle spark, we have good reasons;
 To think abettor to your treasons;
 For he (oh most unhallow'd sound!)
 Has call'd all *Grub-street* Dunces round;
 And in the "Rape of Lock," you'll own,
 He sung the Whore of *Babylon*,
 As honest *Esdra Barnevelt*^l,
 A good friend to our Party, smelt.
 Whom, when you lash the sex, d'ye mean?
 Your jokes are level'd at the Queen;
 And, you've confess'd to all, "You hate
 "Both King and Ministers of State m."
Item, you flew in Power's face,
 When you declar'd against *Wood's* Brags:
Poor England lost by that, 'tis found,
One hundred and eight thousand pound.
 And, say, what did you get by that?
 Truly you propt a *sinking State*;
 And for that very crime you're fam'd,
 And *Lucius Junius Brutus* nam'd.
 Nay, don't deny it was your act,
 The very *Signs*ⁿ will prove the fact.
 Under your cloak of charity,
 Good Heaven! what treasons do there lie!
 Treason! for it supports the Poor
 Of *Kevan's*, *Meath-street*, and *Donore*^o;
 And, at your word, each cloathing-street
 Would—mind their work, and eat their meat:
 Nay, in their Ale-house conversation,
 Their toast's "Dean *Swift*, the Trade, and Nation;¹²
 And sure, if their affairs would bear it,
 They'd do the same in Papist Claret.
 And thus, let who will fill the Throne,
 'Tis ten to one they would go on.
 'Tis treason to be *popular*.
 Now answer, Prisoner, at the Bar:

^l The name assumed by Mr. *Pope*, in his "Key to the Lock."
^m Vol. VII. p. 113.

ⁿ The *Drapier* was painted on a prodigious number of signs in
Ireland; many of which are still remaining.

^o See "The Yahoo's Overthrow," vol. XVIII. p. 25.

Hold—half th' indictment is not done,
 To other Misdemeanours—on—
 The catalogue is of vast length,
Item, On Thursday June the tenth,
 White roses, in his garden found,
 Prove it is *Jacobitish* ground :
 Nay, it is prov'd that the said Dean,
 On day *ut supradict*, was seen
 To laugh, and drets, and pray, and read,
 And eat, and drink, and do his need.

Item, Another Tory-day,
Scilicet, Twenty-ninth of May ;
 Th' aforesaid Criminal did dare
 To sit upon an *Oaken* Chair ;
 And, 'tis observ'd, he will not smook,
 Without a stopper of Royal Oak.

Item, 'tis sworn he is a Wizzard,
 And has a Devil in his gizzard ;
 To prove which, Sirs, 'twas he bewitched
 That upright Magistrate Judge *Whitshed P*,
 His country's prop, who never fold
 His conscience for a place, or gold :
 His scheme to enrich *Ireland*, was
 By lining all his walls with brass ;
 Let then each Borough give a kettle,
 To raise his statue in that metal ;
 And write beneath, though he ne'er stole 'em,
Libertas & natale solum ^q.

Thus void of fear, or shame, or grace,
 Thank Heaven ! you 've miss'd a Mitred place.
 The only ensign of your pride
 Is the verge stuck beneath your side ;
 For, let me see who dare promote
 A wit so flagrant in your coat.
 You vilify the men in place,
 From Knights to Justices of peace ;
 And Ladies, all but *Stella*, are
 Smarting beneath thy lash severe ;
 Faultless for all thy bitter jokes,
 And only do like other folks.

^p See vol. VII. p. 72.

^q Ibid. p. 50.

The reverend Sages of the Bar
 Of thy ill-nature have their share ;
 'Twas you traduc'd a noble Serjeant,
 And said, he knew nor Text nor Margent,
 And found out Half a Crown and Sweats-worth,
 Exactly rhym'd to learned *Bettesworth*^r.
 You said, a perjurd Dog denotes
Porter, and *Prendergast*^s, and *Oates* ;
 Stringing with Rascals the Progenitor
 Of a sagacious florid Senator ;
 Who, we may think it with good reason,
 Ne'er harbour'd in his stomach treason :
 Whose wants ne'er urg'd, whose head was not
 Design'd or fitted for a plot ;
 Whose ancestors were props of nations
 For many hundred generations ;
 If hundreds were, since great *Milefius*
 Roasted in *Ireland* his *potatoes* ;
 Whose *old nobility* appears
 From the *red hand* his scutcheon bears ;
 And during ages he will bear it,
 While he has left an heir to wear it :
 He only mix'd with plotting fellows,
 To bring the traitors to the gallows ;
 How well by him the work was done,
 If *Tyburn*'s grateful, let it own.
 Ne'er-fading honour crown that Wight,
 Who bade him kneel, and rise " Sir Knight ;"
 And let his acts remember'd grace
 The noble scyons of his race.

You'll tell, if still your malice rises,
 Strange stories of *Clonmel* assizes.
 If fearless thus you're left to write,
 You'll from a Felon trace a Knight ;"
 And blot more hatchments in an hour,
 Than *Hawkins* can contrive in four.

And last of all, since *Ormond's* Grace,
St. John, and *Harley*, were in place,
 You ne'er were at a levee seen
 To beg a place with humble grin.

^r See vol. VII. p. 207.

^s Ibid. p. 228, and vol. XIV. p. 250.

Sir *Blue-string*, now the first of men,
Owes not a distich to thy pen^t;
Who should'st have drawn him just and wise,
And good — enough, he dies! he dies!

Now, Bards and Bardlings, all prepare,
Each in the execution share;
Pour out your scribes of different sorts,
Colleges, Garrets, Inns of Courts.

First, *Bettesworth*, lungs are thy renown,
Open, and speech the varlet down;
And between whiles, Sir *Tom*, do you in-
terpose a sentence to his ruin;

Arbuckle, rise upon thy sticks^u,
And stifle him with politicks:
Tickle him to death, smooth *Davenport*;
You are an adept at that sport.

And oh, tremendous *Bezaleel*!
Let him thy *blunted* poniard feel;
Lay on; if you can't pierce his skin,
Give him black eyes, and break his chin;

Detach, ye Garrets of *Back-Lane*,
Your Writers, to destroy the Dean.
Ye Freshmen, Scribblers of the College,
Squirt at the caitiff all your knowledge;

And make him rue the moment when
He on the Dunces drew his pen.

Ye News-boys, you're a sort of Bard,
Roar loud, lay on his hearing hard;

And, if ye fail to roar him down,
Throw all the *kennels* on his gown;

For dirt, and mud, and *stinking* water,
Are good ingredients for a *satire*.

^t The following Epigram was written by *Edmund Curll*:

The Garter'd honours, *Walpole*, you receive,
From you acquire more honour than they give:
All legendary tales henceforth are vain;
True Blue, as worn by you, can never stain.

^u *Daniel Arbuckle*, editor of *The Dublin Journal*, was unfortunately lame, and under the necessity of wearing crutches. He published two volumes of Letters, originally printed in the *Journal*, under the title of "*Hibernicus's Letters*."

322 THE GRUB-STREET TRIBUNAL.

Lay on, lay on, our noble Party,
 All from Duncce *Theobald* to Duncce *Carthy*.
 But see in vain you kick and cuff,
 Call son of whore, and *swear* and *buff*;
 His woundless hide returns the blows
 Full on th' assailant's bloody nose.
 Oons! so much dirt for nothing thrown!
 What! not so much as foil his gown!
 By G—d, the very Devil himself
 Is come to patronize the elf;
 See how he grins, and makes his sport,
 G—d d—n his blood!—Dismiss the Court.

THE SCALL'D CROW'S NEST.

A VERY OLD TALE.

IN antient days, as Sages write
 (The time and place are lost in night),
 A flock select of little scall'd Crows,
 Wrote by modern Criticks small Beaux;
 A spurious brood, with harpy claws,
 Begot 'twixt Rooks, and Kites, and Daws;
 Those airy vermin, fraught with pride,
 O'er better Birds would seem to ride;
 And so one day, among the rest,
 Flew to consult into a nest:
 But here I hint, to save my bones,
 The nest was not compos'd of stones;
 Though 'tis affirm'd, in days of yore,
 The smallest one would hold a score:
 Now down they fit—"O Yes's" ring!
 "Silence, ye birds!—God save the King!"
 A *shabby* Crow, in dismal croak,
 The sable audience thus bespoke:
 "Most honour'd Mates—I rise to state
 "A case of moment and of weight;
 "A case that calls for all our might,
 "To set the injur'd world aright;
 "For *monstrous crimes*, and greater far
 "Than Rebel *Titan's* heavenly war,

"Vile

THE SCALL'D CROW'S NEST. 323

"Vile Pies commit; disdaining rule,
 "Plebeian Sons proclaim me fool;
 "And cry aloud—(if we give law)
 "They all are doom'd to cage and straw.
 "Pr'ythee, then, shall we redress them?
 "No—let still stricter laws oppress them.
 "So humbly move, they get the cart,
 "Who, rack'd with colic, winch or f—t."
 He said—sudden they clap their wings,
 With croaking praise Heaven's convex rings!
 Sweet Satan *so* * his purpose vented,
 Applauding *so*, all Hell assented;
 'Twas then, *nem. con.* resolv'd, "a Grin,
 "A Hint, a Squint—should be a fin;"
 And the exploded trifle *Reason*
 Was voted out of doors for treason:
 Wonders were done with *bills* and *claws*,
 They punish'd Fleas, and murder'd Laws;
 And, wisely scorning Heathen rules,
 Left Honesty to starving fools:
 They freely pick'd their neighbours' oats,
 And, to repay them, cut their throats.
 Why should Pies or Pigeons blunder?
 Sacred Scoundrels always plunder.
 A pretty Crow too thought it fit
 To mind the world where Daddy sh—t;
 For what great purpose do you think?
 His fondness for immortal stink.
 Let Peers love Peers—for, on my word,
 'Tis just Sir *Thomas* love Sir T—d:
 They're Brothers, and may proudly boast
 Illustrious birth from Knight of post.
 Some other Speakers *here* were found,
 Hirelings, whom the Devil confound!
 To mention all the rascal tribe,
 Requires a pen for every bribe.
 Five months they spent within the nest,
 Five months a kingdom's scorn and pest!
 But, when every bird had hiss'd them,
 An Eagle comes—and so bepifs'd them,

* *Milton.*

324 THE SCALL'D CROW'S NEST.

That out they flew, with horrid squall,
Belov'd by none, and curs'd by all.

Now every booby thinks he's able
Directly to apply my Fable ;

Though, I confess, I want the wit,
To name the mortals it would hit ;

And dearly love the carrion drones,
That pick a dying nation's bones

Then mark me !—lest I suffer by 't,
For harmless birds alone I write.

A N A N S W E R

T O A

F R I E N D ' S Q U E S T I O N .

THE furniture that best doth please
St. Patrick's Dean, good Sir, are these :
The knife and fork with which I eat ;
And, next, the pot that boils the meat ;
The next to be preferr'd, I think,
Is the glass in which I drink ;
The shelves on which my books I keep ;
And the bed on which I sleep ;
An antique elbow-chair between,
Big enough to hold the Dean ;
And the store that gives delight
In the cold bleak wintery night ;
To these we add a thing below,
More for use reserv'd than show :
These are what the Dean do please ;
All superfluous are but these.

7 Ascribed to *Dr. Swift*, but probably without foundation.

E P I G R A M.

Occasioned by Dr. SWIFT's intended Hospital for
Ideots and Lunaticks.

THE Dean must die—our Ideots to maintain !
Perish, ye Ideots ! and long live the Dean !

A N O T H E R.

LO! *Swift* to Ideots bequeaths his store :
Be wise, ye rich !—consider thus the poor !

A N O T H E R.

O Genius of *Hibernia's* state,
Sublimely good, severely great,
How doth this latest act excel
All you have done or wrote so well !
Satire may be the child of spite,
And Fame might bid the *Drapier* write :
But to relieve, and to endow,
Creatures that know not whence or how,
Argues a soul both good and wise,
Resembling *Him* who rules the skies.
He to the thoughtful mind displays
Immortal skill, ten thousand rays ;
And, to compleat his glorious task,
Gives what we have not sense to ask !

AY AND NO.
A TALE FROM DUBLIN.

Written in 1737.

AT *Dublin's* high feast sat Primate and Dean,
Both drest'd like divines, with band and face clean.
Quoth *Hugh* of *Armagh*, "The mob is grown bold."
"Ay, ay," quoth the Dean, "the cause is old gold."
"No, no," quoth the Primate, "if causes we list,
"This mischief arises from witty Dean *Swift*."
The smart-one replied, "There's no wit in the case;
"And nothing of that ever troubled your Grace.
"Though with your state-sieve your own notions you split,
"A *Boulter* by name is no *bolter* of wit.
"It's matter of weight, and a mere money-job;
"But the lower the coin, the higher the mob.
"Go tell your friend *Bob* and the other great folk,
"That sinking the coin is a dangerous joke.
"The *Irish* dear joys have enough common sense,
"To treat gold reduc'd like *Wood's* copper pence.
"It's pity a Prelate should die without law;
"But if I say the word—take care of *Armagh*!"

E P I G R A M^z.

BEHOLD! a proof of *Irish* sense!
Here *Irish* wit is seen!
When nothing's left, that's worth defence,
We build a magazine.

^z The Dean, in his lunacy, had some intervals of sense; at which time his guardians, or physicians, took him out for the air. On one of these days, when they came to the Park, *Swift* remarked a new building, which he had never seen, and asked what it was designed for. To which Dr. *Kingsbury* answered, "That Mr. Dean, is the magazine for arms and powder, for the security of the city." "Oh! oh!" says the Dean, pulling out his pocket-book, "let me take an *item* of that. This is worth remarking: my tablets, as *Hamlet* says, my tablets—memory put down that!"—Which produced the above lines, said to be the last he ever wrote.

T W O

T W O E P I G R A M S.

(Ascribed to Dr. SWIFT.)

1. ON THE RIVER DANUBE.

SEE how the wandering *Danube* flows,
 Realms and religions parting?
 A friend to all true *Christian* foes;
 To *Peter*, *Jack*, and *Martin*.

Now Protestant, and Papist now;
 Not constant long to either;
 At length an Infidel doth grow,
 And ends his journey neither.

Thus many a youth I've known set out
 Half Protestant, half Papist;
 And, rambling long the world about,
 Turn'd Infidel and Atheist.

2. IMITATION, from the LATIN.

MARTIAL, Lib. I. Ep. 87.

MY neighbour *Hunks's* house and mine
 Are built so near, they almost join;
 The windows too project so much,
 That through the casements we may touch.
 Nay, I'm so happy, most men think,
 And live so near a man of chink,
 That they are apt to envy me
 For keeping such good company;
 But he's as far from me, I vow,
 As *London* is from good lord *Howe*^a:
 For when old *Hunks* I chance to meet,
 Or one or both must quit the street.
 Thus he, who would not see old *Roger*,
 Must be his neighbour, not his lodger.

^a Lord *Howe* was governor of *Barbadoes* from 1733 to 1735.

T H E R O S E.

BY MR. PHILIPS.

THE Rose's age is but a day;
 Its bloom the pledge of its decay:
 Sweet in scent; in colour bright;
 It blows at morn, and fades at night.

I M I T A T I O N ^b.

BY DR. SWIFT.

MY age is not a moment's stay;
 My birth the same with my decay:
 I favour ill; no colour know;
 And fade, the instant that I blow.

T O A L A D Y,

On seeing some Verses, in her Praise,
 on a Pane of Glafs.

LET others, brittle beauties of a year,
 See their frail names and lovers' vows writ here:
 Who sings thy solid worth, and spotless fame,
 On purest adamant should cut thy name;
 Then would thy fame be from oblivion sav'd,
 On thy own heart my vows must be engrav'd.

^b "Imitations, when real and confessed, may still have their
 "merit; nay, I presume too add, sometimes a *greater* merit than
 "the very originals on which they are formed."—*Discourse on Imita-*
tion.

BY DR. DELANY.

Upon seeing himself in a Glass.

WHEN I revolve this evanescent state,
How fleeting is its form, how short its date!
My being and my stay dependent still,
Not on my own, but on another's will!
I ask myself, as I my image view,
Which is the *real* shadow of the two?

T O S T E L L A.

By the same.

STELLA, when we your beauties trace,
How easily we find,
That Nature, when she form'd your face,
But copied from your mind:

And, lest your form should make you vain,
She wisely did provide
Superior Beauty, both to pain
And moderate your pride.

Resolving that no vice should spoil
What she so well design'd,
She wisely made your face a foil
To your more lovely mind.

T W O R I D D L E S.

I. ON A SHADOW IN A GLASS.

BY something form'd, I nothing am,
Yet every thing that you can name;
In no place have I ever been,
Yet every where I may be seen;
In all things false, yet always true,
I'm still the same—but ever new.

Lifeless,

Lifeless, life's perfect form I wear,
 Can shew a nose, eye, tongue, or ear,
 Yet neither smell, see, taste, or hear.
 All shapes and features I can boast,
 No flesh, no bones, no blood—no ghost;
 All colours, without paint put on,
 And change like theameleon.
 Swiftly I come, and enter there,
 Where not a chink lets in the air;
 Like thought, I'm in a moment gone,
 Nor can I ever be alone;
 All things on earth I imitate,
 Faster than nature can create;
 Sometimes imperial robes I wear,
 Anon in beggars' rags appear;
 A giant now, and strait an elf,
 I'm every one, but ne'er myself;
 Ne'er sad I mourn, ne'er glad rejoice,
 I move my lips, but want a voice;
 I ne'er was born, nor e'er can die:
 Then pr'ythee tell me what am I?

2. ON A CANDLE.

TO LADY CARTERET.

OF all inhabitants on earth,
 To Man alone I owe my birth,
 And yet the Cow, the Sheep, the Bee,
 Are all my parents more than he:
 I, a virtue strange and rare,
 Make the fairest look more fair;
 And myself, which yet is rarer,
 Growing old, grow still the fairer.
 Like fots, alone I'm dull enough,
 When dos'd with smoak, and smear'd with snuff:
 But, in the midst of mirth and wine,
 I with double lustre shine.
 Emblem of the Fair am I,
 Polish'd neck, and radiant eye;

In

In my eye my greatest grace,
 Emblem of the *Cyclops*' race;
 Metals I like them subdue,
 Slave like them to *Vulcan* too,
 Emblem of a monarch old,
 Wife and glorious to behold;
 Wasted he appears, and pale,
 Watching for the public weal.
 Emblem of the bashful dame,
 That in secret feeds her flame,
 Often aiding to impart
 All the secrets of her heart.
 Various is my bulk and hue,
 Big like *Bess*, and small like *Sue*;
 Now brown and burnish'd like a nut,
 At other times a very slut;
 Often fair, and soft, and tender,
 Taper, tall, and smooth, and slender;
 Like *Flora*, deck'd with fairest flowers;
 Like *Phæbus*, guardian of the hours:
 But, whatever be my dress,
 Greater be my size or less,
 Swelling be my shape or small,
 Like thyself I shine in all.
 Clouded if my face is seen,
 My complexion wan and green,
 Languid like a love-sick maid,
 Steel affords me present aid.
 Soon or late, my date is done,
 As my thread of life is spun;
 Yet to cut the fatal thread
 Oft' revives my drooping head:
 Yet I perish in my prime,
 Seldom by the death of time;
 Die like lovers as they gaze,
 Die for those I live to please;
 Pine unpitied to my urn,
 Nor warm the fair for whom I burn;
 Unpitied, unlamented too,
 Die like all that look on you.

A N E P I S T L E
TO ROBERT NUGENT, ESQ.;

With a Picture of Dr. SWIFT.

BY DR. DUNKIN^d.

TO gratify thy long desire
(So Love and Piety require),
From *Bindon's*^e colours you may trace
The Patriot's venerable face,
The last, O *Nugent*! which his art
Shall ever to the world impart;
For know, the prime of mortal men,
That matchless monarch of the pen
(Whose labours, like the genial sun,
Shall through revolving ages run,
Yet never, like the sun, decline,
But in their full meridian shine),
That ever-honour'd, envied Sage,
So long the wonder of his age,
Who charm'd us with his golden strain,
Is not the shadow of the Dean:
He only breathes *Æolian* air —
“ Oh! what a falling off was there!”
Hibernia's Helicon is dry,
Invention, Wit, and Humour, die;
And what remains against the storm
Of Malice, but an empty form?

^e Created baron *Nugent* and viscount *Clare*, Dec. 26, 1766, and *Nugent*, June 27, 1776.

^d This elegant tribute of gratitude, as it was written at that final period of the Dean's life when all suspicion of flattery must vanish, reflects the highest honour on the ingenious Writer, and cannot but be agreeable to the admirers of Dr. *Swift*.

^e *Francis Bindon*, esq. the greatest Painter and Architect of his time. On account of his age, and some little failure in his sight, he threw aside his pencil soon after the year 1710; and afterwards lived to a good age, greatly beloved and respected by all who had the happiness either of his friendship or acquaintance. He died June 2, 1765.—See the poem immediately following this.

The

The nodding ruins of a Pile,
 That stood the bulwark of this isle,
 In which the sisterhood was fix'd
 Of candid Honour, Truth unmix'd,
 Imperial Reason, Thought profound,
 And Charity, diffusing round
 In chearful rivulets the flow
 Of Fortune to the sons of woe?

Such once, my *Nugent*, was thy *Swiss*,
 Endued with each exalted gift.
 But, lo! the pure æthereal flame
 Is darken'd by a misty steam:
 The balm exhausted breathes no smell,
 The rose is wither'd ere it fell.
 That godlike supplement of law,
 Which held the wicked world in awe,
 And could the tide of faction stem,
 Is but a shell without the gem.

Ye sons of genius, who would aim
 To build an everlasting fame,
 And in the field of letter'd arts
 Display the trophies of your parts,
 To yonder mansion turn aside,
 And mortify your growing pride.
 Behold the brightest of the race,
 And Nature's honour, in disgrace:
 With humble resignation own,
 That all your talents are a loan,
 By Providence advanc'd for use,
 Which you should study to produce.
 Reflect, the mental stock, alas!
 However current now it pass,
 May haply be recall'd from you
 Before the Grave demands his due.
 Then, while your morning-star proceeds,
 Direct your course to worthy deeds,
 In fuller day discharge your debts;
 For, when your sun of reason sets,
 The night succeeds; and all your schemes
 Of glory vanish with your dreams.

Ah! where is now the supple train,
 That danc'd attendance on the Dean?

Say.

Say, where are those facetious folks,
 Who shook with laughter at his jokes,
 And with attentive rapture hung
 On wisdom, dropping from his tongue;
 Who look'd with high disdainful pride
 On all the busy world beside,
 And rated his productions more
 Than treasures of *Peruvian* ore?

Good Christians! they with bended knees
 Ingulph'd the wine, but loath the lees,
 Averting (so the text commands),
 With ardent eyes and up-cast hands,
 The cup of sorrow from their lips,
 And fly, like rats from sinking ships.
 While some, who by his friendship rose
 To wealth, in concert with his foes
 Run counter to their former track,
 Like old *Aetæon's* horrid pack
 Of yelling mungrils, in requitals
 To riot on their master's vitals;
 And, where they cannot blast his laurels,
 Attempt to stigmatize his morals;
 Through Scandal's magnifying glass
 His foibles view, but virtues pals,
 And on the ruins of his fame
 Erect an ignominious name.
 So vermin foul, of vile extraction,
 The spawn of dirt and putrefaction,
 The founder members traverse o'er,
 But fix and fatten on a fore.

Hence! peace, ye wretches, who revile
 His wit, his humour, and his style!
 Since all the monsters which he drew
 Were only meant to copy you;
 And, if the colours be not fainter,
 Arraign yourselves, and not the painter.

But, O! that He, who gave him breath,
 Dread arbiter of life and death;
 That He, the moving soul of all,
 The sleeping spirit would recall,
 And crown him with triumphant meeds,
 For all his past heroic deeds,

In

In mansions of unbroken rest,
The bright republic of the blest'd !
Irradiate his benighted mind
With living light of light refin'd ;
And these the blank of thought employ
With objects of immortal joy !

Yet, while he drags the sad remains
Of life, slow-creeping through his veins,
Above the views of private ends,
The tributary Muse attends,
To prop his feeble steps, or shed
The pious tear around his bed.

So Pilgrims, with devout complaints,
Frequent the graves of martyr'd Saints,
Inscribe their worth in artless lines,
And, in their stead, embrace their shrines.

TO FRANCIS BINDON, ESQ.^f

Written in the year 1744.

BY DEANE SWIFT, ESQ.

*Pingere posse animam, atque oculis præbere videndam,
HOC OPUS, HIC LABOR EST.*

FRESNOY, *de Arte Graphicâ*, ver. 232.

WHEN Coxcombs rush to arts in Heaven's despight,
They and their works are doom'd to endless night.
We know there are, by fancy led astray,
Who love to praise the phantoms of a day,
Capricious in their taste.—But, what is fame?
'Tis somewhat lasting that secures a name :

^f In the year 1744 there was a party formed against him, which encouraged a stranger to be his rival in fame : on this occasion I writ such a poem, as at once damned his rival, and shamed his enemies to such a degree, that no further encouragement was given to the stranger, nor was he heard of more in *Dublin*. In return for this compliment, Mr. *Bindon*, who was then drawing my picture, without my knowledge made me a present of a pen, &c. in the portrait, which did not appear to me until the picture was sent home, D. S.

'Tis

'Tis thine, my BINDON ! thine, whose piercing mind
 Surveys the manners, passions of mankind :
 You, like *Prometheus*, bid the quickening soul
 Wake into life, and animate the whole.

Observe that lovely form ! See *Boulter's* ^g hand
 Stretch'd out, to save from wretchedness the land :
 Behold that *Groupe*, now freed from all complaint,
 They praise, they bless, they hang upon the faint:

Firm to his country, see where, full express'd,
 Contemning slaves, the PATRIOT ^h stands confest :
 With civic Crown triumphant on his right,
 The Goddess LIBERTY attracts the fight :
 She waves her wand ; she makes OPPRESSION feel
 The guilt-avenging justice of her heel,
 Trampling the monster down ; with hideous pain
 He writhes his form, scarce able to complain :
 Tortures, like blasts from hell, transfix him round ;
 He tears his flesh, and strives to bite the ground.

Forgive these wild, these undescriptive lines ;
 You see I cannot reach thy vast designs ;
 Nor dare I praise, where arts with arts contend,
 The SCHOLAR, PAINTER, ARCHITECT, and FRIEND !

Verses written by Lord CARTERET, on a Window
 in *Dublin Castle*, under Two LINES of SWIFT, in
 which his Pride affected an absolute Independence.

MY very good Dean, none ever comes here,
 But hath something to hope, and something to fear !

^g This alludes to a picture of the Primate of all *Ireland*, now
 in the Poor house of *Dublin*. The Primate, in a time of distress,
 expended five-and-twenty pounds a-day for six weeks, in support-
 ing the poor. D. S.

^h This alludes to a picture of Dr. *Swift*, in lord *Howth's* col-
 lection. D. S.

A N A N S W E R

TO THE

C H R I S T M A S - B O X .

In Defence of Dr. DELANY. (See p. 303.)

BY RUPERT BARBER.

“ ——— *Si Pergama dextrâ*
Defendi possent, etiam hæc defensa fuissent.”
 ÆN. ii. 291.

YE damnable dunces, ye scribblers, what mean ye,
 To fall with your doggrel on Dr. *Delany* ?
 Such poor silly criticks as you may go whistle,
 You ne'er can run down his Familiar Epistle;
 That *brilliant* Epistle, which glitters and *shines*,
 In music, in numbers, in diction, in lines,
 In substance, in spirit, in force, and in wit,
 In compliments, such as *Augustus* might fit :
 Though what he has said of his patron is faint,
 Nor wonder, since no man his virtues can paint;
 For no poet ever attempts to express
 A man truly great, but he must make him less.
 Besides he divided, he gave the one half
 Of all the encomiums to himself and Sir *Ralph*.
 O! wonderful prowess of genius, when he
 With so little trouble could compliment three !
 His lord and the speaker shall live in his poem,
 Six thousand years after all readers shall know 'em :
 While *Pindar*, and *Horace*, and *Virgil*, forgotten,
 Shall be, like their heroes, sunk, bury'd, and rotten.
 For all other authors his writings shall banish ;
 Like ghosts at the sight of the day-light they 'll vanish.
 His glorious Epistle so shining and high
 Shall be like his *Phæbus*, that lord of the sky ;
 Who when on his *chrysolithe* throne he appears,
 A star dare not peep in the sky for its ears.
 Now a word by the bye (for I think it my duty,
 Since you 're so mistaken, to point out each beauty):
 SUPPL. III. [XXVII.] Z Observe

Observe with what judgement he shews this our isle,
 A patron so artful our cares can beguile :
 How that very peevish, cross grumbler the Dean,
 Does nothing at court but of courtiers complain ;
 Such impudence 'tis in a man of his station,
 To put in one word for the good of the nation ;
 That he with submission sits silently listening,
 Like a clerk when the parson holds forth at a christening ;
 But ventures at last like a man of true spirit,
 To cry out, " My lord, you must know I have merit,
 " Much more than a thousand ; and is it not hard,
 " That virtue so wondrous should have no reward ;
 " But a pitiful pittance, five hundred a year,
 " At a time that our very potatoes are dear ?
 " My Lord, what I tell you is true to a tittle,
 " Or may I be banish'd from licking your spittle :
 " Why then, *quoth my lord*, since you give me this trouble,
 " I tell you, in short, you are every way double ;
 " As poet, as doctor, as rector, as vicar ;
 " As dealer, as builder, as planter, as quicker.
 " But if you 've a mind to be triple, rely on
 " My word, and I 'll make you a second *Geryon*."
 Ye criticks malicious, now read what he says
 In those matchless verses on *Farmanagh* ways ;
 Where all the rough pebbles are polish'd so fine,
 Like emeralds they sparkle, like diamonds they shine ;
 Whoever hereafter that falls on these stones,
 Shall think it an honour to break half his bones :
 Now see the finesse of a true politician,
 He 'd change for the worse, and he 'd thrash like a *Prif-*
cian ;

From thumping the cushion to wake those that nod,
 Instead of a sermon he 'd brandish a rod.
 But *Charly* (though *Charly*) is not such a tool,
 To change for more trouble a *fine-cure* school ;
 Four hundred *per annum*, not one shilling under,
 To preach in two churches twelve long miles asunder,
 And wade it a horseback in dirt to the knee,
 When *Paddy* can better wade through it than he.
 Observe his address with what artful submission,
 He tells his rich patron his grievous condition.
 Quite ruin'd and bankrupt, reduc'd to a farthing,
 By making too much of a very small garden.

By

By squandering his money in dribs to the poor,
 He's ready to leave the key under the door;
 And grieves that his patron has so much to give,
 While he (more's the pity) is shifting to live.
 Again he solicits in manner most nice,
 By another more subtle and cunning device;
 Because he has heard that his patron's well read,
 He lays-by his belly, and begs for his head:
 For writing three riddles had cost him such pains,
 That he scarce had remaining three scruples of brains;
 For want of some money, he's quite off the hooks,
 To pay off old scores, and to buy him new books,
 To rebuild a house that he pull'd down already,
 And to buy a fine ribbon to give a fine lady.
 These are but a few, that I chose from the rest,
 Though not one thought in it but can stand the test:
 Nay more, I will venture to swear, it surpasses
 All poems that ever were hatch'd at *Parnassus*:
 Ev'n *Horace* to *Cæsar*, to this is but barely
 A thing call'd a poem; and *Swift* to his *Harley*,
 That poem so valued, so often read over,
 While *Patt's* is a reading, now sleeps in its cover.

LETTER FROM DR. HELSHAM^a TO THE DEAN.

THE Doctor's first rhyme would make any *Jew* sick:
 I know it has made a fine lady in blue sick,
 For she is now gone in a coach to *Killbrew* sick,
 Like a hen I once had, from a fox when she flew sick:
 Last *Monday* a lady at *St. Patrick's* did spew sick,
 And made all the rest of the folks in the pew sick;
 The surgeon who bled her his lancet out drew sick,
 And stopt the distemper, as being but new sick.
 The yacht, the last storm, had all her whole crew sick;
 Had we two been there, it would have made me and you
 sick:
 A lady that long'd, is by eating of glew sick;
 Did you ever know one in a very good Q sick?

^a See *Swift's* letter, which occasioned this, vol. XII. p. 224.

I'm told that my wife is by winding a clue sick ;
 The doctors have made her by rhyme and by rue sick.
 There 's a gamester in town, for a throw that he threw
 sick,
 And yet the old trade of his dice he 'll pursue sick ;
 I 've known an old miser for paying his due sick ;
 At present I 'm grown by a pinch of my shoe sick ;
 And what would you have me with verses to do sick ?
 Send rhymes, and I 'll send you some others in lieu sick.
 Of rhymes I 've a plenty,
 And therefore send twenty.

Answered the same day when sent, *Nov. 23.*

I desire you will carry both these to the Doctor, together with his own ; and let him know we are not persons to be insulted.

" Can you match with me,
 " Who send thirty-three ?
 " You must get fourteen more,
 " To make up thirty-four :
 " But, if me you can conquer,
 " I 'll own you a strong cur^b."

This morning I 'm growing by smelling of yew sick ;
 My brother 's come over with gold from *Peru* sick ;
 Last night I came home in a storm that then blew sick ;
 This moment my dog at a cat I halloo sick ;
 I hear, from good hands, that my poor cousin *Hugh* 's sick,
 By quaffing a bottle, and pulling a screw, sick :
 And now there 's no more I can write (you 'll excuse)
 sick ;

You see that I scorn to mention word musick.
 I 'll do my best,
 To send the rest ;
 Without a jest,
 I 'll stand the test.

These lines that I send you, I hope you 'll peruse sick ;
 I 'll make you with writing a little more news sick ;
 Last night I came home with drinking of booze sick ;
 My carpenter swears that he 'll hack and he 'll hew sick :

^b The lines "thus marked" were written by Dr. *Swift*, at the bottom of Dr. *Helsbam*'s twenty lines ; and the following fourteen were afterwards added on the same paper,

An officer's lady, I'm told, is tattoo-sick;
 I'm afraid that the line thirty-four you will view sick.
 Lord! I could write a dozen more;
 You see, I've mounted thirty-four.

T H A L I A
 TO THE CRITICK St.

“**R**IDDLES! such trumpery we despise;
 (The captious Critick gravely cries)
 “Such crude pursuits, unfit for men,
 “Disgrace the *DRAPIER*'s nervous *Pen*!”
 “Hold!” (says the Muse of merry mien)
 “Nor blame the laughter-loving Dean.
 “My darling *SWIFT*, with matchless art,
 “Peculiar pleasures can impart:
 “Warm from his brain, the happy thought
 “To charm admiring worlds is brought.
 “While, sketch'd with more than human skill,
 “Pigmies or Giants rise at will;
 “The Whirlwind rends, the *Cannon* roars,
 “Or, black as *Ink*, the Tempest pours:
 “The fleecy *Snow* dissolves in tears;
 “Whilst Guilt, appall'd, the *Gallows* fears.
 “'Tis his the *Moon*'s bright orb to trace;
 “Give to *each Sense* its proper grace;
 “Make *Cloacina*'s Temple please,
 “Or *Corkscrews*, with poetic ease;
 “Mysterious *Circles* paint in rhyme,
 “And change the meanest to sublime:
 “To sing the *Vowels* magic power
 “In strains which *Time* shall ne'er devour;
 “And, whilst the *golden* numbers swell,
 “Instruction blends with *Bagatelle*!”

† These Verses seem to have been originally intended as a Vindication of the Dean, and at the same time as an Answer to a considerable number of the Riddles which are printed in the seventh volume of this collection.

TO THE MEMORY OF
DOCTOR SWIFT.

WHEN wasteful death has clos'd the Poet's eyes,
And low in earth his mortal essence lies;
When the bright flame, that once his breast inspir'd,
Has to its first, its noblest seat retir'd:
All worthy minds, whom love of merit sways,
Should shade from slander his respected bayes;
And bid that Fame, his useful labours won,
Pure and untainted through all ages run.

Envy's a fiend, all excellence pursues,
But mostly Poets favour'd by the Muse:
Who wins the laurel, sacred verse bestows,
Makes all, who fail in like attempts, his foes:
No puny wit of malice can complain,
The thorn is theirs, who most applauses gain.

Whatever gifts or graces Heaven design'd
To raise man's genius, or enrich his mind,
Were *Swift's* to boast—alike his merits claim
The statesman's knowledge, and the poet's flame;
The patriot's honour, zealous to defend
His country's rights—and *faithful to the end*;
The sound divine, whose charities display'd
He more by virtue than by forms was sway'd;
Temperate at board, and frugal of his store,
Which he but spar'd, to make his bounties more;
The generous friend, whose heart alike caress'd
The friend triumphant, or the friend distress'd;
Who could unpain'd another's merit spy,
Nor view a rival's fame with jaundic'd eye;
Humane to all, his love was unconfind,
And in its scope embrac'd all humankind;
Sharp, not malicious, was his charming wit,
And less to anger than reform he writ.

Whatever rancour his productions show'd,
From scorn of vice and folly only flow'd;
He thought that fools were an invidious race,
And held no measures with the vain or base.

Virtue so clear who labours to destroy,
Shall find the charge can but himself annoy:

The

The slanderous shaft to his own breast recoils,
 Who seeks renown from injur'd merit's spoils,
 All hearts unite, and heaven with man conspires,
 To guard those virtues, she herself admires.

Oh sacred Bard!—once ours!—but now no more,
 Whose loss for ever *Ireland* must deplore.
 No earthly laurels needs thy happy brow,
 Above the poet's are thy honours now:
 Above the patriot's—(though a greater name
 No temporal monarch for his crown can claim).
 From noble breasts if envy might ensue,
 Thy death is all the brave can envy you.
 You died, when merit (to its fate resign'd)
 Saw scarce one friend to genius left behind,
 When shining parts did jealous hatred breed,
 And 'twas a crime in science to succeed.
 When ignorance spread her hateful mists around,
 And dunces only an acceptance found,
 What could such scenes in noble minds beget,
 But life with pain and talents with regret?
 Add, that thy spirit from the world retir'd,
 Ere hidden foes its farther grief conspir'd,
 No treacherous friend did stories yet contrive,
 To blast the Muse he flatter'd when alive;
 Or sordid printer (by his influence led)
 Abus'd the fame that first bestow'd him bread.
 Slander's so mean, had he (whose nicer ear
 Abhorr'd all scandal) but surviv'd to hear,
 The fraudulent tale had stronger scorn supplied,
 And he (at length) with more disdain had died.

But since detraction is the portion here
 Of all who virtuous durst, or great, appear,
 And the free soul no true existence gains,
 While earthy particles its flight restrains,
 The greatest favour grimful death can show,
 Is with swift dart to expedite the blow.
 So thought the Dean, who, anxious for his fate,
 Sigh'd for release, and deem'd the blessing late;
 And sure if virtuous souls (life's travail past)
 Enjoy (as churchmen teach) repose at last,
 There's cause to think, a mind so firmly good,
 Who vice so long, and lawless power withstood,

Has reach'd the limits of that peaceful shore,
 Where knaves molest, and tyrants are no more;
 These blissful seats the pious but attain,
 Where incorrupt, immortal spirits reign.
 There his own *Parnell* strikes the living lyre,
 And *Pope* harmonious joins the tuneful choir;
 His *Stella* too (no more to forms confin'd,
 For heavenly beings all are of a kind)
 Unites with his the treasures of her mind,
 With warmer friendships bids their bosoms glow,
 Nor dreads the rage of vulgar tongues below.
 Such pleasing hope the tranquil breast enjoys,
 Whose inward peace no conscious crime annoys;
 While guilty minds irresolute appear,
 And doubt a state their vices needs must fear.

Dublin, Nov. 4, 1755.

B——t B——n.

OCCASIONAL NOTICES OF DR. SWIFT.

The last Lines of the 7th Ep. of HORACE, Lib. I.
 were thus imitated by one who was no great Friend
 to our Author *, soon after his promotion to *Sz.*
Patrick's.

*QUI semel aspexit, quantum dimissa petitis
 Præsent, mature redeat —
 Metiri se quemque suo modulo, ac pede, verum est.*

THIS Reverend Dean may teach us all
 What merit goes to fill a stall;
 To weigh our strength, and be so wise
 As not to swell beyond our size;
 Nor aim at posts of power and profit
 Due to desert, with little of it.

* Dr. *Swift* was humourously caricatured in "A full and
 "true Account of the Author of the *Examiner*; shewing,
 "that the said Author was not a *Man*, but a *Monster* with
 "Ten Heads and Twenty Horns. 1711."

HE

OCCASIONAL NOTICES OF DR. SWIFT. 345

HE too, from whom attentive *Oxford* draws
Rules for just thinking, and poetic laws,
To growing Bards his learned aid shall lend,
The strictest critic, and the kindest friend.

TICKELL, PROSPECT OF PEACE.

POOR *Swift*, with all his worth, could ne'er,
He tells us, hope to rise a peer;
So, to supply it, wrote for fame:
And well the Wit secur'd his aim.

SHENSTONE.

LET such at SWIFT with stupid folly rail,
Who dull can read unmov'd his comic tale:
All that have taste will deep attention lend,
To that which *Carteret* and which *Pope* commend.

ANONYM.

UNLESS you boast the genius of a SWIFT,
Beware of *humour*, the *dull rogue's* last shift.
YOUNG, Ep. to POPE.

EPIGRAM ON TWO GREAT MEN,

Written in 1745.

TWO Geniuses one age and nation grace:
Pride of our isles, and boast of human race!
Great sage! great bard! supreme in knowledge born!
The world to mend, enlighten, and adorn!
Truth on *Cimmerian* darkness pours the day!
Wit drives in smiles the gloom of minds away!
Ye kindred suns on high, ye glorious spheres;
Whom have ye seen, in twice three thousand years,
Whom have ye seen, like these, of mortal birth;
Though *Archimede* and *Horace* blest the earth?
Barbarians, from th' Equator to the Poles,
Hark! reason calls! wisdom awakes your souls!
Ye regions, ignorant of *Walpole's* name;
Ye climes, where kings shall ne'er extend their fame;
Where men, miscall'd, God's image have defac'd;
Their form belied, and human shape disgrac'd!
Ye two-legg'd wolves! slaves! superstitious sons!
Lords! soldiers! holy *Vandals*! modern *Huns*!
Boors, musties, monks! in *Russia*, *Turkey*, *Spain*!
Who does not know SIR ISAAC, and THE DEAN?

ADDI-

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

VOLUME THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

P. 26. *Note, After l. 26, add,* "He certainly is one of the most generous, princely men that ever was; but good-natured to a fault, loves glory, and consequently is crouded with flatterers: Never knew how to refuse any body, which was the reason why he obtained so little from king *William*, asking for every body. He hath all the qualities of a great man, except that one of a statesman, hating business; loves, and is beloved by, the ladies; of a low stature, but well-shaped; a good mien and address; a fair complexion, and very beautiful face." MACKY.—"Fairly enough written." SWIFT, MS.

P. 27. *Add to note,* Too much, perhaps, has been already said on a subject which might require an apology for having even been mentioned. But it is a justice due to Mr. *Deane Swift*, to give his own account* (which is done by his express permission) of a particular which certainly was within his knowledge.—"—But now for that silly affair about the pen-knife, which has made such a racket. Was *Delany* fifty times better acquainted with *Swift* than I was? I grant it freely; and surely well he might, for Doctor *Swift* was my senior upwards of thirty-nine years; and when *Delany* was intimate with him, I was but a little school-boy; and, after I became a man, I spent at various periods most of my time in *England*, and particularly at *Oxford*, where I had part of my education; insomuch that, until the year 1738, when I returned from *England* to *Ireland*, I never conversed quite intimately with Dr. *Swift*, although, as a young friend and relation, I had seen him, and made visits to him frequently, and had known him well from the year 1713, even before I was seven years old. Well then, *Delany* was fifty times better acquainted with *Swift* than I was: you see I have granted that

* Extracted from a letter to the Editor, dated Apr. 25, 1778.
"point

" point without the least hesitation.—But, was *Delany* the
 " only man in *Jerusalem*, the only intimate acquaintance
 " of *Dr. Swift*, who never saw that *Guiscard's* pen-knife?
 " And, will that man of honour and veracity, that up-
 " right, that religious Doctor of Divinity, presume to
 " tell me, *There is not one tittle of truth in that whole*
 " *formal circumstantial relation*, which I formerly pub-
 " lished in the *Essay*? Yes, at the hazard of his own re-
 " putation, he hath presumed to-tell me so. But, if the
 " least degree of candor had been a part of that sanctified
 " priest's composition, he would at least have cleared me
 " in point of veracity to the *Oxford* family, as I cannot
 " have the least doubt but that he might have seen that
 " pen-knife; it may be, fifty times in the course of his
 " acquaintance with *Dr. Swift*. In short, I shall clear
 " up that matter to his confusion some day or other. In
 " the mean time, I now tell you, that I have seen that
 " pen-knife more than once before it was linked with a
 " chain; and, moreover, I can tell you, that silver chain
 " was added to it but some few years before the Dean's
 " insanity, as he designed it for a present, in a silver box,
 " to that earl of *Oxford*, who died some little time before
 " the Doctor, and was the only son of *Robert* earl of *Ox-*
 " *ford*, that great and glorious minister, whose whole time
 " and study was the prosperity of his country. I will
 " tell you another circumstance, perhaps trifling enough,
 " which I had from *Mr. Faulkner*; *Mr. Calderwood* the
 " artist (who may, for aught I know, be living to this
 " day) bored the holes in the pen-knife with diamond
 " dust, lest the steel might possibly have cracked in the
 " operation; and this very day, I may venture to assert,
 " that pen-knife is in the possession of *Dr. Lyon*, vicar,
 " perpetual curate, or rector (I know not which) of *St.*
 " *Bride's, Dublin*. At least the Doctor told me so about
 " two or three and twenty years ago (which was, I think,
 " the last time I ever saw him), that he had it then in his
 " possession; and I doubt not but he would readily shew
 " it to any curious person that would desire to see it. But,
 " notwithstanding all I have said, there is still a mystery
 " in relation to *Guiscard's* knife, which I never had the
 " least suspicion of until my *Essay* was published; for,
 " that the *Oxford* family have a pen-knife with an ivory
 " handle, which they suppose to be that of *Guiscard's*, is

“a point undeniable. I spoke of it to Mr. *Harley*, the
 “uncle of the present earl of *Oxford*, whom I had the
 “honour to be acquainted with, both here and in *London*;
 “and he assured me, there was such a pen-knife preserved
 “by the family. But still it would be the part of a
 “Christian, as well as a man of honour, to have vindicated
 “me in point of veracity to the *Oxford* family;
 “although I confess I had given *Delany* (if he himself
 “in his Remarks were not the first aggressor) very sufficient
 “provocation to attack me in the bitterest manner
 “he possibly could with any appearance of truth. But,
 “if *Delany*, in the course of his intimacy with *Swift*,
 “ever saw *Guiscard's* knife, as it was called, in the
 “Doctor's possession, he cannot be styled either more or
 “less than an infamous, abandoned liar. And this I have
 “a right to declare, as in the abundance of his hypocrisy
 “he hath dared, even with more than brazen impudence,
 “to charge me with publishing a falsehood.”

P. 71. l. ult. Add, “A very poor understanding.”
 SWIFT, MS.

P. 96. Note. Such opportunities as have occurred in the course of this *Supplement* have been taken, to introduce the Dean's observations on the characters of *Macky*. The following short remarks complete the sett. Some of them are tinged, it must be acknowledged, with acrimony. But they were characters which *Swift* had in general the best opportunities of knowing thoroughly. They were evidently written at the instant he read the printed book of *Macky*; and are clearly the genuine effusions of his real sentiments.

“Mr. *Aglionby*. Envoy to *The Swiss Cantons*.”

MACKY.—“Dr. *Aglionby*. He had been a Papist.”

SWIFT, MS.

Colonel *Aylmer*. “A virulent party-man; born in
 “*Ireland*.” SWIFT, MS.

Sir *Lambert Blackwell*. “He seemed to be a very
 “good-natured man.” SWIFT, MS.

Marquis of *Breadalbin*. “A blundering, rattle-
 “pated, drunken sot.” SWIFT, MS.

Mr. *Carstairs*. “He is the cunningest subtle dissem-
 “bler in the world, with an air of sincerity; a
 “dangerous enemy, because always hid. He is a
 “fat, sanguine-complexioned fair man; always
 “smiling,”

"smiling, where he designs most mischief; a good friend, when he is sincere." MACKY.—"A true character; but not strong enough by a fiftieth part." SWIFT, MS.

Philip Stanhope earl of *Chesterfield*. "He is above sixty years old." MACKY.—"If it be old *Chesterfield*, I have heard he was the greatest knave in *England*." SWIFT, MS.

Lord *Cholmondeley*. "Good for nothing, as far as ever I knew." SWIFT, MS.

Lord *Delawarr*. "Of very little sense; but formal, and well-stored with the low kind of the lowest politicks." SWIFT, MS.

Charles earl of *Dorset*. "Of great learning." MACKY.—"Small, or none." SWIFT, MS.—"He is still one of the pleasantest companions in the world, when he likes his company." MACKY.—"Not of late years, but a very dull one." SWIFT, MS.

Earl of *Feversham*. "He was a very dull old fellow." SWIFT, MS.

Andrew Fletcher of *Saltoyn*. "A most arrogant conceited pedant in politicks; cannot endure the least contradiction in any of his visions or paradoxes." SWIFT, MS.

Charles Fitzroy duke of *Grafton*. "A very pretty gentleman." MACKY.—"Almost a slobberer; without one good quality." SWIFT, MS.

Earl of *Grantham*. "Good for nothing." SWIFT, MS.

Lord *Grey* of *Wark*. "Had very little in him." SWIFT, MS.

Lord *Griffin*. "His son was a plain drunken fellow." SWIFT, MS.

Lord *Guilford*. "A mighty silly fellow." SWIFT, MS.

Sir *Charles Haro*. "His father was a groom; he was a man of sense, without one grain of honesty." SWIFT, MS.

Mr. *Hill*, Envoy to *Turin*. "He took *deacon's** orders. He is a gentleman of very clear parts, and affects plainness and simplicity† in his drets,

* *Priest's*. SWIFT, MS.

† *Au contraire*. *Ib.*

"and

"and conversation especially. He is a favourite
"to *both** parties. He is a thin, *tall*† man." MACKY.

Secretary *Johnstoun*. "He is very honest, yet some-
"thing too credulous and suspicious. He would
"not tell a lye for the world." MACKY. — "A
"treacherous knave. One of the greatest knaves
"even in *Scotland*." SWIFT, MS.

Earl of *Lindsay*. "Has both wit and learning."
MACKY. — "I never observed a grain of either."
SWIFT, MS.

Charles Lord Lucas. "A good plain hum-drum."
SWIFT, MS.

Mr. *Mansel*. "Of very good-nature, but a very
"moderate capacity." SWIFT, MS.

Ralph duke of Montagu. "As arrant a knave as
"any in his time." SWIFT, MS.

Marquis of *Montrose*. "Now very homely; and
"makes a sorry appearance." SWIFT, MS.

Charles Lenox duke of Richmond. "He is a gentle-
"man good-natured to a fault; very well bred,
"and hath many valuable things in him; is an
"enemy to business, very credulous." MACKY.
— "A shallow coxcomb." SWIFT, MS.

Edward Montague Earl of Sandwich. "As much
"a puppy as ever I saw; very ugly, and a fop."
SWIFT, MS.

Mr. *Smith* (Speaker of H. C.) "I thought him a
"heavy man." SWIFT, MS.

Thomas Grey Earl of Stamford. "He looked and
"talked like a very weak man; but it was said he
"spoke well at council." SWIFT, MS.

George Stepney. "One of the best poets now in
"England." MACKY. — "Scarce a third rate."
SWIFT, MS.

Abp. *Tenison*. "The most good-for-nothing prelate I
"ever knew." SWIFT, MS.

Thomas Tuston Earl of Thanet. "Of great piety
"and charity." SWIFT, MS.

Earl of *Weems*. "He was a black man; and hand-
"some for a *Scot*." SWIFT, MS.

Sir *Nathan Wright*. "Very covetous." SWIFT, MS.

* To neither. SWIFT, MS. † Short, if I remember right. Ib.

PEDIGREE of the Younger [1] Branch of the SWIFTS of Yorkshire.

Arms [2]: Or, a Chevron, Nebule, Arg. and Az. between three Bucks in full course, Vert.

Thomas, collated to the rectory of St. = Margaret, who, with nine of her children,
Andrew, Canterbury, 1569; died | was buried in the cathedral church-yard
June 12, 1592, aged 57 [3]. | [3].

William, in 1592, succeeded to his = Mary [6], an heiress of the house of
father's rectory, and in 1602 | Philpot, died March 5, 1626, aged
rector of Harbledown, died Oct. 24, | 58.
1624 [5],

Thomas, vicar of Goodrich, = Elizabeth Dryden [8]. Catharine [9], = Thomas Witferde, gent.
and also of Bridgton, both | Margaret [9], = Henry Atkinson, apothecary
in Herefordshire [7]. | and citizen of London.

1 Godwyn [10], = Four a student of | wives.
Gray's-Inn, |

Deane.
Thirteen other sons, and
Three daughters.

2 Thomas, = The eldest daugh-
who died | ter [11] of Sir
young. | Will. Davenant.

Thomas [14], rector of
Puttenham, in Surrey,
died, 1752, in his
eighty-seventh year,

Jonathan [12], = Abigail Erick
died in May, | [13], of
1667, | Leicester.

1 Jane [15], born in 1666.
2 JONATHAN, the celebrated
Dean of St. Patrick's, born
Nov. 30, 1667; died
Oct. 19, 1745.

Dryden,
William, | died
Willoughby, | S.P. Anne, = Perry,
Two other sons, | Another daughter.
Four daughters.

Adam, =

[1] The heirs male of the *elder* branch being extinct, the family inheritance descended to daughters. Vol. I. p. 2.

[2] Assigned by *Gwillim* to *Godwyn Swift* of *Grays Inn*. In vol. XIX. p. 131, Dr. *Swift* is in doubt whether he should chuse that coat, or one on his great grandfather's picture, drawn with a ring on his finger, with a seal of an *anchor* and *dolphin*, (formerly called a *Swift*) upon it. He seems not to have known of the monument (still existing) to the memory of *Thomas* and *William Swift*, his great and great-great grandfathers, in *St. Andrew's church, Canterbury*; on which the arms are an *anchor* and *dolphin*: which had he known, he would have consulted in preference to a picture, and would probably have chosen the arms of his ancestors rather than those of his uncle: whereas the coat on his monument in *St. Patrick's cathedral* is the same with that in *Gwillim's Heraldry*, the crest a *demý buck*. That in *St. Andrew's church* is "a hand and arm with a dagger." The epitaph is printed at length by Mr. *Duncombe*, in an Appendix to his Sermon on the Consecration of *St. Andrew's church* (now re-built) July 4, 1774.

[3] Epitaph in *St. Andrew's church*. This *Thomas* is not even mentioned in our author's *Sketch*, who calls *William* the "founder of the younger branch."

[4] Epitaph.

[5] Epitaph. His picture, abovementioned, is still in the family, with the motto *Festina lente*. *Essay*, p. 10.

[6] Epitaph.

[7] He was admitted to deacons orders in 1619, as appears by an Extract printed in our *Biographical Anecdotes*, vol. XXV.

[8] Sister to the father of *John Dryden* the poet.

[9] Who erected the monument in *St. Andrew's church*.

[10] His first wife was a relation to the old marchioness of *Ormond*; the second was the sole heiress of admiral *Deane*, whence *Dane* became an usual name in the family; the name of the third does not appear; the fourth was *Elenor*, a celebrated beauty, the sister of sir *John Meade*. *Thomas* (a younger son by *Elenor*), supposed to be one of the handsomest men in *Europe*, was early promoted in the army; and died a young man, in the post of captain, at the battle of *Almanza*. *Deane Swift*, esq. (the present possessor of the family estate at *Goodrich*, and author of the *Essay*) is the grandson of *Godwyn*.

[11] Who lived long, was extremely poor, and in part supported by the famous Dr. *South*. *Sketch*, § 15.

[12] He was the seventh or eighth son; and died in 1667, after having been married about two years, leaving his widow pregnant with our Author, who was born seven months after his father's decease. According to Mrs. *Pilkington*, he fell a victim to the improper use of a medicine administered in a disorder he caught by lying in an infected bed whilst on the circuit. Mem. II. 68.

[13] A descendant from *Erick* the Forester,

[14] See vol. XXVI. p. 131.

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* Mr. *Beech* was a wine merchant at *Wrexham*, in *Denbighshire*. He was a man of learning, of great humanity, of an easy fortune, and much respected. He published in the year 1737, in 4to, "*Eugenio*, or Virtuous and Happy Life," a poem inscribed to Mr. *Pope*; a work by no means destitute of poetical merit. He is said by some to have entertained very blameable notions in religion; but this appears rather to be conjecture than a well-established fact. It is certain he was at times grievously afflicted with a very terrible disorder in his head, to which his friends ascribed his melancholy catastrophe. On the 17th of *May*, 1737, soon after the publication of his poem, he cut his throat with such shocking resolution, that it was reported his head was almost severed from his body.

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* He was author of, "Poetical Exercises written upon several Occasions, 1687." 8vo.

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* It appears that *Dr. Delany* was twice married: first to *Mrs. Tennison*; and afterwards to *Mrs. Pendarves*, a widow lady, whose maiden name was *Granville*, of a good family in *Staffordshire*. She lives at this time [1779] with the dutchess dowager of *Portland*, and is remarkably ingenious; particularly in an invention of her own, of representing plants by means of cut paper properly coloured, which, together with the utmost botanical precision, have all the beauty and spirit of drawing in water-colours.—Her brother (*Mr. Granville*) was heir to lord *Lansdowne*.

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* The author of "A Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland" refers to "an unpublished letter of Dr. *Swift*, now in the possession of lord *Dartrey*, which entirely acquits him of that want of hospitality laid to his charge from some passages in his *Hamilton's Baron*. The letter was written to that Dr. *Finny* represented in the poem as looking so like a *ninny*; the purport of it is, to acquaint the Doctor (then Rector of *Armagh*, in the neighbourhood of which he spent the summer) how he passed his time. Among other amusements, he mentions that of writing this very poem, the motives which excited him to it, and the effects it produced. And so far was it from giving umbrage to the Lady, or jealousy to the Knight, that every addition he made at night came up with the bread and butter as part of the entertainment next morning, and all parties expressed the utmost satisfaction." The offence which the Dean had given was not what this ingenious writer supposes. It was not by the poem called *Hamilton's Baron*, but by the destruction of a favourite old thorn, that the *Acheson* family were offended. The tree, which was a remarkable one, was much admired by Sir *Arthur*; yet the Dean, in one of his unaccountable humours, gave directions for cutting it down in the absence of the Knight, who was of course highly incensed, nor would see *Swift* for some time after. By way of making his peace, the Dean wrote the poem, "On cutting down the old Thorn at *Market Hill*;" which had the desired effect.

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* To these may be added, "The *Briton* described, or a pleasant Relation of D—n S—t's Journey to that antient kingdom, and remarkable passages that occurred in the way," &c. printed in "A Collection of *Welsh* Travels and Memoirs of *Wales*, 1741."

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* How wretched is this Advertisement! If both the language and logic did not prove him an *Lisbman*, who wrote it; I should have suspected *Hawkesworth*: for it is certainly one as ignorant as *H.* of those times; and there can hardly be such another. To talk of *Swift's* prejudices, early imbibed, in favour of the Tory ministry; who was most devoutly attached, as he repeatedly professed under his own hand, even to *Stella* as well as to themselves, till 1710, to the Whigs; is most curious: to talk of the Q. as his indulgent royal Mistress, whom he never spoke to, and who never spoke to him, nor could bear him; and to whom he says himself, he was so far from having any obligation, that, &c; is most ingenious: to call repeated attempts to remove the Pretender out of *France* incompatible with repeated declarations against inviting the Electoral Prince of *Hanover* into *England*, is a capital proof of his understanding. The *abdicated King* is an absurd phrase; to whomsoever applied: but his objection to it is an absurd objection. And "many live still in doubt, if he was sent out of *France*, he "was sent into *England*;" *quis sic loquitur*, &c. &c. S. S.

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* Placed there in *April* 1739. It is thus inscribed,

"Præsentis tibi maturos largimur honores;

"Nil oriturum alias, nil ortum, tale fatentes."

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accompany

accompany him, 209. Bishop *Fleetwood's* sermon on the death of the duke of *Gloucester*, by the help of a Preface, passed for a Tory discourse in one reign; and, by omitting the Preface, that author appeared a Whig in another; thus, by changing the position, the picture represents either the Pope or the Devil, the Cardinal or the Fool, 261. Quarreling with a peace which is not exactly to one's mind is like suing one, who had put out a great fire, for lost goods or damaged houses, ii. 51. The dates of nobility are like those of books; the old are usually more exact, genuine, and useful, though commonly unlettered, and often loose in the bindings, 64. The canon-law is but the tail, the fag-end, or the footman of the civil; and, like vermin in rotten wood, rose in the church in the age of corruption, and when it wanted physick to purge it, 78. Barren wits take in the thoughts of others, in order to draw forth their own, as dry pumps will not play till water is thrown into them, 91. Abstracts, abridgements, summaries, &c. have the same use with burning-glasses, to collect the diffused rays of wit and learning in authors, and make them point with warmth and quickness upon the reader's imagination, 92. A good poem is like a sound pipkin; if it rings well upon the knuckle, be sure there is no flaw in it, 93. A bright passage [motto] in the front of a poem is a good mark, like a star in a horse's forehead, 98. Womens' prayers are things perfectly by rote, as they put on one stocking after another, 141. It is a remarkable proof of a *Scotchman's* integrity and honesty, when a lock of hair grows in the palm of his hand, 451. Subscribing to Banks, without knowing the scheme or design of them, is not unlike some gentlemen signing addresses, without knowing the contents of them, iii. 127. To believe every thing that is said by a certain set of men, and to doubt of nothing they relate, though ever so improbable, is a maxim that has contributed as much, for the time, to the support of *Irish Banks*, as it ever did to the *Papish Religion*; and they are not only beholden to the latter for their foundation, but they have the happiness to have the same patron saint; for ignorance, the reputed mother of the devotion of the one, seems to bear the same affectionate relation to the credit of the other, *ibid.* To engage in a Bank that has neither act of parliament, charter, or lands,

lands, to support it, is like sending a ship to sea without a bottom; to expect a coach and six from the former would be as ridiculous as to hope a return by the latter, *ibid.* If the common people in *Ireland* were fined a shilling an oath, they might as well pretend to drink wine as to swear; and an oath would be as rare among them as a clean shirt, 130.

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* These Essays were soon laid aside. In the 28th number, the Author observed that this paper "was not the product of a mind at ease, but written by a man neither out of pain in body or mind; yet forced to suspend the anguish of both with the addition of powerful men soliciting his ruin, shy looks from his acquaintance, surly behaviour from his domesticks, with all the train of public and private calamity." He took leave of the town with a promise of "printing a new comedy called *Sir John Edgar*;" and at the same time solicited support in a design by which might be divided "above ten per cent six times a year."

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* The following burleſqued adverſement appeared in 1704 :
“ Whereas ſome perſons have maliciously reported, that the famous Bookſeller was on *Thursday* the 4th day of *January*, in the year of our Lord 1704, infamously expelled a certain Society called *The Kit-Cat Club*; and that the ſaid Bookſeller, for his ill-timed freedom with ſome of the principal members, at the reading of a late Satire upon his parts and perſon, was beaten to an ungentleman-like degree, and is ſince clapt-up in a mad-houſe: This is to certify, that the ſaid Bookſeller did of his own free motion valiantly withdraw himſelf from the ſaid Society, in ſcorn of being their jeſt any longer; and that he was not beaten (whatever he had reaſon to fear), nor ever had the leaſt diſorder (upon that account) in his intellects; but at this very day walks the public ſtreets without a keeper, and, to ſatisfy any gentleman's curioſity, is ſtill ready to talk as ſenſibly as ever.

Jurat. coram me,

Subſcribed,

NOSNOT BOCAJ.

JACOB.

There is now in the preſs, and will be ſpeedily publiſhed, a poem, called *Jacob's Revenge*; being a comical account of the grounds and reaſons of the Bookſeller's quitting *The Kit-Cat Club*. To be ſold by the Bookſellers of *London* and *Weſtmiſter*.

† Son of *Benjamin Tooke*, a ſtationer. He was born in 1673; went from the *Charter-houſe* to *Clare Hall* in 1690; was choſen uſher of the *Charter-houſe ſchool* in 1695; Geometry Profeſſor in *Greſham College*, and F. R. S. in 1704. His elder brother *Benjamin* (the bookſeller) left him a conſiderable fortune in 1723; yet (ſuch is the force of habit) he ſtill went chearfully on in the drudgery of an uſher. He obtained the maſterſhip of the ſchool in 1728; married the widow of Dr. *Lewert* in 1729; and died Jan. 20, 1731. Beſides his “*Pantheon*,” he publiſhed “*Synopſis Græcæ Linguæ*,” translated “*Pufendorff's Whole Duty of Man*,” according to the Law of Nature,” into *English*, and “*Gaſtrell's Institutes*” into *Latin*. He wrote alſo the Supplement to the Account of *Greſham College*, in *Strype's* edition of *Stowe's Survey*.

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